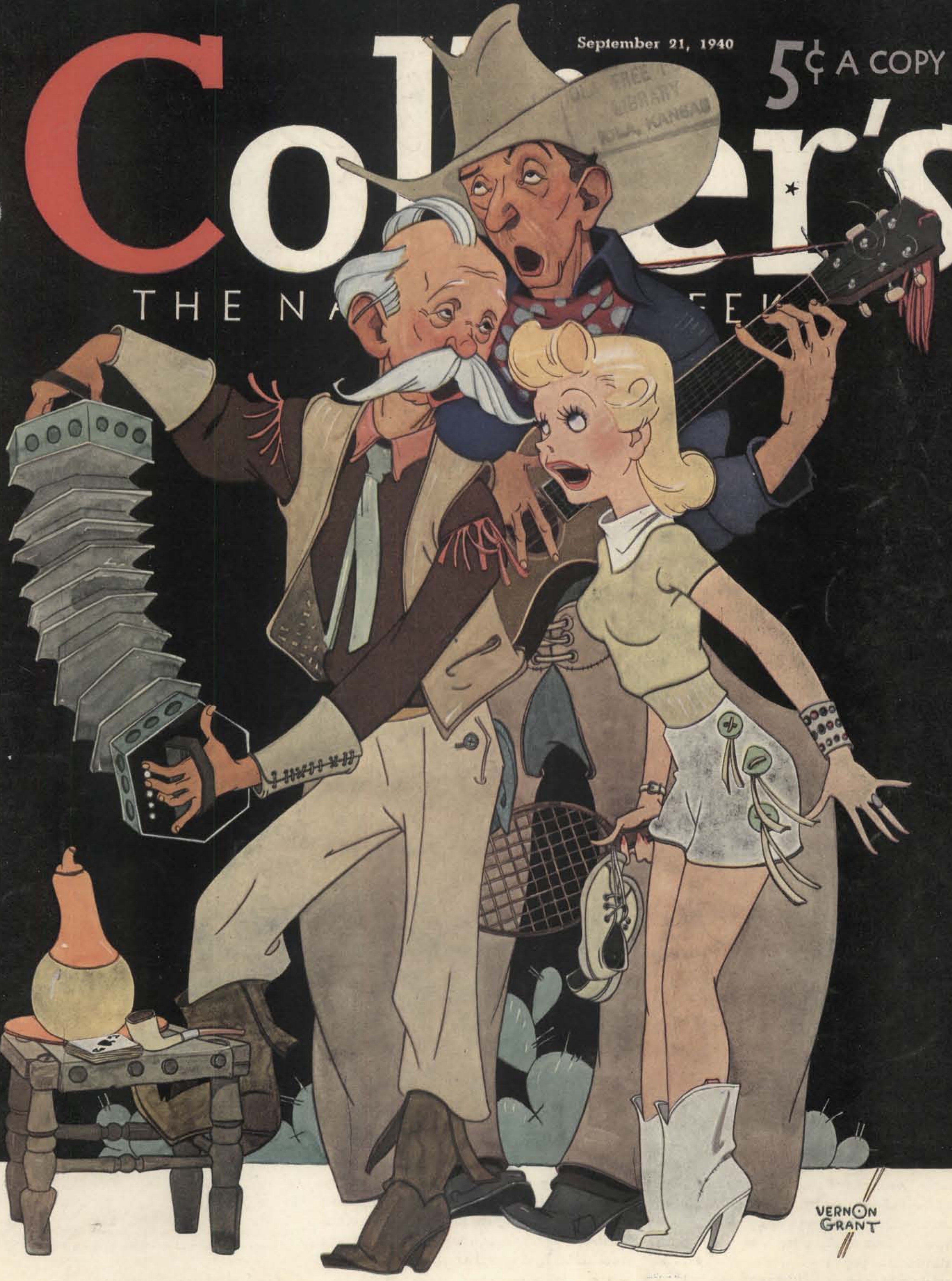
Col er's

THE NA EEK

September 21, 1940

5¢ A COPY



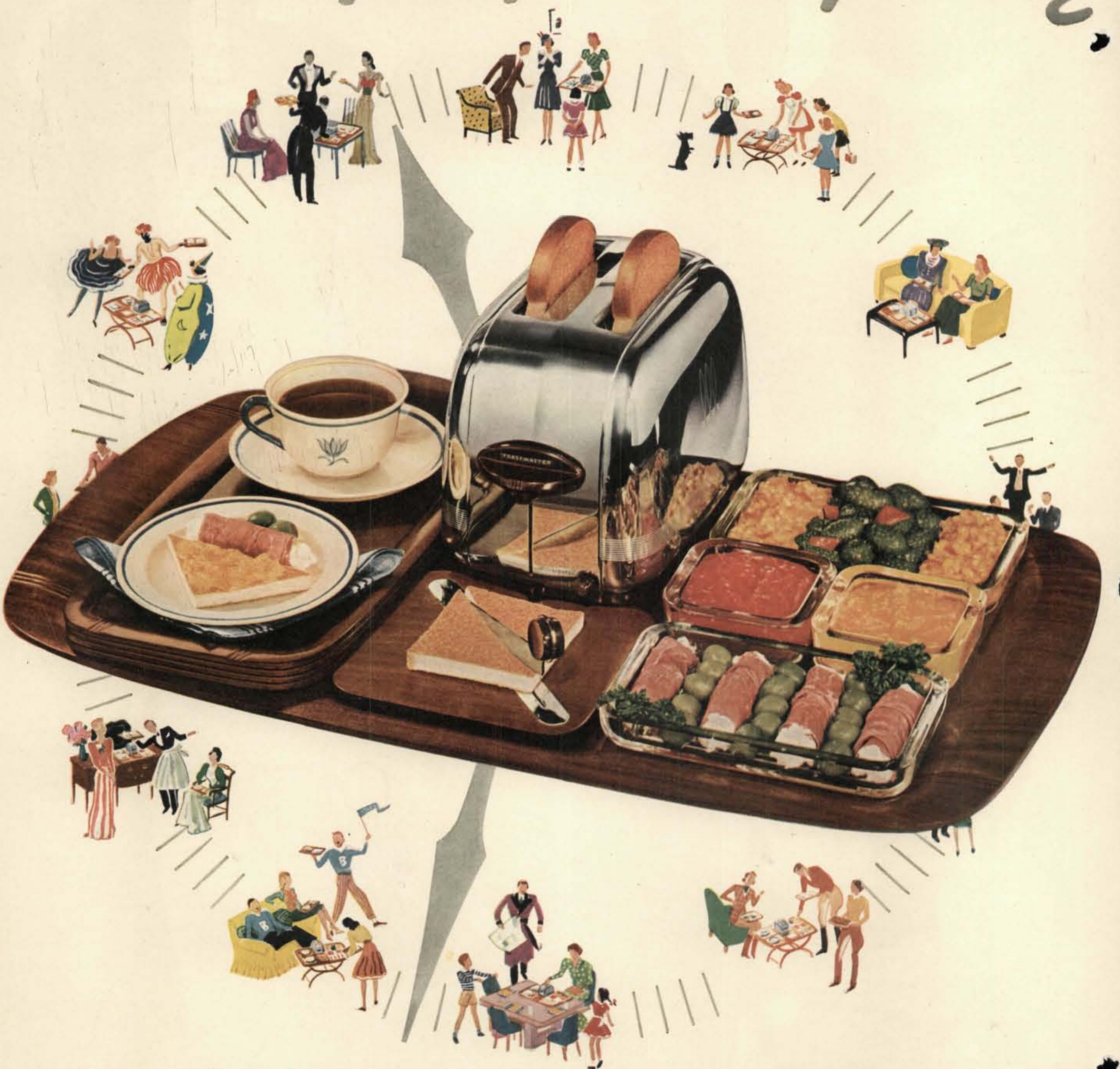
IOLA FREE LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

Inside Willkie's Head By Bruce Barton

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

EPT. 21, 1940

ANY TIME IS "Hospitality" time.



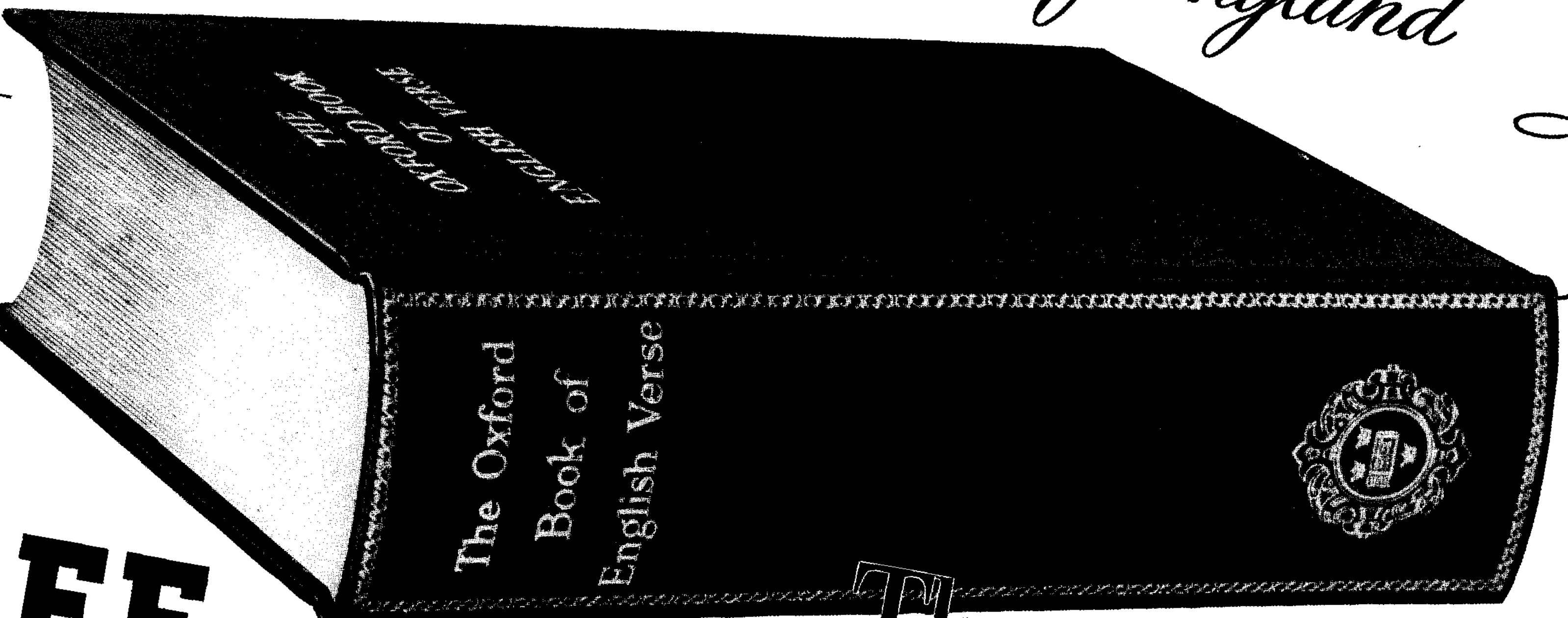
***A**ROUND* the clock and around the *year!* It's a festive whirl, the life of this *Toastmaster* Hospitality Set . . . the latest De Luxe model—and *very* de luxe! Parties spring up from nowhere! Lap trays are passed around (there are four of these treasures), the automatic toaster pops up the perfect slices, the toast-trimmer snips inviting squares and triangles, and the stunning heavy-crystal dishes yield the makings of delicious appetizers for one and all. . . . Besides, the toaster's busy *every* breakfast, and the trays and dishes are *always* in demand for this and that! See this De Luxe Hospitality Set, $23.95; (Standard Set, $19.95; folding stand, $5.95); and other *Toastmaster** products, wherever fine appliances are sold. And get your free copy of "Entertaining Hints on How to Entertain," by Henrietta Ripperger. If your dealer hasn't it, write to McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Illinois.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Illinois. Copyright 1940, McGraw Electric Company.

TOASTMASTER *Hospitality Set*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"All that is imperishable of England"


THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE
The Oxford Book of English Verse

FREE

...TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

The new Oxford Book of English Verse

He is always saying apologetically:

"I just can't find any time to read books!"

Yet... **IF HE SPENT (ON AN AVERAGE) ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY—BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHILE TRAVELLING TO OR FROM WORK, OR IN OTHER LEISURE MOMENTS—HE COULD EASILY READ EVERY BEST-SELLER DURING THE YEAR, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE!**

AN average of *only half an hour a day* would have enabled you to read, within the past few months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

AS I REMEMBER HIM *by Hans Zinsser*
I MARRIED ADVENTURE *by Osa Johnson*
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY *by Richard Llewellyn*
AMERICAN WHITE PAPER *by J. Alsop & R. Kintner*
STARS ON THE SEA *by F. van Wyck Mason*
NATIVE SON *by Richard Wright*
KITTY FOYLE *by Christopher Morley*
THE NAZARENE *by Sholem Asch*
FAILURE OF A MISSION *by Sir Nevile Henderson*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
ESCAPE *by Ethel Vance*

Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. It is an interesting fact that, of the dozen national best-sellers listed above, eight were chosen as the book-of-the-month.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

So many of the Club's members ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's members—*one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.* For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value.

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

REVISED AND ENLARGED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FORTY YEARS

The Oxford Book of English Verse, which contains nearly one thousand poems, has achieved recognition as a permanent part of English literature. Very few are the books that can be read and reread through a lifetime, without their boundless treasures ever being exhausted. This 1200-page book—"*all that is imperishable of England*"—is one of that select company. Within its richly bound covers are the poems you have always loved and will love as long as you live.

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you a copy of this new and enlarged edition of *The Oxford Book of English Verse,* free. This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose any past book-dividend, listed in the coupon below, which we still have on hand.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. A479

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

IMPORTANT: Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with your free book **YES** ☐ **NO** ☐

Name MR. MRS. MISS } ....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Address..............................
City..............................*State*..............................
Business Connection, if any..............................

If you do not wish to receive The Oxford Book of English Verse *as your free enrollment book check box below for title you prefer.*
(No others available at this time)
☐ JOSEPH IN EGYPT ☐ INSIDE EUROPE
☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ TELLERS OF TALES

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, thru Book-of-the-Month Club (Can.) Ltd.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI Mediterranean
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 21, 1940

SHORT STORIES

JOHN RUSSELL
The Hanging of Hassan Hangat. Fate conspires in the making of a soldier. Page 9

WILLIAM MacHARG
Twice Dead. The second time was for keeps. Page 12

THOMAS McMORROW
Mid Pleasures and Palaces. Home is where your bills are sent. Page 18

PHILIP CLARK
Sunday Pitch. When a ballplayer falls in love . . . Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

A Present for Ruth Ann, by William Brandon. Page 13

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
The Patriotic Murders. The eighth of nine parts. Poirot knows the answer. Page 14

MARGERY ALLINGHAM
Traitor's Purse. The third of ten parts. In the secret caverns of the Masters. Page 20

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
A Spitfire and a Boy. A combination for victory. Page 11

BRUCE BARTON
Inside Willkie's Head. Meet Wendell Willkie the man. Page 15

HENRY L. JACKSON
Fit to be Tied. Pick your neckwear. Page 16

ANDRÉ MAUROIS
What Happened to France. How England and France were separated. Page 17

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Spare Wheel. Baseball's utility man. Page 22

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS
The Man Who Looked Like Napoleon. He, too, was a military genius. Page 23

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

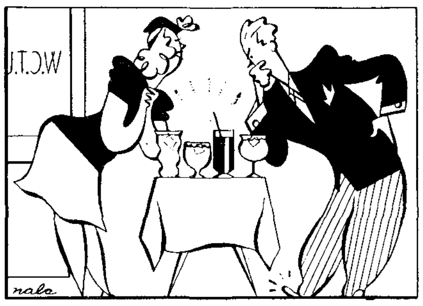
EDITORIALS

What Goes On Off Alaska.
P.A.L.'s Pappy. Page 74

COVER VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

THE freshman chemistry odor that attaches to so many national conventions was still noticeable in Chicago when a different, sweeter gathering moved into the rooms recently occupied by Mr. Roosevelt's nominators. This time Chicago was invaded by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. You could notice the difference almost immediately. We dropped in. We were greeted by a plump, pretty woman who at once invited us to join her in a few Amethyst drinks. She was Mrs. Blanche Pennington of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. She used to be an actress (Blanche Cornwall) and was pleasantly talkative. We had several Amethyst drinks with Mrs. Pennington and learned their names—May Magic, November Chill and, we think, Jollyo. May Magic was a bit tartish but Mrs. Pennington told us not to be afraid as it was just rhubarb tea well iced and slightly sugared. We became a little confused about the others but remember sassafras punch, orange eggnog and blue nectar made with blueberries and strawberry water. *They were, as we need not tell you,* nonalcoholic. We left the ladies, our pockets crammed with Amethyst drink recipe books—Mugs o' Joy and Brisk Beverages. On our way out we stopped to speak to Mr. Joe Welty, a bartender we became friendly with during Mr. Roosevelt's convention. We told him what we'd been doing and together we looked over Mrs. Pennington's recipes. "Well," said Mr. Welty, "'twill be a noble experiment."

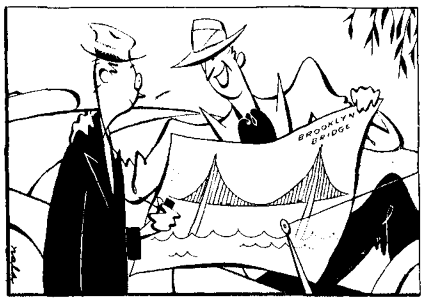


WE WERE sorry to leave but we were on a political survey of our overstimulated country. What we hoped might be a very important conference of Northwestern statesmen was about to be held in Minneapolis. It didn't turn out so well but we didn't regret it so much because we met Mr. Joe Bungert, one of Minneapolis' many able detectives. When Mr. Bungert heard what we were about he took us in charge, bidding us follow him. "Talking to politicians is okay," said Mr. Bungert, "but it doesn't get you close enough to the honest, common people—the plain folks whose votes tell the story. Come along." So Mr. Bungert introduced us to a prodigious lady known far and near as Lotsa Momma. Mrs. Momma, an experienced authority on human nature, said that most of her friends would vote for Mr. Roosevelt while conceding Mr. Willkie was a fine gentleman. But Mr. Roosevelt was "spend happy," she said, and her friends loved spenders. "As far as we're concerned," she added, "we feel they ain't no use throwing away your old shirt till you're sure of getting a better one." Then Mr. Bungert led us to a gentleman named Egg Chin. Mr. Egg Chin will vote for Mr. Willkie, it being his belief that the farmers are getting the breaks over the city fellow. "Look at them hay tossers," challenged Mr. Egg Chin. "Their children are all broke out with hives from strawberry shortcake and are sick to their stomachs with fried chicken while me—if I take home two pounds of hamburger my kids think it's birds of paradise."

BUT we didn't, alas, meet Mr. Leo Tossie of Denver, Colorado, because he was safely in jail where he has to spend sixty days. Mr. Tossie had been arrested for panhandling, an occupation the court thought unnecessary in his case inasmuch as he had a steady WPA job. In vain did he try to explain. "*Why* are you begging in the streets while drawing down WPA wages?" demanded the judge. "Your honor," replied Mr. Tossie, "that's my real profession, and while I'm doing okay on relief I don't know how long it's going to last and I don't want to take any chances of getting my hand out."

AMONG the several people we've talked to lately is a lady who owns an antique shop. She told us that a highly expensive motorcar stopped at her place not long ago disgorging an exceptionally fine specimen of female—young, perhaps twenty-five, with a lovely Southern accent, exhibiting every popular sign of breeding and wealth. Altogether worth bothering about. She bought a pair of candlesticks, an ancient but still reliable chair and a book. She asked the proprietor to hold them for her for a day and departed, leaving behind her handbag. She didn't return. After a week they decided to open the bag, looking, of course, for an address. They found none. But they did find a lipstick, a compact, a pack of cigarettes and four thousand dollars—in Confederate money. The lady telling us the story thinks this remarkable. But we don't know. There are so many remarkable things these days.

WE'RE informed that all that's necessary to make a large number of people believe something that isn't so is to feed it to them through a loud-speaker. This discouraging bit of information comes to us from Dr. Frederic P. Flinteller of St. Louis, Missouri. The doctor says that he had a caller who told him that the United States had already declared war on Germany, Italy and Japan but that the President was keeping the news from the people until after the November elections. Dr. Flinteller tried to reason with his caller, arguing the high unlikelihood of the news and explaining that only Congress could declare war and that Congress could hardly be regarded as a secretive body. "I don't care what you say," said the disturbed fellow. "There was a Socialist speaker down at the hall the other night who said so and more than a hundred of us heard him."



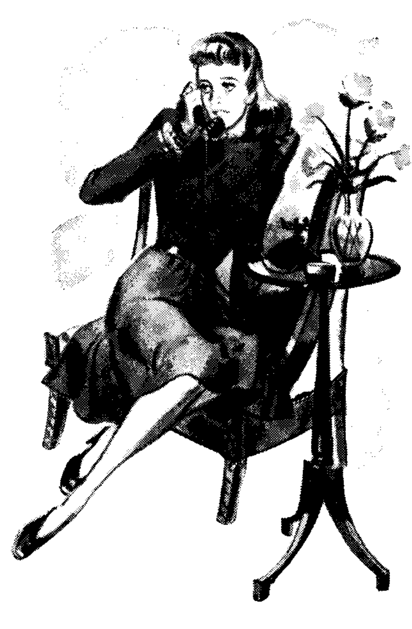
SO NO wonder that such quiet voices as Mr. Robert Smith's has trouble rising over the tumult. Mr. Smith, Minnesota's state securities commissioner, is famous for slapping down wildcat stock promoters and similar investment bandits who are, we understand, taking advantage of the times and the unwary patriot. There, said he, are times when we should investigate oil, gold and armament stocks before buying. Be sure proffered stocks are registered with the securities commission, national or local. There are several common features to look for in stock-selling strangers, said Mr. Smith. Invariably they drive magnificent motorcars, spend money lavishly, talk too smoothly and overdress. But they don't like inquisitive prospects. So ask them lots of questions. Talk to a reliable banker—one that you know. Don't be a sucker. We thanked Mr. Smith for you.

AND yet smarter people than we have bought gold bricks and have signed unwisely on dotted lines. Even the Republican National Committee came near to ruining itself and perhaps Mr. Willkie, too. When setting up its Chicago offices it took a whole floor in the magnificent Civic Opera Building, signing an invulnerable lease at a whacking rental. They were just moving in, the address in the telephone book and everything, when they discovered that they'd made themselves magnificently cozy in associations that still give many Americans headaches—the late Sam Insull's own headquarters, built by him, the scene of many of his stock-pyramiding rascalities. Anyway, it was no place for Republicans to rejoice in. But they're still paying rent for it, although holding forth in less pretentious quarters blocks away. And they'd just as soon forget all about it.

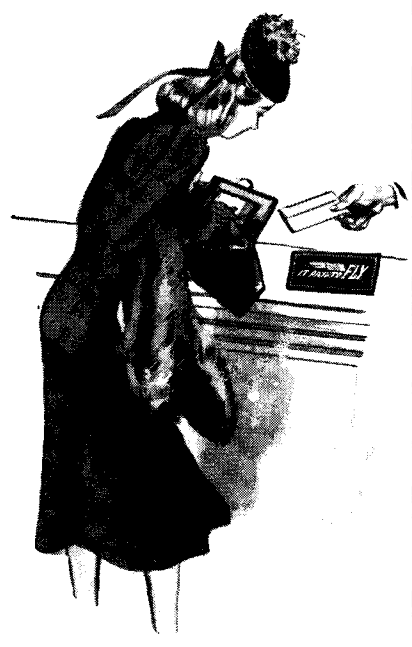
AND hope you do too. . . . W. D.

Vol. 106, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

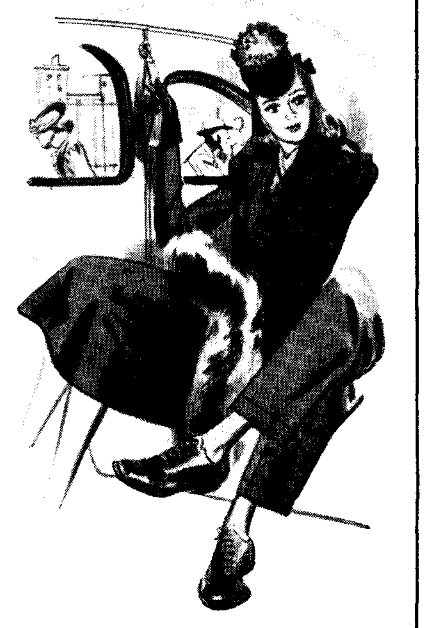
IT'S *EASY* TO FLY!



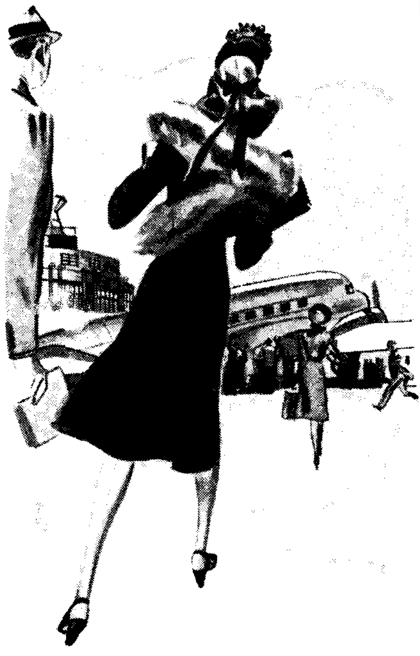
1 So you're going to *fly* this trip! That's fine! See how *easy* it is. Just phone your travel agent, any airline or telegraph office. Where to? When? The name? Yes ma'am. Your reservation's made.



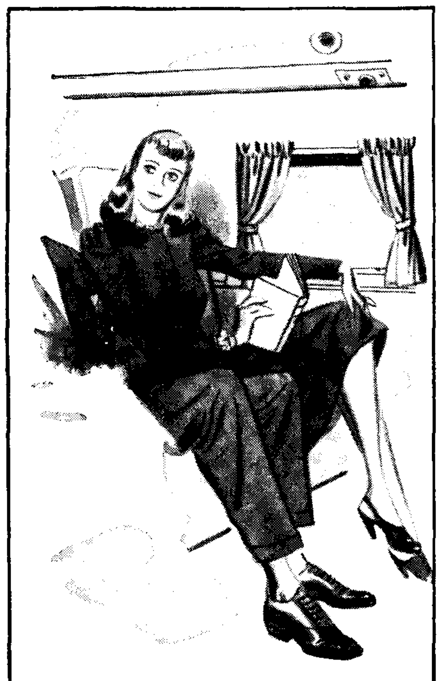
2 Surprise! Your ticket costs *much* less than you'd think! And there is no tipping. No charge for meals en route. *None* of the extras that one encounters in other forms of transportation.



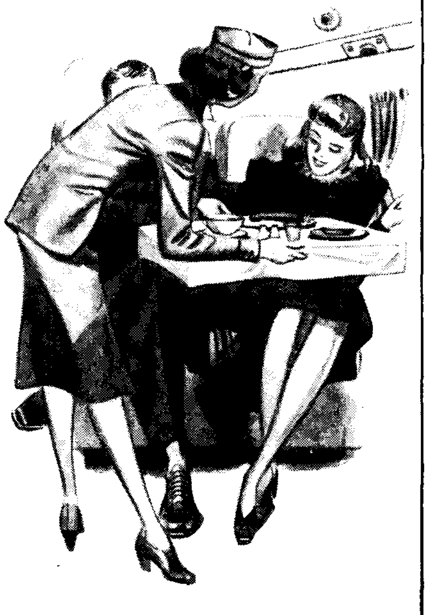
3 From your hotel or the Airline ticket office, a limousine whisks you comfortably to the airport. Luggage? Checked through—returned to you at your destination. No handling. No worries.



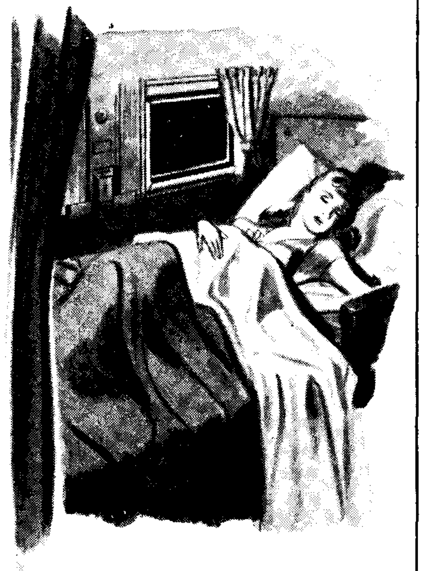
4 You step from your car to the waiting airliner. My, it looks big. It *is*—and roomy! The sky beckons. You board. You're off! You're a mile high on effortless wings before you know it!



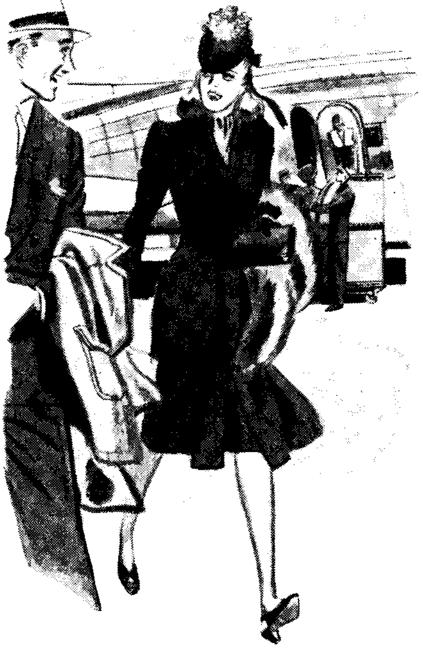
5 You lounge back in your big armchair. How quiet it is—how clean and snug and restful. The colorful map flows smoothly beneath you. You read—play games—or dream. Peacefully!



6 Mealtime aloft. A trim, trained stewardess or steward serves you a delicious, hot, complimentary meal. Such delightful dining—each course "just what you like." Food *never* tasted so good!



7 Bedtime. Great skysleepers are standard equipment on many overnight flights. Your berth is twin-bed size! A mattress soft as moonlight. A lullaby of stars. Such deep, dreamless sleep!



8 And there you are—rested, clean, refreshed, exhilarated—at your destination. No matter where you live or where you want to go, you can be there in hours, overnight at the most—if you fly.

YES, it's *that* easy to travel by air!

Compare the *comfort* of your plane armchair or berth with the comfort you find in any other means of conveyance—and you'll fly!

Compare the *convenience* of going by plane to going by other means—and you'll fly!

Compare the *effortless speed* of your plane with the pace of anything on land or sea—and you'll fly!

Compare the *rest* you get in a plane with the fatigue of traveling other ways—and you'll fly!

Costs less than you think, too! Often less than the fastest first-class surface transportation. Meals are free in the air—no tips, no extras.

You *know* you've planned to try air travel. So next trip—take a plane and learn why *It Pays to Fly!*

Write for the free, illustrated booklet which tells the dramatic story of our great Air Transport service.

Address: AIR TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION,
Room 735, Field Building, Chicago, Ill.

This educational campaign is sponsored jointly by the 17 major Airlines of the U.S. and Canada, and Manufacturers and Suppliers to the Air Transport Industry.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

It's *easy* to buy an air ticket to any place in the United States or the world. Simply phone or call at any Travel Bureau, Hotel Transportation Desk, Telegraph office or local Airline office, for airline schedules and fares or general information.

IT PAYS TO FLY

Don't let "dry scalp" make your hair go wild!

Why have brittle, lifeless, unattractive hair? Discover for yourself the amazing results you get from the regular use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

REWARD FOR CHECKING DRY SCALP IS GOOD-LOOKING HAIR!

DON'T be fooled about brittle, hard-to-manage hair. Often the very things you do to correct it only aggravate a "dry scalp" condition.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different. It does more than make your hair "easy to comb." It actually *checks dry scalp*—leaves your hair with that natural, healthy look everyone admires. Remember, you don't have to douse your hair with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops on the comb every morning are enough to supplement the natural scalp oils. Then once a week, before you shampoo, give your scalp a good 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. You'll notice the beneficial results almost immediately.

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

40c and 70c

CHANGE TO 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC today and see the improvement in the way your hair looks and feels!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S PAT OFF.

Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

BILL
67890
G. de Zayas

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although Michigan enacted a law in 1935 requiring prisoners who are financially able to pay for their maintenance (about a dollar a day) the state has only been able to collect this payment from two of the approximate 20,000 persons who have passed in and out of its prisons during this time.

As the Eskimo language contains so many nouns and verbs that can be spoken and written in several hundred different ways, few traders or explorers have ever tried to learn it. Instead, they use a sort of "pidgin Eskimo," which contains words from many languages including the Danish, Spanish and Hawaiian.

The pigeon is the only bird that drinks by suction, all others having to throw their heads back in order to swallow; and the owl is the only bird that can look at one object with both eyes at the same time, all others having to use one eye or the other to see a single thing.

The average college football game actually contains less action than the majority of other sports as the ball is in motion only twenty per cent of the time, the other eighty per cent of the hour being taken up by huddles, formations and other business.

One of the strangest cases of human albinism occurred in Africa some years ago. A Negro couple had three white and three black children, born in the following order—two consecutive black boys, two consecutive white girls, one black girl and one white boy.

In the spring of 1880, a freight train of thirty cars, belonging to the Kansas Pacific Railroad, started on a run and disappeared completely, no trace of it nor its crew ever having been found. Another case, equally mysterious, occurred in France several years ago, when naval men, while draining out a disused dock, discovered an old submarine of which there was no recollection or record.

Of the hundreds of different kinds of sugars, some of which are bitter and poisonous, many are made from such odd substances as seaweed, cottonmeal, chicory, dahlias, artichokes and ivory nuts.

Of the six Presidents of the United States who died in office, only two—William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor—passed away in the White House. Lincoln died in the Petersen House in Washington, Garfield in Elberon, New Jersey, McKinley in Buffalo, and Harding in San Francisco.

Sometimes a bullet embedded in the tusk of an elephant leaves such an imperceptible mark where it entered that its presence is not discovered until after ivory has been carved. A billiard ball with such an embedded bullet is preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

As late as 1913, the pearl fishers of Borneo, still holding to the age-old belief that pearls had sex, saved a likely pair from time to time in the hope that they would give birth to a number of pearls.

About a century ago when some states allowed banks to move from town to town at will, many went into hiding so their notes could not be presented for redemption in gold. One of them, The Bank of Morocco, was found by detectives, after a year's search, in a cabin in a dense Indiana forest.

On the Samoa Islands in the South Pacific, whole villages of natives frequently pack and go off on "malangas," or glorified excursions, during which they call on a number of other villages, some of these trips lasting six months and including visits to other islands as far as sixty miles away.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Stetson hits a new high with the new light weight streamlined hat...the *Stratoliner*

$6

The Stratoliner comes packed in a streamlined box

STETSONS ALSO MADE IN CANADA FROM $6

"TODAY I'll be in Boston . . . Baltimore . . . Chicago . . . Omaha . . . and points west . . . BUT I'll be home tonight to put you to bed!"

That's telephone traveling!

Long Distance multiplies a man's ability to be many places in the same day.

He can reach any town, anywhere, in a minute and a half (average).

He can go direct to the right man, without a long lobby-wait.

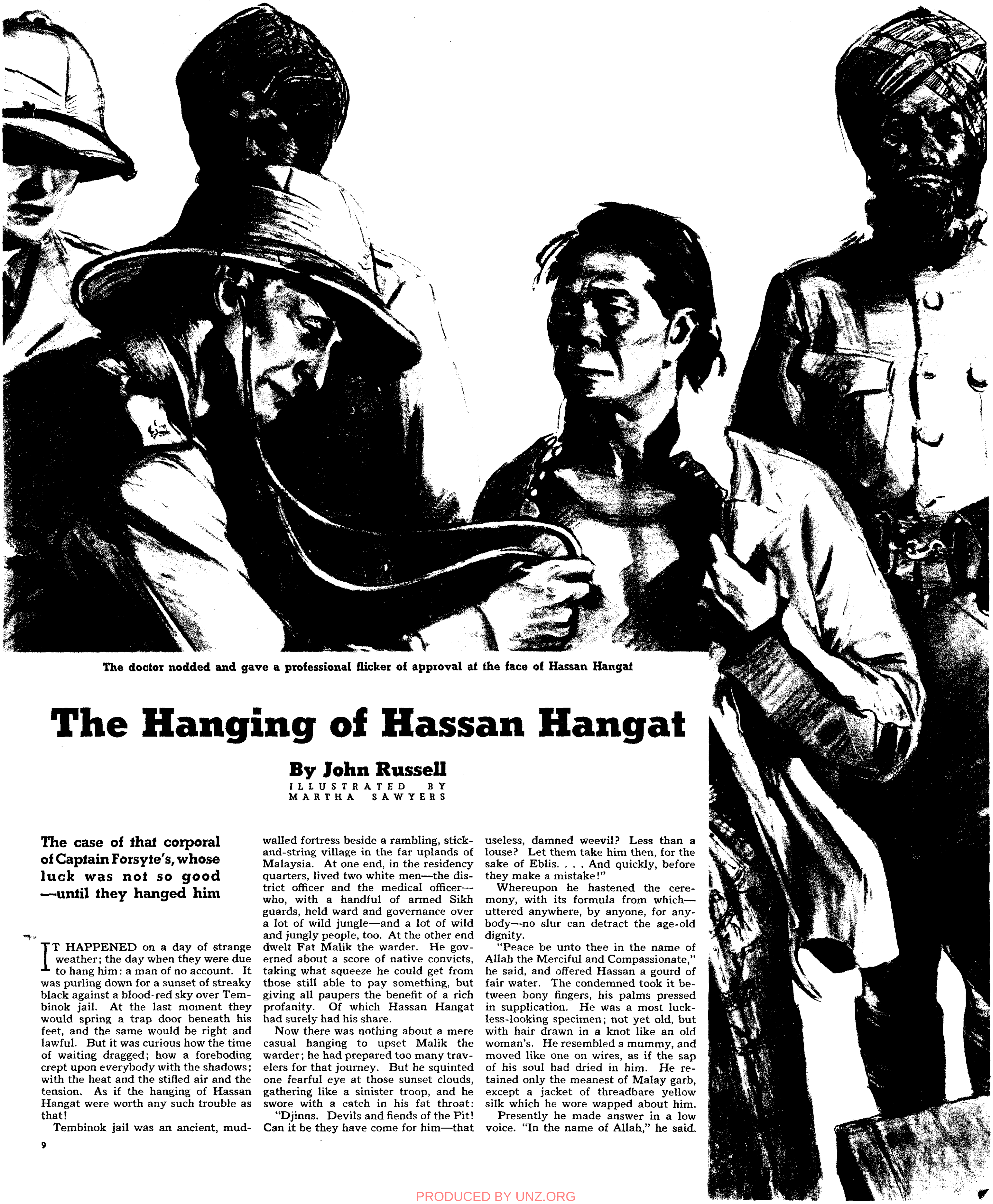
He can get facts and give them, in friendly fashion.

He can adjust a complaint, make an appointment, settle an account, or follow up a promising lead.

Long Distance saves days and dollars for many types of business. It is fast, adaptable, *definite*. Try it and *see!*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Collier's The National Weekly for September 21, 1940



The doctor nodded and gave a professional flicker of approval at the face of Hassan Hangat

The Hanging of Hassan Hangat

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTHA SAWYERS

The case of that corporal of Captain Forsyte's, whose luck was not so good—until they hanged him

IT HAPPENED on a day of strange weather; the day when they were due to hang him: a man of no account. It was purling down for a sunset of streaky black against a blood-red sky over Tembinok jail. At the last moment they would spring a trap door beneath his feet, and the same would be right and lawful. But it was curious how the time of waiting dragged; how a foreboding crept upon everybody with the shadows; with the heat and the stifled air and the tension. As if the hanging of Hassan Hangat were worth any such trouble as that!

Tembinok jail was an ancient, mud-walled fortress beside a rambling, stick-and-string village in the far uplands of Malaysia. At one end, in the residency quarters, lived two white men—the district officer and the medical officer—who, with a handful of armed Sikh guards, held ward and governance over a lot of wild jungle—and a lot of wild and jungly people, too. At the other end dwelt Fat Malik the warder. He governed about a score of native convicts, taking what squeeze he could get from those still able to pay something, but giving all paupers the benefit of a rich profanity. Of which Hassan Hangat had surely had his share.

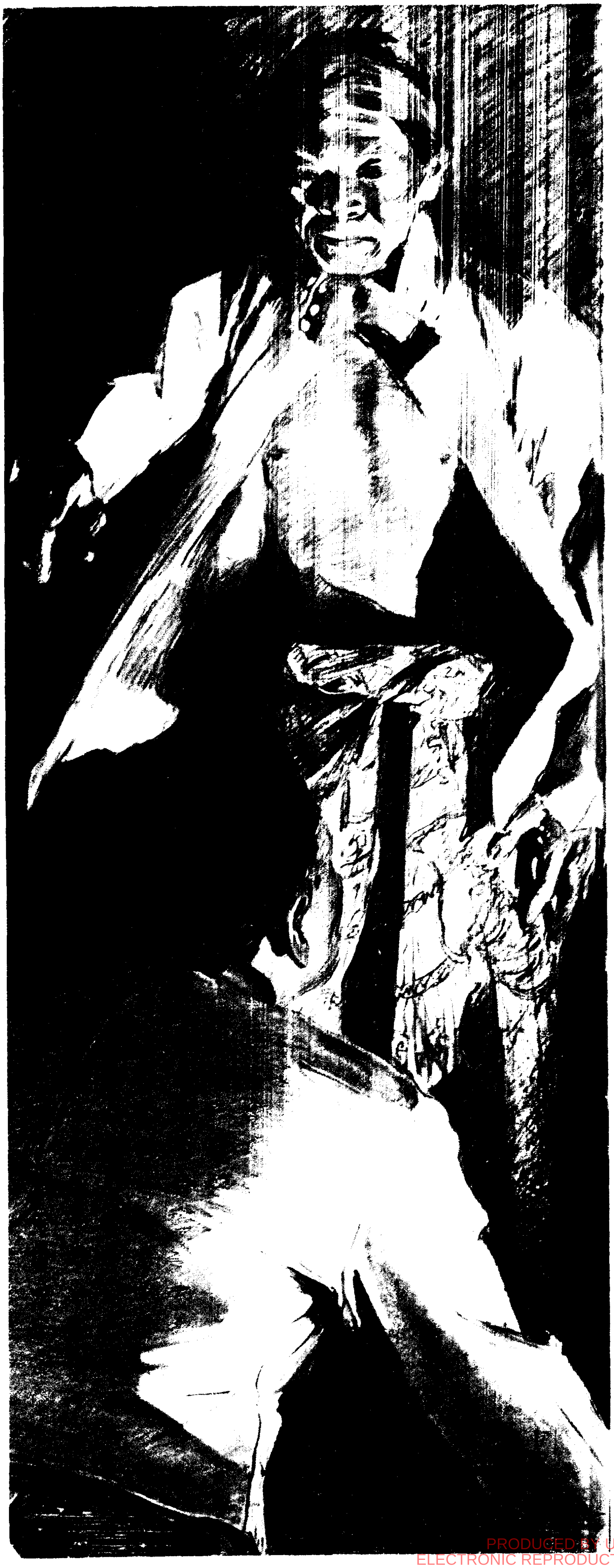
Now there was nothing about a mere casual hanging to upset Malik the warder; he had prepared too many travelers for that journey. But he squinted one fearful eye at those sunset clouds, gathering like a sinister troop, and he swore with a catch in his fat throat:

"Djinns. Devils and fiends of the Pit! Can it be they have come for him—that useless, damned weevil? Less than a louse? Let them take him then, for the sake of Eblis. . . . And quickly, before they make a mistake!"

Whereupon he hastened the ceremony, with its formula from which—uttered anywhere, by anyone, for anybody—no slur can detract the age-old dignity.

"Peace be unto thee in the name of Allah the Merciful and Compassionate," he said, and offered Hassan a gourd of fair water. The condemned took it between bony fingers, his palms pressed in supplication. He was a most luckless-looking specimen; not yet old, but with hair drawn in a knot like an old woman's. He resembled a mummy, and moved like one on wires, as if the sap of his soul had dried in him. He retained only the meanest of Malay garb, except a jacket of threadbare yellow silk which he wore wapped about him.

Presently he made answer in a low voice. "In the name of Allah," he said.



"All-Knowing; Refuge of the Afflicted; Avenger and Giver of Wrath—Creator of Strength from Weakness; Judge over Iniquity and Master of the Day of Requital—Thee we beseech!"

Thus he spoke, and drank three times. On his knees, three times toward Mecca he touched his forehead to the ground. Then silently he took his place between the two Sikh guards and started off on his march to the gallows.

SO FAR as Malik was concerned, that was the finish of Hassan Hangat. It lacked perhaps a quarter-hour of sunset, when the two white officials would complete the job.

Meanwhile, he went about his business of sweeping up the death cell for its next tenant. . . . The next tenant, he piously hoped, would be anyway somebody of some account. Almost anybody would be an improvement on the wretch whom he had just turned out.

Contemptuously he considered the gift—to call it a gift—which the late departed had left for him. A patched quilt, a bowl, a brass betel box and a torn copy of the Surah on God's Vengeance from the Koran. The whole value being less than ten depreciated Singapore cents. And was this really all the fellow could leave?

Why, it was not long since Hassan Hangat had amounted to quite a considerable person in the countryside. Owner of a rich bit of crop land, with a house and a family. As things went thereabouts he lived well and well-regarded, and, in fact, might have been envied by almost anyone. And now to have lost everything? Shameful!

But wait—there had been something else. Malik remembered how, when first he had searched the prisoner, there had been one other thing.

A hairpin. That was it! A hairpin; and very suitable, too, for such a weakling. A Ceramese hairpin of cassowary bone, of a sort the heathen make in that far island. Finely joined and carved cunningly, with a hooked handle. Smooth like a piece of ivory, but better, because the long leg bone of a cassowary is partly flexible and never splinters. Actually, the thing was a curio rather rare, and might fetch a good price in the bazaar.

And now, where was that hairpin? Not here in the cell. Certainly Hassan had not worn it, marching off to be hanged. Therefore and evidently, Hassan had hidden it inside his jacket and had carried it along with him, just to cheat Malik the warder of his rightful squeeze of a last tangible, negotiable bit of property.

"May Allah blacken his face and sink him in the nethermost hell!" quoth Malik, and was the more pleased to think that presently he was going to earn a profit on the life of Hassan Hangat, after all.

. . . This very afternoon had come to him a local great man, the noble and powerful Penglima Hitam, whose name was high in Tembinok. He came ringing arrogantly at the jailhouse gate, and he began the same way:

"Peace to you, Malik. Behold and regard. Here are three Singapore dollars, paid to you in hand. For the which I desire you to do me a service."

"Honored sir, to do you a service is ever my dearest dream," said Malik, who had a sweet tenderness for the nobility, and even sweeter for Singapore dollars.

"Then so much you shall undertake for me. Attend. Tonight, when the convict Hassan Hangat is hanged, you shall display a white cloth from your roof. A large cloth like a flag, so that I—watching from my house above the hill yonder—may see it, and may know for a certainty that the dog is dead! Is it understood?"

"Understood, my lord," said Malik, his little pig eyes aglitter with malice and curiosity. "It is natural. Your honor wishes to be sure that you and your household have nothing more to fear from Hassan Hangat."

"No such thing! I fear no one!" returned the Penglima, harshly, for he was a proud, overbearing man. "It is a fact commonly known how Hassan Hangat is a distant relative of my family and long has been a sorrow and shame to us. There will be rejoicing when he ceases to breathe!"

"But it must be known also to your excellence that the appointed hour is sunset. This is the order; and you can rest content that the order never yet has failed."

"Will you give me back my dollars?" demanded the Penglima, with a snarl. "Or will you earn them?"

"Assuredly, lord," exclaimed Malik, cramming the money hastily into his sash. "A white flag on the jail roof to make your lordship aware that your lordship can sleep in peace. As soon as the trap is sprung, it shall be done. On my head be it!"

And now the occasion was very near.

For a flag—for a mockery—he found nothing fitter than Hassan's own ragged quilt, which made a good enough wigwag. So he took it, and he sighed, being fat, and climbed the ladder that led from the corridor to the upper battlements.

IN THE meantime, in the residency quarters at the farther end, the two white officials of Tembinok had been waiting, themselves. Not shivering by any means, but suffering the oppression of each weighted moment.

"I don't like it," Captain Forsyte was saying, fretfully. "It's a beastly thing, really, to wind up my civil term in the district with a hanging."

"You're starting down for the coast tomorrow?" asked Dr. Doty, the white-haired medical.

"That worries me too," frowned Forsyte. "I expected to take twenty-five recruits with me. These hill men will make grand soldiers; and they're keen as terriers once I land 'em. But I've scraped only ten so far. . . . D'you suppose it's some silly superstition gone wrong? Are they waiting for some sort of omen before they'll join up?"

Dr. Doty nodded. "They're a fighting race. Good idea of the government—enlisting a Malay federal force around Singapore this time. You'll get a command, of course."

"Receptive. I was too young for the last show."

"And I'm too old for this one," said Doty, resignedly. "Still, somebody has to carry on behind the front. I expect I'll be the officer, magistrate and medic for Tembinok—all myself."

"Then I hope you get no murder cases like Hassan Hangat's!" said Forsyte.

They were sitting in their stuffy little office off the barrack wing. There was a door giving on the inner courtyard where the scaffold stood, out of sight.

"Go ahead and talk about it," advised Doty, watching the other's nervous fingering with a warrant.

"Well, I had the bench—closing up on administration, you know. And this chap Hassan, I never was satisfied about him. So helpless. Without money, or friends or any defense. Helpless."

"I remember. Wife murder, wasn't it? He pleaded not guilty, naturally."

"Yes, but nothing else. Wouldn't say

(Continued on page 64)

Hassan Hangat regarded Malik with a spectral, a scornful gleam, and pointed with a bony finger toward the bell gate

A Spitfire and a Boy

By Quentin Reynolds

ACME

The squadron leader said, "A scramble." And all of them ran to their planes

AT EACH end of the airdrome there was a large tent. This was one of the airdromes nearest to the channel and there was a squadron of Spitfires here at this end and a squadron of Hurricanes at the other end. A squadron consists of twelve planes, and the twelve pilots were sitting in the tent listening to a portable radio.

It was just six in the morning and it was the kind of morning when you feel good to be alive.

Each squadron had a group crew of twenty-four to look after it. The crew was playing football, the kind of football we call soccer. They had taken two chairs from the tent and that made one goal. They needed something for the other goal, and one of them suggested using two Spitfires. It was probably the first time in history that Spitfires were used as goal posts.

The squadron leader had plenty of ribbons on his breast. He had downed eighteen German planes. But he was quite young of course. He took me aside and said: "I want you to meet the new kid who joined us yesterday. A nice kid. See if you can spot his accent. He hasn't been up with us yet. Today will be his first show."

He called the pilot over and introduced me to him. I spotted his accent all right. We hadn't spoken a dozen words when the telephone in the tent rang. It rang once, twice, three times. That meant get ready to take off. It had a loud ring and the ground crew stopped kicking the ball around. The squadron leader answered the phone. He listened for a moment and then said: "Twelve or more heading for convoy off Dover. Yes, sir." I looked at my watch. It was exactly 6:05.

The squadron leader said gaily to the pilots: "A scramble." And all of them ran to their planes. The R.A.F. has a language all its own. A scramble is a fight. All he said to his men was, "A scramble."

Each pilot climbed into his Spitfire and put his helmet on. They didn't look like kids any more now. The helmet covers everything but the eyes and the nose. In the helmet are earphones and there is a white aluminum disk that hits your mouth and you talk into that. When you are up in a Spitfire you can talk to any member of your squadron. Mostly, of course, you listen. You listen to your leader, who is the boss of the show.

The squadron leader, whose first name was Cecil (we are not allowed to give the full names of the men in the service), took off. The others followed him. As the last plane got off the ground I looked at my watch. It was 6:09. They fly in sections of three. The first flight led by the squadron leader is called the Red Flight. The second is called the Yellow Flight. The third, the Blue Flight. The fourth, the Green Flight. If the squadron leader in front wants to give a quick order he just calls into his white aluminum disk: "Yellow Section sharp right-hand vertical climb."

The Spitfires circled once to gain height and then went up to 10,000 feet. This wasted perhaps four minutes but it was important. The twelve German planes might turn out to be more, perhaps thirty Messerschmitts and Heinkels, and, in a scramble, altitude can be an excellent weapon working in your favor. Then the Spitfires headed for the convoy.

One Plane Doesn't Return

Down at the other end of the airdrome the Hurricanes started to roar. Twelve of them rose and went on to join in the fight. Ours was only one of a dozen airdromes in the vicinity. I could imagine the same thing happening at each one of them. The Hurricanes were now circling. After a while you get so you can tell one plane from another. In the air the Spitfire looks like a thin, straight needle. The Hurricane is humpbacked. They shot off in the wake of the Spitfires.

The time passed very slowly. They would certainly be back within an hour and a half because the fighters carry gas for only that length of time. It was just seven when the Spitfires appeared. I watched them and there was something uneven about the formation. Then I realized that one of them was missing. They landed and taxied up to the tent.

It is routine that when a squadron returns, the squadron leader gives a report of what has happened to an intelligence officer. Then each pilot reports. In that way a pretty good idea of the damage done to the enemy can be obtained.

The squadron leader said: "We met them about halfway over the channel at 14,000 feet. There were about twenty Heinkels and at least twenty-one 109's and 110's. We came out of the sun and got fairly close. I sent a four-second burst at a Heinkel. It drove toward the sea, smoke pouring out from it. A 110 got on my tail, and I banked away and into a cloud. I angled up another thousand, keeping my flight together. Ran into two Heinkels. At 100 yards I sent a three-second burst at one of them. He went to pieces and crashed into the sea. I followed the other Heinkel, which had turned. He dove and I followed, sending two bursts. He was badly hurt and I followed him all the way down. At 500 feet he burst into flames. I followed and saw him dive into the sea. I collected the squadron. There were no enemy aircraft in sight. We came home."

"Is that all?" the intelligence officer asked.

"Yes," the squadron leader nodded. "Except that Isaacs failed to return. He got separated from the squadron. I don't know how."

"I saw him." The pilot who spoke was a lad named Douglas—he was very tall and very slim and he had a baby face. "I saw him with two 110's on his tail. By the time I got to him they had gotten him. He went down. Had no chance to bail out."

One by one they told their stories. When they had finished, the intelligence officer studied notes he had made. "I make it seven confirmed enemy casualties and four unconfirmed," he said.

The pilot must actually see a plane crash into the sea or to the ground before it can be listed officially. He must pledge his word of honor that he has seen it. When you see a story saying that twenty German planes were downed the chances are that another eight or nine suffered the same fate.

The squadron leader said to me: "You didn't get a chance to talk to the new kid, did you? He put up a great show today."

It Was Fun While It Lasted

The new kid was looking at his Spitfire. There was a hole in the fuselage you could stick your fist through.

"You put up a great show," the squadron leader said to him. "When did you get hit?"

"Just when I was on the tail of an Me. 110," he said ruefully. "I felt a little jar and then all my controls went haywire. I sent one burst at the Me. but didn't get him. Even my sights were acting funny. But it was fun while it lasted."

The kid turned to me and grinned.

"Seven weeks ago today I was in Laredo, Texas. I've been dreaming about doing this since the war started. I went to Ontario, enlisted and within three days was on a boat."

"They looked at his log book and found he had 1,800 hours," the squadron leader said. "That's why they hustled him over so quickly. He only needed a week's training to get accustomed to the way a Spitfire handles."

"It's a beautiful airplane," the pilot said. "I never saw anything handle quite so sweet."

(Continued on page 73)

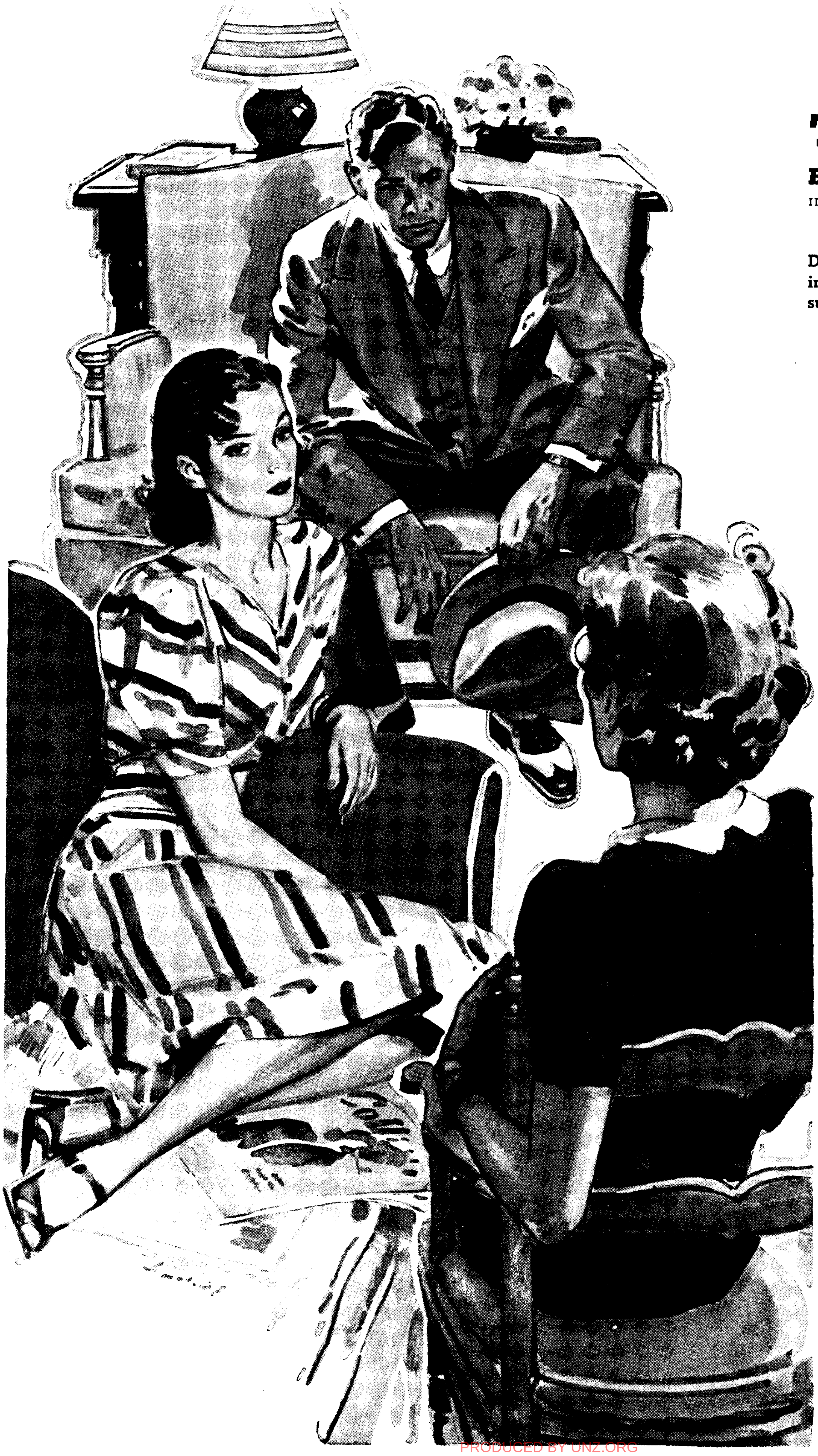
BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Twice Dead

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley destroys some important evidence and, as a result, gets just what he deserves



"Did you hear any noise the afternoon of the murder?" O'Malley asked the mother. "No," she told him

THEY put me on a tough one," O'Malley said. "It's a West Side murder. A guy that called himself Mr. Gilvin had two rooms in a tenement. Somebody come in, in broad daylight, and beat the guy to death. It's a cold case. Cops been working on it a couple of weeks. They're still where they started."

"What's the trouble with the case?" I asked.

"They can't find out anything about this dead guy. He'd lived there over two years. He didn't have any business. He didn't have any bank account, but he always had money. All he done was have a good time. He hung out in bars and cafés, and played cards and played horses, but mostly he spent his time getting acquainted with ladies. Everybody in the neighborhood knew this guy. Now it turns out all they knew was his name. You can't tell who might want to kill a guy unless you know who he is."

"Is it a woman case?" I asked.

"They claim it don't look like it."

We saw the man's landlord. He was a big person named Averton, in a small, dingy office.

"Listen!" O'Malley said to him. "A landlord always knows about his tenants. You must have known something about that Gilvin."

"All I know is that he always paid his rent."

"Didn't your rent collectors tell you nothing?"

"I collect my own rents. I own several such buildings. I bought that one about a year and a half ago. He was a tenant there then, and the books showed he always paid his rent, so I asked him no questions."

"We'll go there," O'Malley said.

It was a crowded neighborhood. Children were playing in the street, women gazed down on us from open windows, and more women and children were in the halls.

"Isn't there any clue at all to this case, O'Malley?" I asked.

"No clue. I had trouble with some cops because they got a theory. They claim a young fellow named Berrand killed the guy. The boy didn't do it, though."

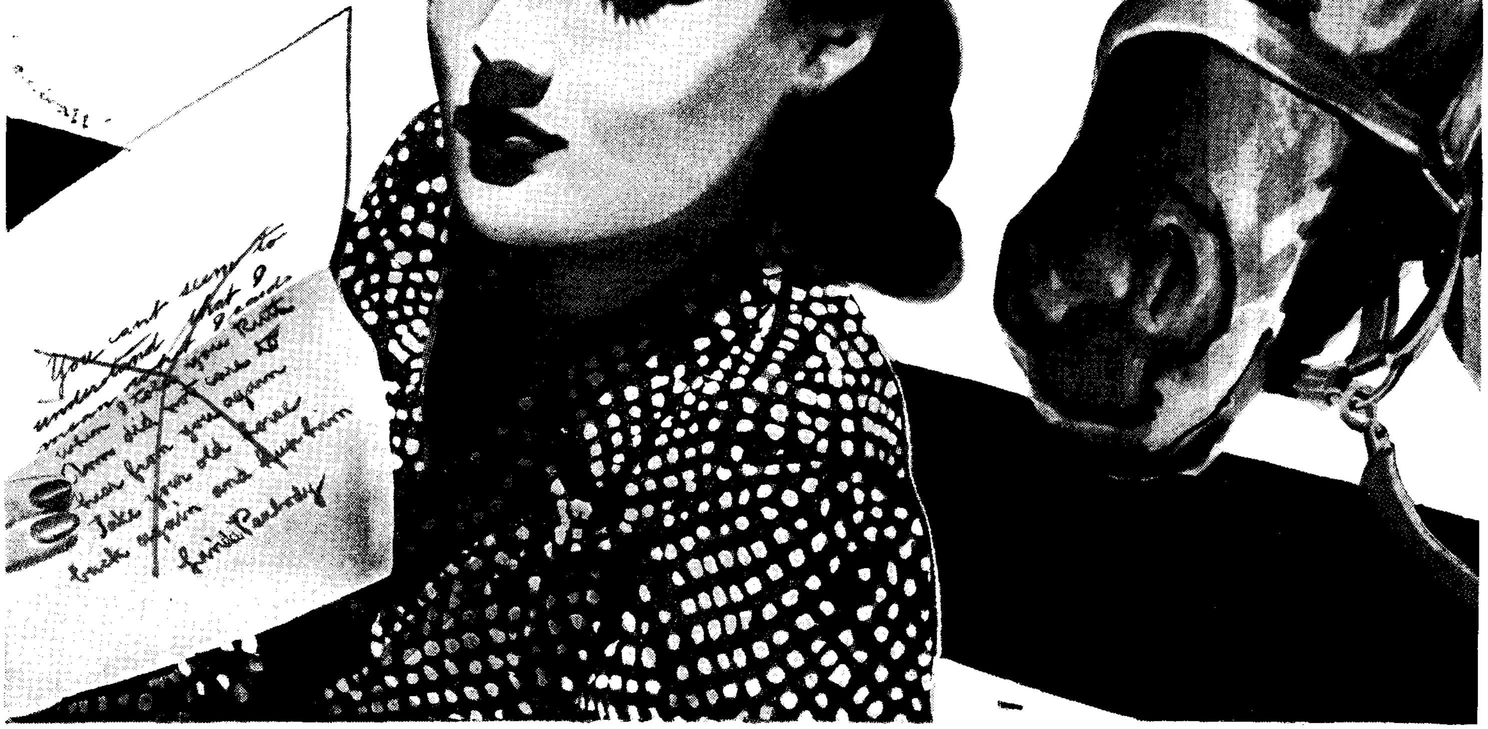
"What's the evidence against him?"

"No evidence. They figure he had a motive. This Berrand and a girl named Ione Nordil have went together since they were kids. Lately that Gilvin had

(Continued on page 45)

A Present for Ruth Ann

By William Brandon



"He's not my horse, he's Ruth Ann's. . . . I don't keep other people's horses in my barn"

THE colt left in a closed van. He wore a new blue-and-white cooler and he looked like a million dollars, which he almost was. Well, then, a thousand.

He returned in the same closed van, wearing the same new cooler. The driver handed Johnny Wells an unsealed letter. "She says bring him back and give you this."

Johnny took it savagely. "What does it say?"

"Why, it says— Why would *I* be readin' it, Johnny?" The driver grinned an Irish grin and went back to open the truck.

"Wait a minute!" Johnny opened the note. He read:

"You can't seem to understand that I mean what I said when I told you Ruth Ann did not care to hear from you again. Take your old horse back again and keep him. LINDA PEABODY."

Johnny found a pencil in his shirt pocket, scratched out the note and on the opposite side of the paper wrote:

"He's not my horse, he's Ruth Ann's. He's been hers ever since I promised her the first stud colt out of Star Fly by Zanzibar. I don't keep other people's horses in my barn. JOHNNY WELLS."

He gave the note to the driver of the van, without folding it, and the truck rumbled away again, bearing the colt, still wrapped in his new blue-and-white cooler, and beginning to wonder what was going on.

Johnny turned away and walked across white gravel to his barn, where there was a confusion of trucks and horses and people. His chin was hard and stubborn and his gray eyes were very unhappy.

He kept himself busy around the barn for an hour and then began to watch for the big closed truck. Presently it rolled down the lane. The colt was still in it, looking indignantly out his window.

The driver held out an envelope. Johnny tore it open, and read:

"Ruth Ann does not wish to accept any presents from a horse trader and a gambler, regardless of their nature or your excuses. Ruth Ann and, I may add, I wish nothing at all from you, Mr. Wells, except to be left completely alone. I hope I make that clear.
"LINDA PEABODY."

"N. B. I take the liberty of further advising you to restrain yourself from giving away expensive animals, for I feel certain the day will come when you will need whatever they will bring to pay your betting losses. L. P."

Johnny swore tonelessly but a little hopelessly, without much fervor, and wrote another answer on the blank side of the notepaper:

"If Ruth Ann's colt comes back here again it will be time for his dinner and I'll damn' well send you a board bill and damn' well collect it. I don't care what she does with him. She can turn him loose in the street. I don't care if I never see him again or her again, he's her horse. JOHNNY WELLS."

"N. B. Don't hold your breath until I go broke either."

The driver said: "Well, you're the doctor, Johnny. But she won't take him."

"Listen." Johnny rested his elbows on the cab door and ran a hand over his chin. "Park away from the place, George. Lead the colt around the back way to the stable and put him in the stall."

The driver pressed his lips together and raised his eyebrows. The truck's motor thundered. "All right, Johnny."

"Don't forget to give him some water before you leave him."

THE truck rolled away. Johnny looked after it for a while, rubbing his chin in warm, sober reflection, and then turned on his heel and strode back to the barn.

He was at the auctioneer's desk, a half-hour later, looking over the sale records so far, when he was called to the phone in his office. He answered shortly.

"Hello, Johnny? George."

He relaxed. "How'd you come out?"

"Well, I ain't quite out yet. See . . . They caught me, leadin' him in. They told me to put him back in the truck—I mean she did, but I told her—"

"Where you talking from?"

"Well, from—well, from her house. She made me come in and call you—"

"Listen, George. You tell her as far as I'm concerned Ruth Ann is scratched. Got that?"

"Yeah, yeah. . . . But—"

"Go ahead, tell her. Tell her so I can hear you."

He heard George say finally, also reluctantly, "He says to tell you as far as he's concerned Ruth Ann's scratched." He heard a light, distant voice answering. He couldn't understand the words. Sweat came out on his forehead and he brushed it away angrily with his sleeve.

George's voice returned. "She says to tell you Ruth Ann ain't either scratched. She says you were a long time ago. She says—"

"Listen," Johnny shouted, "tell her—"

He heard George say wearily, "Oh, hell," and he realized no one was listening. Again he heard distant voices briefly.

He clutched the phone as if it were trying to get away.

After a time a cool, impersonal feminine voice said politely, "Are you still there? If you are, won't you please go away?"

"All right," Johnny yelled. His voice cracked and he lowered it. "You've had your fun. Take it big. But Ruth Ann keeps the colt."

"I don't," said the cool voice, "want it."

"I'm not giving it to you. I'm giving it to Ruth Ann."

There was a patient sigh and the cool voice said, "I don't intend for Ruth Ann to see it. She might like it. I don't intend for her to accept any gifts from a gambler and—"

"And a horse trader that might go broke! Well, I am broke! I'm selling out today, if it makes you any happier, but she—gets—that—colt!"

The cool voice crumbled and said, "Johnny," breathlessly, "no . . ."

But he had hung up and didn't hear it.

An hour later the big closed truck rolled up the lane. Johnny came out grimly from the crowd around the barn.

"George," he said flatly, "if that colt—"

"He ain't. thank the stars, he ain't." George lowered himself from the cab. "This time he stayed. But this didn't." He gave Johnny another letter and said, "Good night," and went away.

Johnny crammed the letter into a pocket and started back to the barn. Halfway there he stopped and took the letter out and read it:

"I made George tell me what you were going to do and he said you were taking that job at the Wharton Farms that I always wanted you to get. . . . Oh, Johnny darling, I didn't want to be right just to be right, but—and I know now you only wanted to give Ruth Ann the colt because you wanted her to have something from you while you were still able to give it to her, and I did too, but I've been holding out for more than a colt, Johnny. I've been wanting her to have you.

"Maybe you can't ask me to come back now, Johnny, but I think I'd ever so much rather have my name Wells again than go on with it Peabody, if you will only come over and help me change it back. And I know Ruth Ann would like it better too, if she could tell you—"

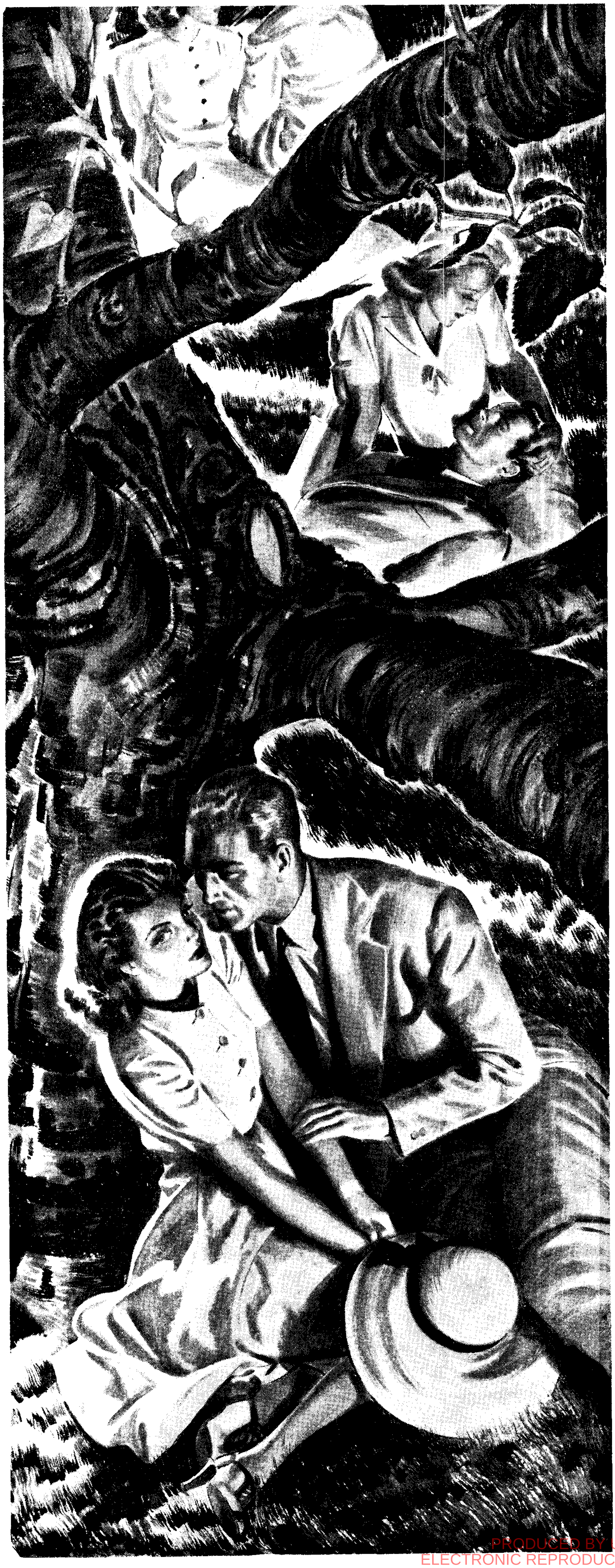
A HALF-HOUR later he was jumping out of his car in front of a large white house on the other side of town, and running up the walk and through the open front door. He heard a baby crying in a near-by room and hesitated, swallowing the lump in his throat, and heard Linda's voice at the end of the hall and turned toward it. Ruth Ann could wait.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Poirot saw her, with the young man who bent his head so close, who was pleading so earnestly

The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, and returns to his flat. Shortly, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him to say that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes the dentist, healthy, happy, prosperous, had been shot to death. He starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been Morley's last patient. But before the Belgian can interview him, Amberiotis dies of an overdose of dental drugs!

The inference is obvious: having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley in a fit of remorse had shot himself. But Poirot does not accept this theory, nor does Mr. Reginald Barnes, an ex-secret service man, to whom the Belgian goes for advice. Barnes feels certain that a band of conspirators, trying to undermine the existent order in England, planned to kill one of Morley's last patients, the wealthy Alistair Blunt, and, failing to get Blunt—killed Morley, because he knew too much of their plans.

Another problem is added to the matter when Miss Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death, mysteriously disappears. And Poirot, busy investigating various persons—Howard Raikes, a young radical from America, also present in the office about the time Miss Seale had been there; Frank Carter, fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Mr. Blunt's niece, in love with Raikes; and others—has no idea what became of her.

At first, a body found in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman, head battered, seems to be that of Miss Seale. Further investigation, however, proves that the victim is Mrs. Chapman—disguised as Miss Seale. And following this, the search for Miss Seale is called off by the foreign office. Meanwhile, Poirot receives a warning by telephone to keep out of the investigation—or he will meet harm! Later, when he accepts an invitation to week-end with Blunt, at his country manor, he recognizes the voice of the warner as that of Mrs. Olivera. Attempting to warn Blunt that he may be in danger from his own household, he encounters only the financier's pleasant but sarcastic doubt. But a short time later, in the garden, an assailant takes a shot at Blunt. Either of two men—Raikes, unaccountably present in the garden, or Carter, disguised as the new young gardener—could be guilty. Poirot questions his list of suspects, particularly about the missing Miss Seale—and slowly a pattern of the murder begins to form in his mind.

VIII

THESE meditations had occupied Hercule Poirot on his homeward way until reaching the vicinity of Regent's Park.

He decided to traverse a part of the park before taking a taxi. By experience, he knew to a nicety how far he could walk before his smart patent-leather shoes began to press painfully on his feet.

It was a lovely summer's day and Poirot looked indulgently on courting nursemaids and their swains, laughing and giggling while their chubby charges profited by nurse's inattention.

Dogs barked and romped. Little boys sailed boats. And under nearly every tree was a couple sitting close together. . . .

"Ah! *Jeunesse, Jeunesse,*" murmured Hercule Poirot, pleasurably affected by the sight.

They were *chic,* these little London girls. They wore their tawdry clothes with an air.

Their figures, however, he considered lamentably deficient. Where were the rich curves, the voluptuous lines that had formerly delighted the eye of an admirer?

He, Hercule Poirot, remembered women. . . . One woman, in particular. What a sumptuous creature—a Bird of Paradise—a Venus. . . !

What woman was there among these pretty chits nowadays, who could hold a candle to Countess Vera Rossakoff? A genuine Russian aristocrat, an aristocrat to her finger tips! And also, he remembered, a most accomplished thief. . . . One of those natural geniuses. . . .

With a sigh, Poirot wrenched his thoughts away from the flamboyant creature of his dreams.

It was not only, he noted, the little nursemaids and their like who were being wooed under the trees of Regent's Park.

That was a Schiaparelli creation there, under that lime tree, with the young man who bent his head so close to hers, who was pleading so earnestly.

One must not yield too soon! He *hoped the girl understood that. The* pleasure of the chase must be extended as long as possible. . . .

His beneficent eye still on them, he became suddenly aware of a familiarity in those two figures.

So Jane Olivera had come to Regent's Park to meet her young American revolutionary!

His face grew suddenly sad and rather stern.

After only a brief hesitation he crossed the grass to them. Sweeping off his hat with a flourish, he said:

"*Bon jour, Mademoiselle.*"

Jane Olivera, he thought, was not entirely displeased to see him.

Howard Raikes, on the other hand, was a good deal annoyed at the interruption.

"Oh, so it's *you* again!" he growled.

"Good afternoon, M. Poirot," said Jane. "How unexpectedly you always pop up, don't you?"

"Kind of a jack-in-the-box," said Raikes, still eying Poirot with considerable coldness.

"I do not intrude?" Poirot asked anxiously.

Jane Olivera said kindly: "Not at all."

Howard Raikes said nothing.

"It is a pleasant spot you have found here," said Poirot.

"It was," said Mr. Raikes.

Jane said: "Be quiet, Howard. You need to learn manners!"

Howard Raikes snorted and asked: "What's the good of manners?"

"You'll find they kind of help you along," said Jane. "*I* haven't got any myself, but that doesn't matter so much. To begin with I'm rich, and I'm

(Continued on page 36)

Inside Willkie's Head

By Congressman Bruce Barton

The author made the first speech seconding Wendell Willkie's nomination. Here he is trying to be nonpartisan. He has talked with men who grew up with Willkie, with his college and business associates. Adding their impressions to his own, he gives you this fine composite portrait

"New York [illegible] recruits from the provinces, but it has not polished Wendell Willkie"

THE shadow of disillusion comes to all of us with the years. Some morning we make the surprising discovery that a majority of the cops are younger than we are; the men in the pulpits begin suddenly to look so immature; or the leaders of whom we have read and heard in our youth turn out to be of flesh and blood like ourselves, dipping their toast surreptitiously in their coffee, scratching their heads in public—doing all the things that our wives have told us not to do.

The writer of this article—or rather report, for it is a composite of the views of many men who have known the subject intimately at one phase or another of his career—has lived in New York thirty years. He has seen the top players in business and politics at close range and does not cherish many illusions. Yet, thank heaven, he is still capable of a few real enthusiasms, one of which is about Wendell Willkie. It began back about 1930 and has grown steadily ever since.

These pages will no doubt be tinged by that enthusiasm, yet there is no hero worship here, and no mere partisanship. The attempt is to answer honestly the unspoken question of millions: "If we put Wendell Willkie in the White House, what kind of President will he make?"

Suppose we start by lifting the top of Willkie's head, so to speak, and taking a look at the contents. What is there that is unusual? Or, even before we come to that question, is there any element customarily found in human minds that seems to be absent? Examination shows that there are four striking and important absentees, the first of them being fear. A single example will illustrate.

About a year ago Willkie set out with a business associate in a private plane to fly from New York to an emergency meeting in Cincinnati. Somewhere in the mountain region the radio went out of commission, the pilot lost his way and flew in circles while the gasoline gauge dropped lower and lower. Telling the story, the friend says:

"After what seemed a year to me Wendell went up front, talked to the pilot and asked him how much gas was left. The pilot told him enough to last about ten minutes. 'Have you any parachutes?' he asked. The pilot said, 'No.' Coming back to his chair, Wendell sat down calmly, buckled his safety belt and informed me that we were going to crack up. 'I'd sure like to get hold of a parachute,' he exclaimed. I looked at him in some amazement. 'Wouldn't you be afraid to use it?' 'Afraid?' he said. 'Why should I be? I've done it before.' And there, while the minutes dragged by, he told me how once when he was in the Army he jumped out of a plane to win a bet of $25. He was as cool as if we were sitting in the front window of a club.

"For myself, I was a long way from being cool. About the time I began counting out last seconds we passed over a field where a night football game was being played. The pilot flew low and dropped a note that was picked up by the local sheriff. That gentleman lost no time in collecting a hundred cars and rushing them to a near-by emergency field. There we landed by the aid of the auto lights and with our gasoline supply down to only a couple of teaspoonfuls.

"As we rode off together in a borrowed car I turned to Wendell, who sat beside me quietly pulling away at a cigarette. 'Weren't you scared?' I demanded.

"'For a minute, yes,' he confessed. 'Then it was all over. I thought, being scared won't help, there is nothing I can do. So I began to think about my family, and how they were fixed, and how my wife would get along. And I guess I just forgot to be scared.'"

The friend who has known him so intimately adds: "The man's courage is mental as well as physical. When he has arrived at a conclusion he has a courage of conviction that nothing can sway."

Which leads us to consider another blank in the mental inventory—there are no brain cells dedicated to fretting.

You and I have known men, and some in high positions, who go through three agonies per decision. They suffer *before* they make up their minds, *when* they make up their minds, and *after* they have made up their minds and are questioning their decisions. Willkie usually starts in by getting all the facts that he can from the printed page. He can read at almost lightning speed and he remembers what he reads. Having immersed himself in the subject he then likes to call in men of varying views and have them argue back and forth. This habit, incidentally, accounts for a good deal of dismay among his well-wishers. His conservative associates are shocked that he should have been in company with a well-known radical; his liberal friends quake for fear he is being influenced by a reactionary. He has respect for every point of view and finds mental stimulus in a diversity of opinions.

"Wait a minute—I want to hear this fellow out," is a saying familiar to all his associates. Or, "You know, even a blind hog picks up an acorn now and again." But be not deceived. No one ever makes up Wendell Willkie's mind.

I have seen enough important people pass in and out of his office to know that. He reads and listens and then he decides. Sometimes he decides wrong. But at no stage of the process is there any fretting. When he has done the best he could it's done.

The two other absentees are intolerance and vindictiveness. For their absence heredity is partly responsible.

As Willkie said of his ancestors in his speech of acceptance:

"One (of them) was *(Continued on page 67)*

Fit To Be Tied

By Henry L. Jackson

You don't have to take an art course to learn how to combine colors in clothing, but there are a few general rule to help chart a safe cour

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR
COLLIER'S BY
RUDOLF HOFFMANN

Windsor-blue shirt with white stripe and Windsor knotted Spitalfields tie for the gentleman who's dressed for a picture. The photographer wears an ivory-colored shirt with a cherry-and-copper stripe tie

College men like stripes in jackets, shirts and ties. Outstanding shirt favorite, however, is still the button-down collar-attached variety

THE fact that seventy-five per cent of all ties sold in America are bought by women seems to prove (a) that men are dopes, (b) that men are lazy and can't be bothered, (c) that the female is the dominant sex or (d) that women have better taste.

Looking back at the period when this latter canard was launched, it seems plain that the great ambition of men of that generation was to look like a pallbearer. The ladies decided to introduce color into the stupid lives of their mates and, boy, did they introduce it!

Ties, like clothing, fall into one of four classifications: town and business, country and campus, semisports and formal.

There are plenty of ties that go with a town suit—rep, charvet, Macclesfield and Spitalfields silks and satin. If you're wise you'll stick to neat, geometric patterns, solid colors, inconspicuous figures, grouped stripes and small checks.

If you live in the country or occasionally wangle yourself a week-end invitation, you need a country tie. Foulards in printed patterns, wools, tweeds, cashmeres and knit ties are safe bets. This is one place where you can go in for bright stripes, animal figures and bold patterns. If you go in for semisports clothes—flannels, tweeds and gabardines—you'll also want the old country tie.

If you're the country or college type, you'll probably go in for stripes, the evenly spaced sort that appear in regimental, club and school ties. They are also worn in town with informal types of suits such as tweed and gabardine. With a real town suit—worsted or sharkskin—fancy stripes fill the bill.

You can't go far wrong with evening ties. A dinner jacket calls for black satin, ribbed grosgrain or barathea, and it's considered a neat touch to match the tie with the dinner-jacket lapels. The white tie worn with a tail coat is generally of bird's-eye pattern piqué and may match shirt and waistcoat.

When you talk about ties, you naturally have to go into the subject of shirts. Smooth-surfaced fabrics are preferable for town; rugged types for country. Checks, plaids and plain colors are worn both for town and country, but keep on the quiet side for town.

Never let the shirt be darker in color than the suit or tie. Blue, tan, gray and white can be worn by practically any man, but green is dangerous, and pink and lavender downright treacherous.

An easy way out is to have shirts and ties harmonize with the suit. It means that a single color is used for shirt, suit and tie in varying tones. For instance, you can get complete harmony with a dark brown suit, an ivory-colored shirt and a brown-and-tan tie. On the other hand, colors may contrast provided they do so agreebly. If you are in doubt limit yourself to a range of three colors. For example:

Gray suit, blue shirt, maroon tie. Blue suit, gray shirt with blue stripe, blue tie. Brown suit, blue shirt with tan stripe, blue-and-brown tie.

In truth, you have to brush up on your primary colors if you want to avoid making a fool of yourself. The three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, and the three secondary colors, orange, green and violet, combine to produce all the colors of the spectrum. Colors that combine to make another col[illegible] can safely be used. Watch your combinations or take the consequences. ★★★

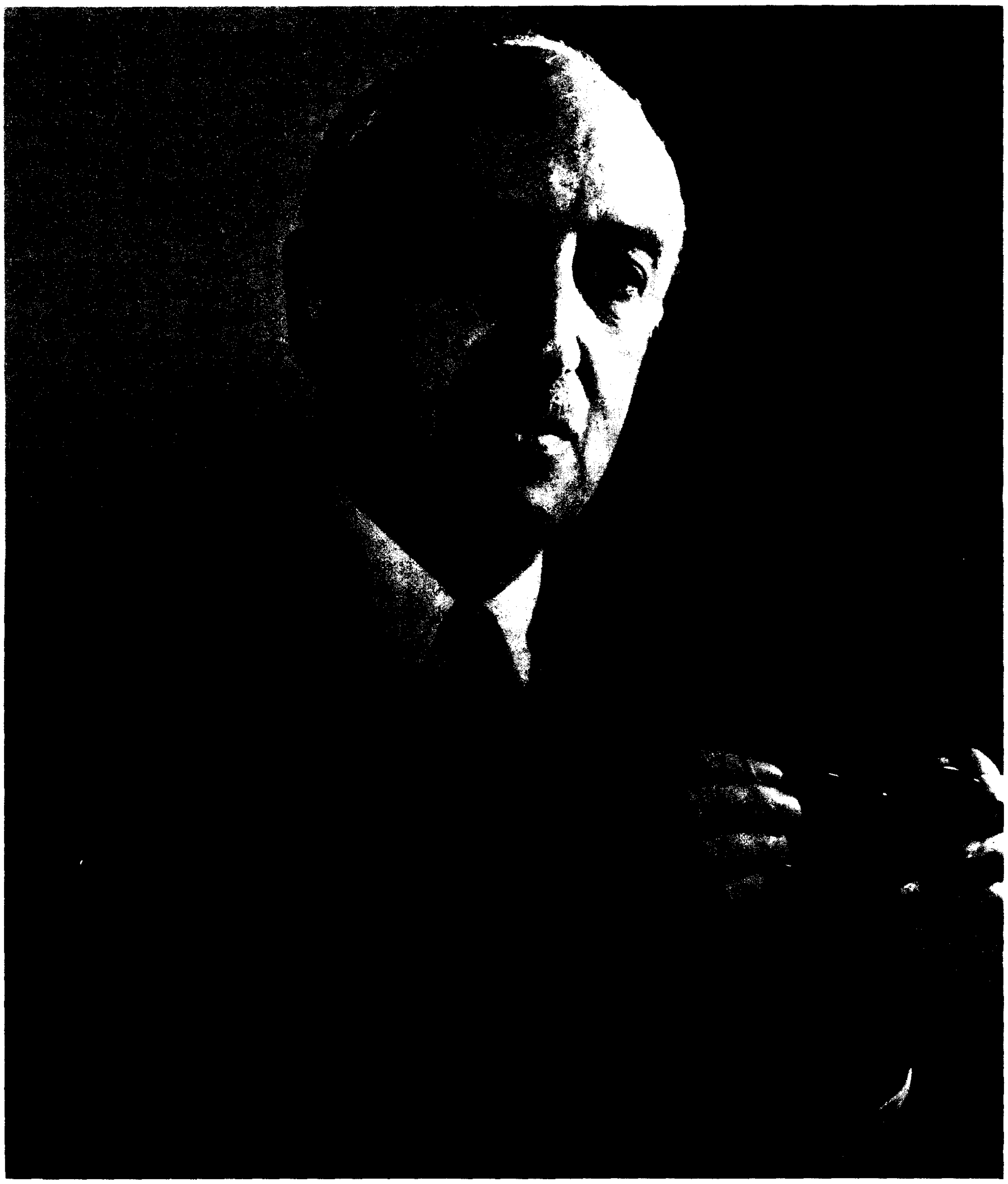
On her right, a white oxford shirt with brown stripe and a plaid tweed wool tie; on her left, a Scotch tartan shirt of cotton flannel, worn with maroon knit tie

What Happened to France

By André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

Defeat completes the work begun by German propaganda. Sent on an official mission to England, the author sees distrust between the Allies grow to hatred. On a ship crowded with child refugees and under the protection of a British battleship, he learns with dismay of the battle of Oran


IFOR THOMAS

André Maurois, historian and biographer who will deliver the Lowell Lectures at Harvard this fall

V. HOW FRANCE AND ENGLAND WERE SEPARATED

FROM the beginning of the war in September, 1939, German propaganda set as its goal the separation of France from England. For eight months it pursued this aim with remarkable adroitness and tenacity.

Each day it repeated to the French that the English had dragged them into the war; that the English themselves were not fighting and, moreover, never had fought; that the English were furnishing the machines and the French the cannon fodder. It distributed pictures showing a bath of blood toward which an English soldier was pushing a French soldier, and others representing English officers in Paris fondling half-naked women while a French soldier kept watch in the Maginot Line. In June, 1940, it had succeeded not only in separating the two allied nations but in setting one against the other. Why?

First of all because this propaganda was reinforced in the minds of many Frenchmen by strong and ancient prejudices. Before Germany, and for longer than Germany, England had been France's hereditary enemy. The memory of peoples is dreadfully retentive. In more than one French province, when I talked with confidence about British friendship, I encountered the vague, irritating and persistent memory of the Hundred Years War. True, Delcassé had reconciled the two countries in 1904 and established the Entente Cordiale; true, England had fought at our side with perfect loyalty from 1914 to 1918; true, there were a million British dead reposing in the cemeteries of northern France; but after the war there had been new misunderstandings between the two nations. England, fearing France might grow too strong, had most imprudently favored the rearmament of Germany.

"We English," Lord Tyrrell, ambassador to France, said to me about 1930, "we English made two mistakes after the war: we believed the French, because they had been victorious, had become Germans; and we believed the Germans, through some mysterious transmutation, had become Englishmen."

IN 1936, at the time when the German troops had reoccupied the Rhineland in defiance of the Treaty of Locarno, English public opinion, drunk with pacifism, had refused to support us.

"Why should we?" an English politician said to me. "The Germans can do what they like in their own back garden."

And another:

"What you hold against us English is that we are not good Frenchmen."

That was not true. What I held against the English at that time was that they were not good Englishmen and that they did not realize that a rearmed Germany would be as great a menace to them as to us.

For a long time I had felt esteem and friendship for the English people. I went through the war of 1914 as a liaison officer with the British army. This experience taught me that England carries out to the letter the agreements she has signed. I knew too that if she was capable, like all nations, of harsh action when her national life was at stake, at least there was no malice in her violence.

It is inferiority complexes that make nations, like individuals, cruel. England had no inferiority complex. Far from it. Nine centuries of prosperity had instilled in her an invincible optimism. Because she had always ended by winning the wars in which she had engaged she had finally ceased even to think of the possibility of defeat and its terrible consequences. From the day of the Armistice, England had wanted nothing but to return to her well-kept lawns, her country houses, her sports, her traditional way of life, and she turned a deaf ear to all talk of armaments and fighting. Her professors taught the youth of the country that war was a survival of barbarism and could easily be eliminated. They did not tell their pupils that unless force is used to sustain justice injustice will triumph.

IN ATTACHING so much importance to the idea of the League of Nations, England was moved in part by a sincere idealism but also by a false idea she had formed of a League of Nations that would overcome cannon with volleys of edifying discourse. Harold Nicolson, a member of the British Parliament, told me he had received the following letter from one of his constituents:

"I hope you are for the League of Nations *and* no foreign entanglements."

This confusion of ideas, this incredible self-confidence, this refusal to look reality in the face had produced the effects that might have been foreseen. Having slumbered on her green lawns from 1919 to 1939 England awoke after Munich when it was too late, and she came to the war with almost no army.

That was the second element in the success of German propaganda. "Just look," the French were told, "the English have no soldiers; they will fight to the last Frenchman." That was far from being fair. England had the best navy in the world and an air force that gave promise of being excellent. But it was true that on land, through lack of men and arms, she could hold only a tiny sector of the long line.

"The English? But where are the English? There really are English soldiers in France?" many Frenchmen asked me ironically.

Even so, if Great Britain had acted promptly after the declaration of war, if she had quickly formed a number of new divisions, perhaps public opinion in France would have been reassured.

(Continued on page 51)

Mid Pleasures and Palaces

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

There's no place like home—with sixteen rooms, six baths, and all the mortgages in proportion

BUSINESS was fierce. Honest, I had a good mind to end it all and let Molly and the children have the insurance. I was busted and disgusted.

I went into the bank that I owed fifty thousand dollars and that was making all the trouble for me and I wept to Third Vice-President Pintsch who was in charge of putting me through the wringer. He took off his specs and looked at me with two glass eyes.

"Next Monday, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "either you make a very substantial payment then or you get a blitzkrieg! Sorry."

So I saw my lawyer again. He gave me a pep talk.

"Stand back and skin your teeth at them, M'Gaffin!" he advised. "If you're honest they ought to trust you, but do they expect you to be honest and pay up too? Grab all the cash in sight, give it to Mrs. M'Gaffin, and take a bath! It is your duty to your dear wife and two dear little children."

"That's the stuff," I thought, going over to the station to get the 4:15 home. "For Molly and the children, I will take a bath!"

We lived in Greenford. You know Greenford? It is only an hour out, but it is across the line from the New York income tax, so it's a good residence if you got heavy sugar.

My chauffeur met me at the Greenford station, escorted me into my three-thousand-dollar Pearce-Paine and off we whirled for the M'Gaffin estate. We had a place of sixteen rooms and six baths on five acres and, of course, since we couldn't live in it all by ourselves, we had to have help. We had a chauffeur, gardener and all such.

I didn't get a chance to talk business with Molly till we were going to bed, as some of the help were always listening in; we never had any privacy in that house. I was always meeting strangers, upstairs and down; I was lucky some of them didn't shoot me for a burglar.

I finally got Molly alone.

"Baby," I said, "I have got to move quick or go clean. So my lawyer thinks I better take a bath."

"Go bankrupt?" said Molly, turning pale. She understood me. That girl's got a great head and I always talked it over with her.

"Go bankrupt or go broke, baby! And my duty to you and the children is not to go broke." And I explained to her my lawyer's plan. I was to milk the business of the last drop of cash, slip it to Molly, and tell them all to whistle.

She wouldn't hear of it! And Molly is a very pigheaded girl.

"Terence M'Gaffin, that's stealing, and we'll do no such thing. They can put us in jail and what will the children do then?"

Well, I argued her and argued her, but she wouldn't budge; and it was her or nobody. You can't ask everybody to hold hot money.

"Okay, baby," I said, getting pretty sore, "then we are up the spout right now! We can move back to the east Bronx. You can do your own work, Junior can go to a big public school—where he's a stranger—and little Molly when she gets big can make her debut in the five-and-dime instead of the picture papers!"

I WAS sore. After a man has raised himself from a keg to a barrel, from a bricklayer on the wall to a big contractor and a country gentleman, he is going to get sore at anybody who hands him back his overalls. I was so sore I decided to stop worrying and I turned over and corked off for the first good night in months.

The next morning I was walking around my beautifully landscaped acreage and mourning over the blow it would be to stop paying the upkeep, and I happened into the garage. The help always allowed me to go where I wanted but they made me know they didn't like it and kept me under observation; but this morning Dudley the chauffeur gave me a nice smile. He'd been looking over my Pearce-Paine to see could he hang a bill on it.

"Transmission out of order, sir," he reported happily. "I had it in Rafferty's garage yesterday and they can fix it for only eighty-five dollars. It won't take more than three days."

It was Rafferty sold me that car in the first place. He could have given it to me and made money, as he drew a steady income from it ever after. And don't tell me Dudley wasn't getting a piece of it.

"Fine!" I said. "And while you are doing nothing you can help James rebuild the grape arbor, or will you whitewash the cellar?"

"Oh, no, that's not my work, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said.

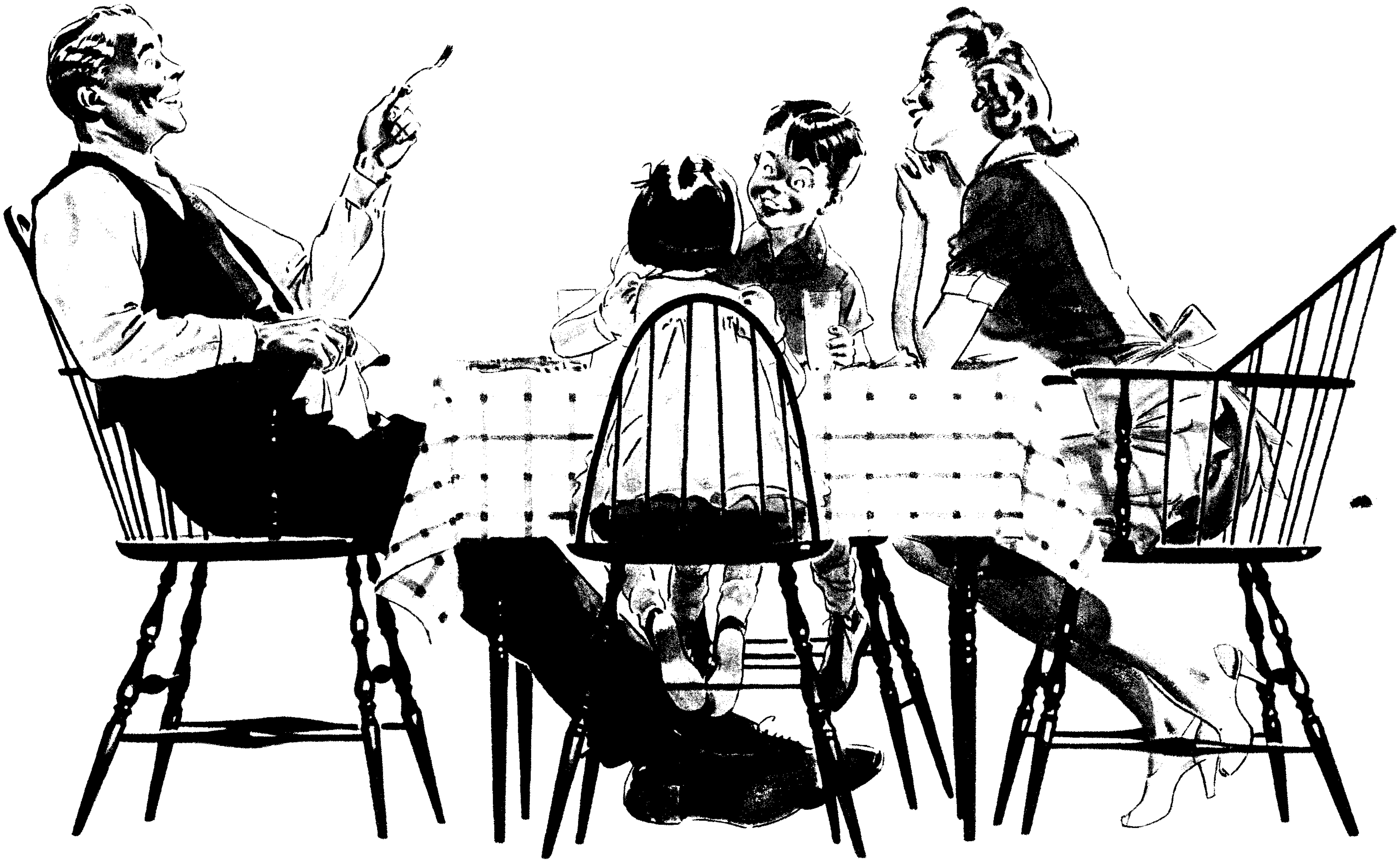
"Would you rather," I offered, "chip in on the interest and taxes if you're going to sit around and help me be a gentleman?"

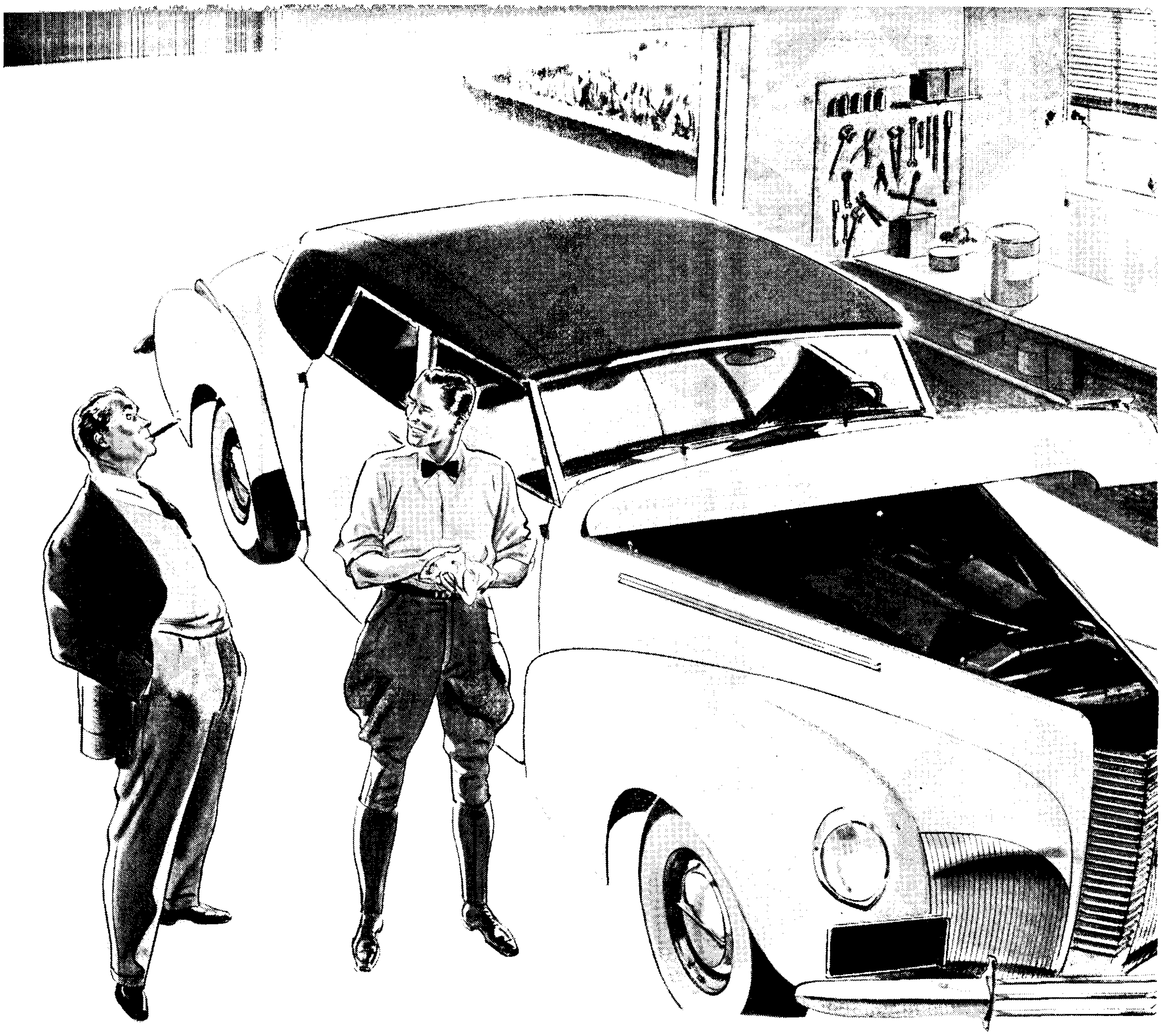
"Perhaps, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "you are not satisfied."

That was to throw a scare in me. It didn't work this time.

"That pain in the pants, Dudley," I said, "is costing me upward of twelve

"This stuff about how nice it is to be rich," I said, "is a lot of propaganda. Money is the root of all evil"





"Perhaps, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "you are not satisfied." That was to throw a scare in me

dollars a day, what with your salary and board and depreciation and Rafferty's bills; and I can take the bus for a dime. I figure the bus is cheaper. Come up to the house and get your money."

Then I went after James the gardener.

He was another bird burned me up. If there was a little real work, James hollered for extra help.

"Good morning, James," I said when I found him where he was resting his bones for a hundred and forty a month and free vegetables. "Well, you are in luck in these hard times; you not only got a job, you got two jobs! After this you will drive the car as well as take money under other pretenses."

"No, indeed, sir!" he said, insulted. "That's not my work."

"You are not satisfied?" I said. "Okay, James, you and me. Come up to the house and get your time."

I was busted, so I was independent. A rich man needs help but a poor man can take care of himself.

MEANWHILE Molly was telling the house help that we were going to close up and go traveling and they better roll their packs.

We pulled out in a day or two; no sense hanging on in Greenford if we were busted. Moving wasn't so bad as we didn't have to move the furniture, being that there was a mortgage on it.

I stowed the family and the dog in the station wagon and off we went to the furnished bungalow that was our first house. Lucky it was in Molly's name.

It was a blow. I'd seen it coming for months or I wouldn't seriously be thinking of taking a run-out powder and getting Molly the insurance; but it was a blow when it hit.

I hated to think how people would talk. Everybody would be looking at the estate and saying, "Did you hear M'Gaffin the big contractor and country gentleman is up the spout? He used to live there!" I could just hear them.

And how they would talk in the old neighborhood when we came back—after five years—with our tail between our legs!

So I was feeling shy as I turned the station wagon into Beverley Lane and saw the little old house. I figured everybody would stop me and want to know how I broke my neck, and run and tell everybody and we would have a crowd outside, like a trunk murder.

Well, the first one I saw was Lanahan, the cop on the beat. I shouted:

"Hello, Lanahan! Here I am again!"

"Hey?"

"I say hello! Remember me, don't you?"

"Hey? What do you mean, M'Gaffin? Say, I was looking for you last week. Friend of mine wanted a wall painted up and I told him I knew a bricklayer over on Beverley Lane. Where were you? Or did I have the wrong house? Ain't that the one you live in?"

"I used to live there!"

"Oh, are you moving out? Well, good luck, M'Gaffin. Goodby, Mrs. M'Gaffin! We're going to miss you! Goodby!"

Then I went down to get Molly's grocery order.

"And two quarts of Grade B," said Semke the grocer, totaling up the list. "Been away, Mr. M'Gaffin? Oh, you have! Have a nice trip? I'll send it right up."

Mrs. Dugan next door was about the only one knew we'd been away for years, and she didn't have it right. She said to Molly, "It's often I've thought of you since your husband lost his job and you had to move out. He's working again now? Ain't that just fine. And the children, would you look at the size of them!"

I want to tell you they almost talked me into it myself. Sitting with Molly on the porch steps that night as we used to sit, listening to the music from Starbright Amusement Park, with the children asleep inside, I almost thought it was all in my mind. About making a lot of money in a hurry and branching out into a country gentleman.

It hit Molly the same way. We were sitting there holding hands and watching for the trunks to show up and Molly jumps up and runs in the house. She comes out laughing and crying a little.

"I went in to look at the children and be sure it was all real," she says, snuggling down again. "Remember, Terry, the first day we moved in here ten years ago? That night we were sitting right here waiting for the trunks like now. And all excited about having this great big house all to ourselves. Remember?"

And she went on and said, "And the time you found me crying because we weren't going to have the house all to ourselves! That was when Junior was coming, and I was so happy, but I got to thinking that we were never going to be alone together, just us, any more."

So I kissed her.

WELL, we went on a sight-seeing tour, Molly and me, and it was like old times. Molly cried a little but not because she was sad. There were the marks on the door of our room where we'd measured Junior. He was a foot higher now, and we weren't so dead sure he was going to be President soon, the way he stuck in the third grade. And there was the phony Russian teakettle still in the mantelpiece corner that was our first bank. All little things like that.

I went out in the back yard and I saw where I would have a week's pleasure pruning the trees and trimming the hedges and weeding; that back yard wasn't big but it was ambitious. I had an orchard on it and a flower garden and a vegetable garden; though the last two were always getting mixed up on me. I would plant watermelons and up would come sunflowers, or it might be petunias and I would get radishes. I was always a natural-born gardener. So then I could get lathered with dirt from head to heels, and nobody'd run and snitch to Molly!

That night I walked the dog like I used to, and talked to everybody without fear and favor; to strange ladies, too —a dog is a great one for introductions. I was independent like I used to be and could talk to everybody I met. Well, could I do that in Greenford? People you'd meet walking on the roads would be somebody's help and a country gentleman couldn't be friends with them. You'd meet somebody on the road and put out your hand and say, "My name's M'Gaffin; what's yours?" And he would back up and say, "Call me Robert, sir."

It was the same with joining, now I mention it. I was always a great joiner, but what could I join in Greenford?

Well, the country club and the shore club, but I couldn't belong to these big national clubs and societies such as I might mention, because the local help belonged to them. It doesn't do in Greenford to be Terry and Bob with the neighbors' help. It just struck me, I was lonely in Greenford.

And eating! And I was always a great eater. I had to keep out of the icebox or the cook would snitch to Molly. And we had to eat when the help wanted, and if we wanted to ask people to dinner we had to ask the cook could we, and she'd give us to understand it mustn't happen too often. And eating prime ribs when you wanted spareribs and filet mignon when you wanted pea soup and hot dogs. Hash? Ask for it in Greenford and stand back. Now in the Bronx I went in and bought three pounds of breast of lamb for the dog for twenty cents and when Molly saw it she cooked it for us, and we ate the dog's dinner and it was the best eating we had in years.

And we had privacy in the Bronx, the house to ourselves, no strangers. Greenford was like a tenement house.

And all the things I owned in Greenford and had to take care of! Now I could walk the dog on Fordham Road and we'd look in all the store windows and I don't know which one of us was the most independent. Neither of us wanted anything we saw. We didn't want them, and I had all those things once, and what were they? Dust catchers. Something more to take care of.

I WAS always a great thinker and philosopher but I didn't figure this thing out till we were back in the little old Bronx house a few days.

The first day or two I was so busy feeling sorry for myself for going broke; and then I began to notice that I was liking it. It was like coming home. Everybody ought to be rich once in his life. Once is enough. I began to notice I was sleeping like a night watchman, and Molly noticed I wasn't biting everybody's head off.

"You are like yourself, sweetheart!" said Molly, watching me lay into my plate. The four of us were having dinner.

"Why wouldn't I be, baby?" I said, sitting back and snapping my suspenders.

(Continued on page 26)

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WAKING in a hospital room, Albert Campion is bewildered—he has no idea of his identity, or of the reason for his presence in the hospital! When he hears himself accused of seriously injuring a policeman, he determines to flee until his confused mind has recovered a fuller knowledge of the circumstances. Undetected, he starts down the hospital corridor, resorting to a fireman's costume, found in a closet, as a disguise. However, in taking the costume, he sets off the fire-alarm system. In the resulting confusion, he flees from the building, but not before he is stopped momentarily by an attractive girl. He eludes her, and escapes finally in a coupé parked before the building.

He speeds down the highway, but is eventually overtaken by a pursuing car, the occupants of which—Mr. Anscombe, an old man, and the beautiful girl he encountered in the hospital—seem to know him very well. From the girl, he learns that he is Albert Campion, and that they are on their way to a dinner engagement.

On the way, they drop Mr. Anscombe off at his home. Discovering that the old man has forgotten a package, Campion dashes up the path after him, but second thought of his eccentric costume makes him decide to leave the package on the doorstep.

Later, when they arrive at the home of Aubrey Lee, their host for the evening, Campion makes one important discovery: Somewhere in his confused mind is a clear knowledge that he loves the girl, Amanda, and that she belongs in his life. A short time later, during the evening, he receives a letter from a Scotland Yard official, in which he learns that he is entrusted with a highly important and secret mission—which he cannot remember! He has no time to ponder further, for just then the police arrive to question him. They announce that Mr. Anscombe has been found murdered—in his garden. And Albert and Amanda are the last two people to have seen him alive!

Feeling his cautious way through a nightmarish interview, Campion is assisted in his explanations by another guest—Mr. Pyne, who seems to have had some previous connection with his life. At the scene of the murder, Campion discovers that he has a clear and apparently accurate vision of how the murder was accomplished—and has the horrifying thought that he himself may be the murderer! Depressed and harassed by his vague, uncertain mind, he returns to his host's home—there to be assailed by uneasy recollections that Amanda is in some sort of danger—involving Aubrey—their host.

III

I WANT to talk with you," Campion said.

"All right. What is it? I say, nothing else awful, surely?" Amanda appeared to expect disaster and hurried into his room as if she thought to find concrete evidence of it there.

He followed her and closed the door. Had there been bolts upon it he would have shot them.

"There's one thing you've got to tell me," he said. "I've been trying to find out all evening."

"What?"

"What day is it?"

She stared at him. Her brown eyes were wide with astonishment at first, but as he looked at her the fine brows came down in a straight line above them and the fiery color spread over her face.

"Did you hang about on the staircase simply to ask me that? You're behaving rather extraordinarily, aren't you?"

He was, of course. He saw that the moment she pointed it out. To the uninstructed his behavior and the all-important question could have only one explanation: that he was acting like a jealous child. He felt unreasonably angry with her for his own helplessness.

"I want to know the day and the date of today," he said doggedly. "You're the only person I dare ask. What is it?"

"It's the thirteenth, I think." She was furious, and the dignity which her control lent her was the coldest thing on earth.

"Friday, I suppose?"

"No. Tuesday. Now I think I'll go to bed."

Tuesday the thirteenth. That meant Thursday the fifteenth. A day. A day to do what?

Amanda moved over toward the door. He thought she was going out without a word and was helpless to stop her. He was completely unprepared, therefore, for what was evidence of one of the most lovable traits in her make-up. On the threshold she turned and quite suddenly grinned at him.

"I've gone all theatrical, Albert," she said. "What's up?"

He groaned. "I don't know," he said truthfully.

AMANDA came back into the room and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Are you all right?" she demanded. "I don't want to fuss you—I know how you hate it—but you do look a bit green, you know. I've noticed it all evening and haven't liked to mention it."

He cocked an eye at her, and a great surge of desire for comfort from her broke over him. She was alive. She was his only link with reality. It was on his tongue to risk everything and come out with the awful truth when her next remark silenced him.

"I'm sorry I behaved so badly. I've got a bit self-centered. I thought you were playing the fool because I was falling in love with Lee." She spoke without any affectation and was free from any suggestion of the coyly blunt. Her eyes were as candid as her words.

"Are you?"

"I think so." There was a quiet softness in her voice, a gentle satisfaction which he knew he had never heard in it before.

"Why?"

She hesitated and finally laughed. "It's a thing I couldn't possibly tell you if you weren't yourself," she said. "I mean if I didn't know you as well as I know myself almost. He's like you, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

"I think so, very. Except for the one important thing."

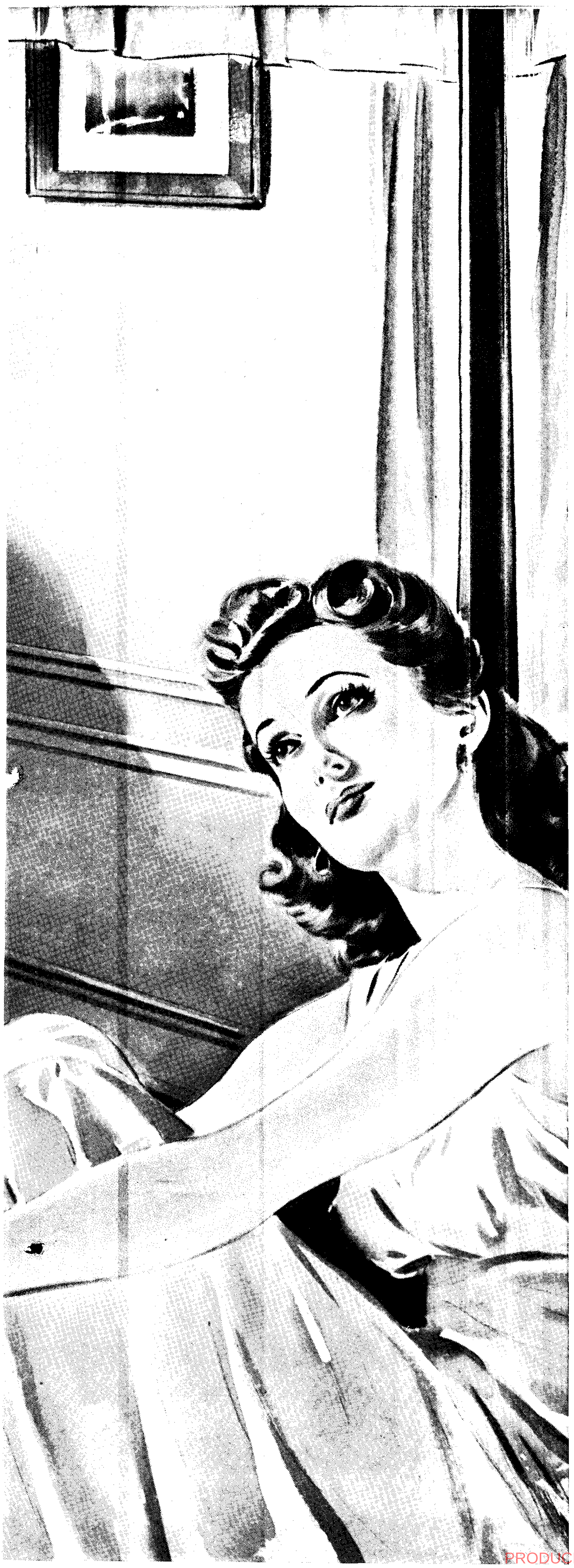
"What's that?"

She looked up at him and there was a sort of rueful shyness in her young face.

"He loves me so. He's doing his best about it but it's bubbling out all over him and making him shy and silly, like an undergraduate or a peasant or something. And since he's a great man—because he is brilliant, you know—well, that makes it pretty irresistible." She paused and shook herself. "Let's not discuss it. It's not a bit in your line and things are getting up speed, aren't they? I feel disgusted with myself for getting—er—overtaken by this thing, but it's like that. It does—er—overtake. Tell me about Anscombe."

"He was murdered."

"What?" She sat staring at him. "But that's impossible! Who?"



Her face looked small and worried. "Of course I'm not competent to judge anything in this business," she said unexpectedly

"I don't know." Campion shrugged.

Amanda clasped her knees and her heart-shaped face looked small and worried.

"Of course I'm not competent to judge anything in this business," she said unexpectedly, "since I don't know the full strength."

"My dear," he said with elaborate deference, because he was still tingling from the blow which seemed to have hurt the secret, forgotten part of himself even more than his conscious needy present, "I only wish I could tell you."

"Yes, well, you can't," she said briefly. "You're under oath and that's final. I don't mind. I know you well enough to work under sealed orders. Otherwise I'd hardly have done the unforgivable thing and got Lee to invite us down here without telling him you were working on something in the town. I've got your assurance that it's desperately important —that's good enough."

CAMPION was standing with his back to her and did not dare look around.

"Let's see," he said mendaciously, "how long have we known Lee?"

"You mean how long have I known him," objected Amanda. "You've known him three days, as you very well know. I came down here from Dell on some work on the new armor for the Seraphim planes. There was a man working at the Institute we had to get hold of. I made friends with Lee then."

She was talking gibberish apart from the all-important dates, as far as Campion was concerned, and he wondered how far he dared press her for information. Fortunately she helped him unconsciously.

"Have you told anyone about the hospital episode this afternoon?"

"No."

"Nor have I. And I was thinking, Albert, I don't suppose Anscombe did. So suppose we stick to our original plan, which is, if you remember, that I took you into Coachingford on Sunday night to catch the London express. That was immediately after you had the wire which was waiting for you when we arrived. Then yesterday, I was supposed to fetch you from the same station after your return. At dinner tonight I was very vague about our delay, but it was a boring gathering anyway and didn't matter. Still, if it does come up we'll have to call it tire trouble. How's that?"

"Excellent," he said dubiously, and waited for her to continue.

"How did you get on at Coachingford?" she inquired at last.

He shrugged his shoulders and she nodded gloomily.

"Like that?" she said. "Never mind. It'll come suddenly. I don't like this Anscombe business, though. That's horrible. Just when we thought he knew something."

He turned on her. "What made you think he knew something?"

"I don't know. I just got that impression."

"Not—'fifteen'?"

"Fifteen?" She seemed surprised. "Fifteen what?"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest," he said and half wondered if he had invented the ringing phrase.

"Yo-ho-ho and some nice sound sleep," said Amanda. "You can't do any more tonight, anyway, if the whole world's at stake. You go to bed."

Campion leaned heavily on the back of a chair. His wooden face was haggard and he looked tired and frustrated.

"I wonder if perhaps it is," he said.

She gave the question serious consideration.

"It seems a bit presumptuous, but it might be," she said.

Campion felt the beads of sweat break out on the line where his forehead met his hair.

"That's the kind of silly premonition I've got," he said.

Amanda smiled at him. "If it is, I'd rather it was in your hands than anybody's," she said honestly. "You've got all the cards, Albert, and fundamentally you're so . . ."

"So what?"

"So sort of sufficient at heart. So cold. You'll get by."

After she had gone he sat very still in the silent room and the strong light beat down upon him with chilly clarity. The warmth had gone out of the dream again and he was back in the familiar nightmare. He knew what it was like now. It was like one of those trick films in which familiar objects are photographed from an unfamiliar angle. The strange shadows thus cast make vast secret shapes, forming a horror where there is none and, worse still, concealing a horror where horror lies.

Now that Amanda had gone he wondered why he had not confided in her. It was not only because of Lee and because he dreaded her pity as he dreaded insufferable pain. There was another reason. He reached down into the darkness in his mind and drew it out from its skulking place in all its hideousness. It was a fear. If she knew of his mental state, if she knew of that overheard conversation in the hospital and had it presented to her with the facts as they both knew them about Anscombe's death, then would she still regard him with that candid trust which was the most precious thing about her? Or would the gleam of a doubt come creeping into her eyes before her loyalty doused it? That was the risk he had not dared to take. He was the man involved and he could not entirely trust himself.

The whistle cut into his thoughts. The low note, which was just sufficiently unlike a bird's to be uncanny, sounded twice before it brought him to his feet. He switched out the light and stood listening. It sounded again just beneath the window.

He pulled the heavy curtains aside, unlatched the old-fashioned shutters, and threw up the sash as quietly as he could.

The whistle began and ended suddenly and there was a long silence. The house cast a deep shadow and the space below the window was black as the pit.

"IS THAT you, sir?" The voice was very quiet and almost directly beneath him. "Are you ready? I've been waiting around the other side. I must have mistook your meaning. We'll have to get a move on if we're to get the job done tonight. Can you come at once?"

"What? Yes, yes, all right, I'll be with you in a moment." Campion drew in his head, closed the window and replaced its various shroudings. Then he went downstairs with the soft-footed tread of a professional burglar. In his mind was a single, unqualified question mark, for the voice had been the utterly unmistakable one of Superintendent Hutch.

Campion came out of the front doorway noiselessly. He picked his way over the gravel to the silent turf of the lawn and stood waiting. If this was arrest the whole world was as lightheaded as he was.

The superintendent's jaunty figure emerged from the black shadows around the house and dropped into step beside him. He did not speak, but, taking Campion's arm, led him into the narrow line

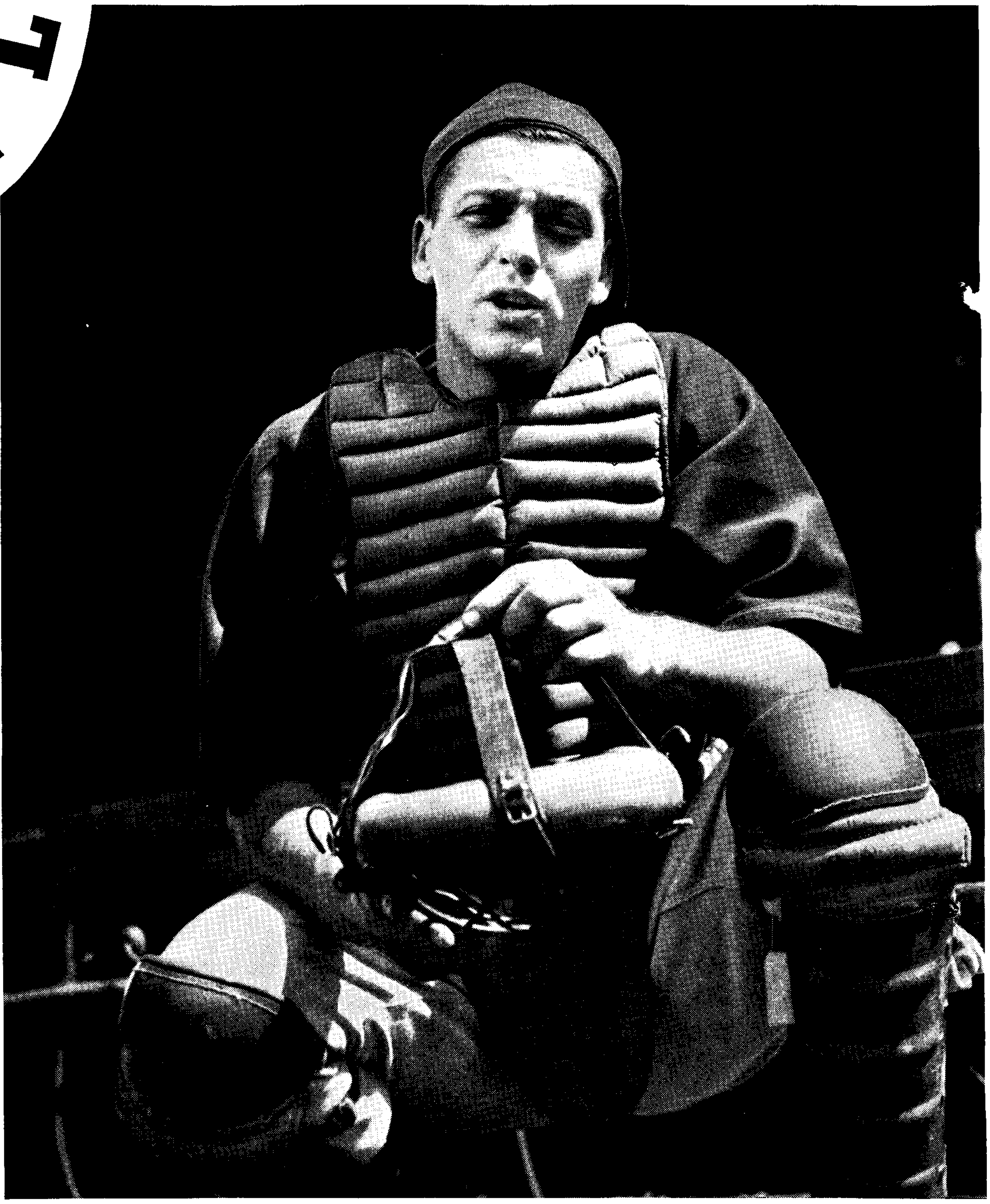
(Continued on page 28)

The utility man in baseball is an unsung hero who may warm the bench for weeks before being called into a game to meet an emergency. Smart managers rate him as valuable to the team as they do their regular stars

SPARE WHEEL

By Bill Cunningham

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL OESER



IF YOU found yourself in Cleveland talking with a baseball fan, and you chanced to ask the gentleman which of the Tribesmen he considered most valuable to the club in a pennant fight, he might say Boudreau, or Mack, or Keltner, or, and undoubtedly, Feller. But, if you approached Manager Oscar Vitt, and asked him the same question, he might amaze you by answering Oscar Grimes.

Who?

That's right. He's not in the line-up. You probably never heard of him, but Grimes is the name, Oscar the first one. He's twenty-four years old, five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and bats and throws right-handed. His public rating, if any, is spare second baseman.

And if you went along to Detroit and started quizzing the baseball customers, they'd give you Greenberg, Gehringer, York or Pinky Higgins, maybe. But up around the front office, they'd tell you they'd just as soon nothing happened to a young fellow by the name of Frank Croucher. Maybe you can't exactly pick up a Gehringer, a Tebbetts or a Pete Fox every day, but you can get a reasonable facsimile. But Crouchers are harder to find than shamrocks in Kansas.

Who in thunderation is Croucher?

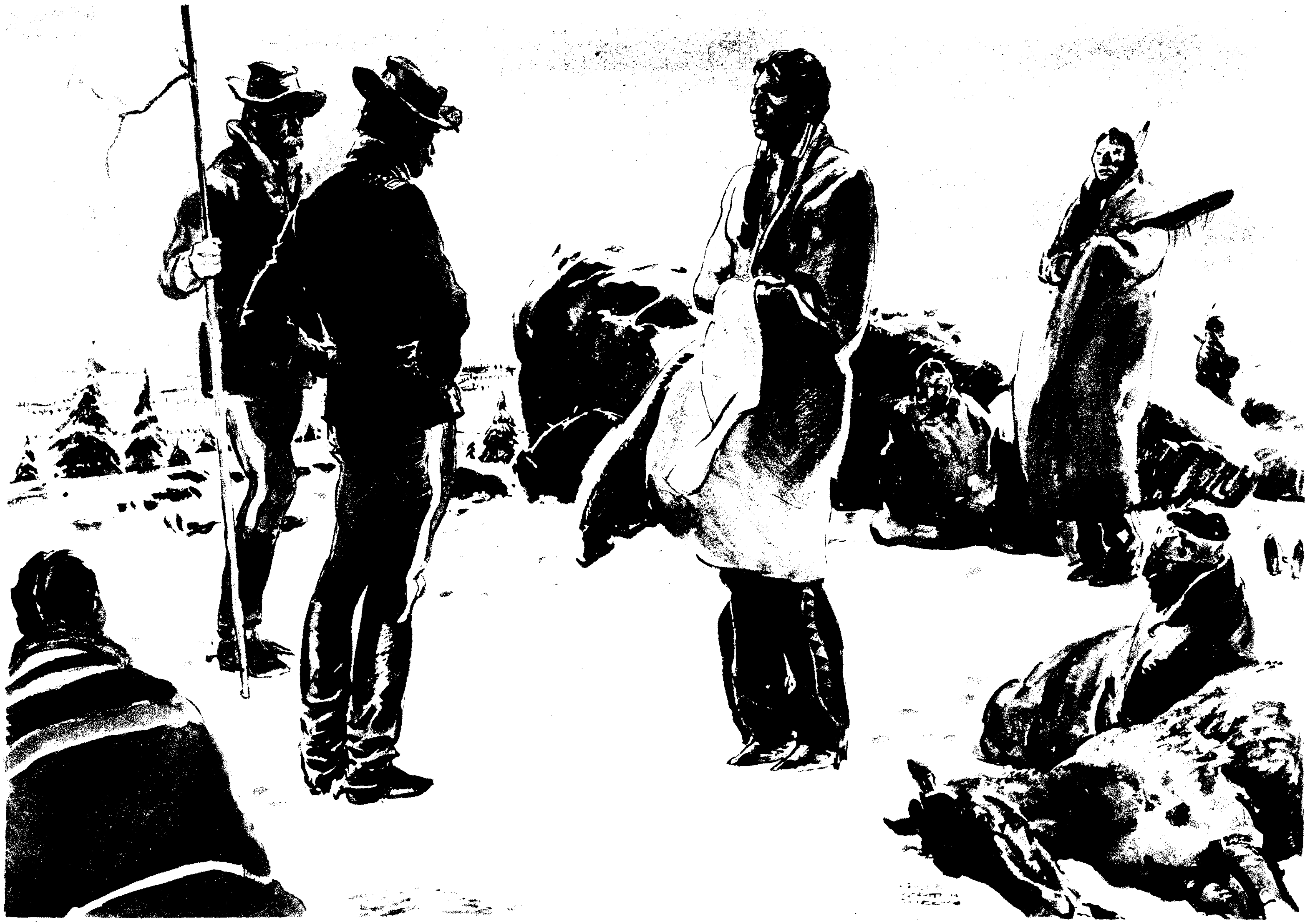
He's just another young fellow about Grimes' age. He hasn't been in there often this season, either.

And if you went along to Cincinnati, they'd tell you Eddie Joost. If you got as far as the Boston Bees, they'd name Johnny Cooney, who's been playing ball almost since the original A. G. Spalding.

Every team has one of these sleepers, if it can possibly be arranged. You never see their names in any All Star line-ups. The fans scarcely know they're alive. They may not break into the box score more than two or three times a month. Yet no team considers itself really safe without one. These anonyms occupy an especial niche all their own, and, by some managers, are rated as even more valuable than the stars they'll never be.

(Continued on page 71)

Lou Finney of the Red Sox (above) was a spare wheel until he learned to bat. Now he's a hitting sensation. The man to watch next year is Dick West of Indianapolis (below). He plays six positions and is a wicked pinch hitter



"Tell General Howard I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more"

The Man Who Looked Like Napoleon

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Joseph, chief of a Nez Percé tribe, was a born strategist. Too bad he didn't fight with the United States Army instead of against it

AT ABOUT one o'clock in the morning a trooper of Brevet Colonel Perry's command struck a match to light his pipe. This was contrary to orders and Captain Trimble reprimanded him sharply. The man muttered that he hadn't understood the order.

The bright, small flare of the match, lasting only a moment, was no more than a pin point of fire in the immense blackness over Idaho; yet to Lieutenant Parnell, on edge and anxious, it seemed as disastrous as a rocket would have been. Ten seconds later a coyote howled on the hillside above. This passed almost unnoticed, for coyotes were common.

Five hundred yards away, at the entrance of White Bird Canyon, an Indian picket, slouching motionless on his pony, jerked to attention as he heard the coyote's cry. Head thrown back and cocked on one side, he listened intently; then, as the last quavering notes came to him, he wheeled his horse and faded into the deeper blackness of the canyon.

At the other end of White Bird Canyon, where it opened into the valley of Salmon River, the most remarkable intellect in the West waited.

This man was an Indian also—an Indian chief. Thirty-six years of age, tall, straight and handsome, with a mouth and chin resembling Napoleon's, he had given no hint as yet of the dangerous genius smoldering in him. His name was In-mut-too-yah-lat-tat, which meant Thunder-Rolling-Over-The-Mountains. To the white settlers of Idaho and eastern Oregon he was known as Joseph, chief of the Wallowa band of Nez Percés, a tribe that had always been friendly to the whites and had several times come to their aid when they were few and weak.

This had been forgotten when the white men became many and strong. "If ever a tribe was worthy of fostering," Captain Trimble wrote later, "it was the Nez Percés, but no recollection of former service could stand against the white man's greed." Gifts and cunning persuasion had induced the other chiefs to sign away their lands, but the Wallowa band clung to their lovely valley between the sinuous Snake and the swift Grande Ronde. It was their home. In its soil their ancestors lay and, Indian-like, they held it sacred. "I buried my father," Joseph told the white commissioners, "in that beautiful Valley of Winding Waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world."

They didn't care why or how much he loved it. They wanted Wallowa and meant to have it; so they twisted a dubious treaty to suit their purpose and told Joseph and his people to get out. Joseph strove desperately for peace, even consenting as a last resort to give up Wallowa to the whites. Then, when he and his band had already left their "Valley of Winding Waters," new injuries inflamed some of his young men beyond endurance, and without his knowledge, they avenged blood with blood.

Joseph knew then that the war he dreaded was upon him. Where the White Bird flows into the Salmon in western Idaho he pitched his tepees, posting his pickets at the entrance of White Bird Canyon, for he knew that Perry's troopers from Fort Lapwai were already on the march. That night of June 16, 1877—the night when a careless trooper struck a match to light his pipe—Joseph was resting quietly in his lodge with his wife and his twelve-year-old daughter waiting for two things that he expected to happen: for the birth of another child (his wife being very near her time) and for the hoofbeats of an Indian rider coming in haste down White Bird Canyon with news that the soldiers were at hand.

The child was not born that night, but the rider came.

Near the entrance of White Bird Canyon, where the howl of a coyote had been heard but scarcely heeded, Colonel

(Continued on page 60)

Sunday Pitch

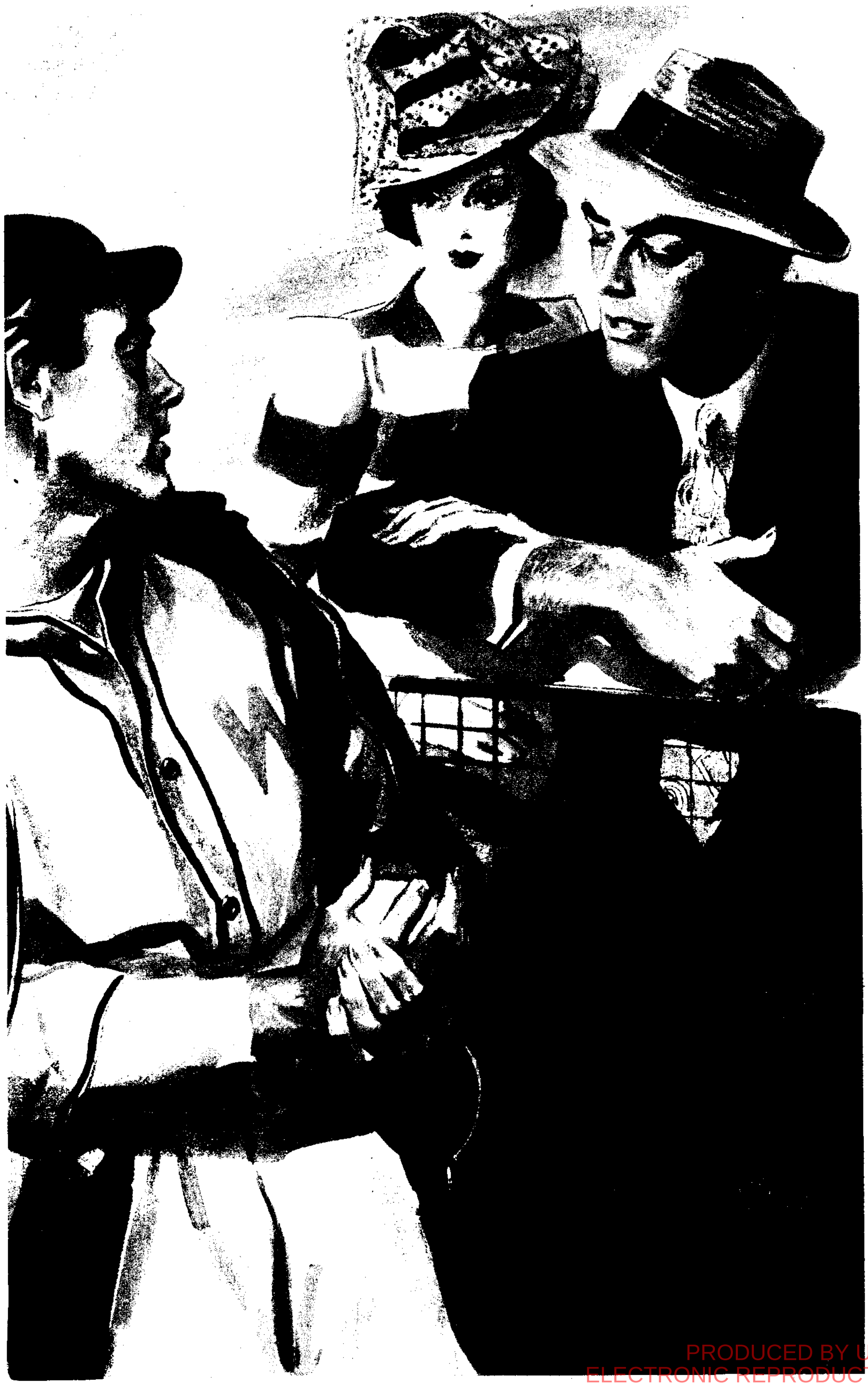
By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Baseball has known a lot of little miracles. Most of them have involved only the players. Here is one a girl helped to bring about

EVEN before the ball got off his fingers, Clint knew it was a cripple. Something wrong with his grip or wrist action that killed the break. And, as always, Clint's world stopped rolling in that brief instant of the pitch. He was down off the rubber in the smooth, powerful motion that the sports writers raved about. The stands, the whole sun-brilliant ball park were suddenly still, a frame of silence for the thudding scurry of the man racing in from third; for Dwyer hulking down behind the plate, his big mitt a hopeful target, and for the batter, Earle Griscom poised lean and hungry, the tip of his bat waving slightly. And that ball going in as soft and helpless as a baby's prayer.

Then the leashed, level fury of Griscom's swing. The sharp, clean crack, the ball a white-hot streak right through the box, almost at Clint's head. No time to get his glove over. He threw his pitching hand up, yielding to the stinging impact, only trying to knock the ball down so it could be fielded. It was bobbling on the grass between the box and first. Clint ran after it, hearing the thud as the runner's cleats hit the plate. He scooped the ball off the grass and threw in a single motion, almost a dead heat with Griscom's lunge across first. But in back of first Morrity's short, fat arm jerked up in the finishing gesture. Three out. The run from third hadn't scored.



Clint walked toward the dugout through the confused sound of a suddenly disappointed crowd. They'd wanted their team to score, and the fast thinkers were groaning the put-out while the slow ones were still cheering Griscom's almost certain hit. With a few scattering claps for Clint Malone's eight scoreless innings and the fine play that had saved his one-run lead.

Clint crossed inside first, meeting Dwyer coming in from the plate. Dwyer looked anxious, and Ben Talbot, the Wasp's manager, climbed out of the dugout looking anxious too, and a little mad. Dwyer said, "You sure handed him that one. I could read the label."

"It got away from me," Clint said. "I'm lucky he didn't knock it out of the park."

Talbot snorted irritably. "You're lucky if you didn't bust a finger, making that sucker stop. Let me see your hand."

Clint spread his right hand, crooking his fingers. They were red where the ball had hit, and the sting was still pretty sharp. But he didn't think they were bruised. Talbot was pressing down on his fingers and palm, probing for an injury. "That was a sucker play," he said. "We could've got the run back. If your hand swells—"

Clint said, "It won't. And if you guys would just muscle over a couple of runs, it wouldn't matter anyway."

He turned away from Talbot, flexing the fingers of his pitching hand, rubbing them gently with his left. He leaned against the corner of the dugout, staying out in the sun, because he was hot and loose and sweating freely, and wanted to go on doing it. He felt fine. His hand wasn't going to swell. He had a one-run lead. He was still in the driver's seat.

DWYER was going up to the plate, swinging his bats, and out on the coaching line Talbot was barking for a hit. Just in back of him, Clint heard someone speak his name. He turned and saw Harry Chelten leaning forward in the box behind the dugout. Chelten's tanned face was friendly, as always, and a little worried. He said, "That was a hot shot, Clint. Any damage?"

Clint said, "I reckon not, Mr. Chelten. Nothing to worry about."

Chelten said, "I hope. We sure need that old soup bone of yours."

He smiled, but his words put Clint's teeth on edge. As words, there was nothing the matter with them. But in Chelten's mouth they sounded self-conscious and all wrong. There wasn't anything the matter with Chelten. He was a nice guy. Nice, and very rich. He owned the Wasps. He also owned a copper mine, and a few utility companies and other things. The newspaper boys said he'd spent a cool two million trying to build the Wasps into a championship club. So far it was just money down the drain, but Chelten hadn't complained. He was too good a sport for that.

Looking at him, Clint thought, maybe that's what sours me. He's such a damned good sport. Always the nice smile, the right word. Always one of the boys. But it doesn't cover up how badly he wants that pennant. He'll spend any amount of money to get it. But that's not the same as spending sweat and guts. . . .

Chelten was leaning back in his chair, introducing Clint to the couple behind him in the box. Clint didn't catch their name, but he'd seen them with Chelten before, and nodded politely. Smart, well-turned-out people. Chelten's crowd, only probably thinking that owning ballplayers was pretty much like owning horses, but funnier. Then Clint was suddenly conscious of the girl at Chelten's side.

He wasn't conscious of all of her at once. Gray eyes first, and auburn hair, and a grave, friendly smile. Inexplicably, Clint had that odd feeling again. The feeling that for one split second the world and everything in it was holding dead still.

Chelten was saying, "Clint, this is Faith Jerrold."

CLINT said something, he didn't know what. The crowd roared suddenly, and he knew Dwyer had struck out. Clint tried to think of something to say but the words wouldn't shape up. The Jerrold girl said seriously, as though it really mattered, "I hope you didn't hurt your hand."

Clint was suddenly tired of the talk about his hand. He said, more brusquely than he intended, "Don't worry about it. I'll get by."

It sounded rough and unfriendly, and the girl's face changed a little. Clint was sorry, but there wasn't anything to do about it. The crowd was howling happily over the third out. Clint said, "I've got to get back to work."

He walked out to the mound with the feeling that the game was in the bag. He put the Jerrold girl firmly out of mind as he settled down to work. He retired the side on eight pitches and it was another day.

He had supper that night in a little restaurant down by the lake, and then walked back to the hotel in the early dark. He made himself think about playing ball. It was what he knew. He was having a great season. Nineteen and two, with four weeks still to go. And the Wasps were doing all right. They had a four-game lead. If they didn't tighten up in the final stand at home, they'd get Chelten his pennant all right. Clint thought warmly about pitching in the series.

IN THE hotel lounge, he stopped at the newsstand to buy a couple of magazines, and started for the elevator. He was passing the door of the cocktail lounge when Chelten hailed him. There was a party in the lounge. Clint couldn't see the whole table. He shook his head, and grinned a polite refusal, but Chelten got up and came out to him. He took Clint by the arm and said, "Just for a minute, Clint. You can't pitch a game like that without giving us a chance to talk it up a little."

His voice was warm and friendly, and because he couldn't think of any way to refuse, Clint went into the lounge.

Ben Talbot was there, and the man and woman who had been in Chelten's box, and a couple of debutante-looking girls. The Jerrold girl wasn't there, and Clint cursed himself wryly for being disappointed. Chelten introduced him to the two girls, and Talbot said, "Training's off for tonight, Clint. You earned yourself a beer with that one."

One of the girls said, "*A* beer? It's the road to ruin," and everyone laughed as though it were really funny. Chelten started talking eagerly about the game that afternoon, and the Wasps' chances. It made Clint uncomfortable, because he knew when you looked ahead too much, you tightened up. He noticed then that there was an empty chair between him and Chelten, with a half-finished cocktail on the table. Before he had time to do any wondering, a girl in a pale green dress was drawing back the chair and slipping into it. Her face was turned toward Chelten, but Clint could see her hair, and the turn of her

(Continued on page 55)

Clint was suddenly tired of the talk about his hand. He said, more brusquely than he intended, "Don't worry about it"

PICTURE OF A DREAM COMING TRUE

New Furniture . . . The Great Thrill For The Home . . .
Delivered in Safe, Sure, Economical International Trucks

International Trucks cut costs for Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers alike

Most folks plan a long time, save for years, and do a lot of dreaming to get everything they want for their homes. And it's worth all the effort, for each season the furniture makers and dealers surpass themselves in creating new designs—classic and modern, period and traditional—charming suites for every setting, priced for every purse.

Price is always a basic factor in the great furniture industry. And a vital item in price-control is *transportation.* Furniture delivery from factory to store and from store to home requires expert handling and the most dependable and economical of motor truck equipment.

Much of this is heavy-duty hauling—in which International Trucks have excelled for many years. In fact, for the past ten years, now, more heavy-duty Internationals have been bought than any other make.

This sweeping preference for International Trucks has spread from a single, unmistakable fact: *they reduce the costs of hauling.*

That, in a nutshell, is why manufacturers and merchants alike depend on International Trucks for outstanding delivery service at lowest possible cost. They get it . . . *and so can you!*

If you have loads to haul and want to cut the cost, call on the International Dealer or Branch in your city. International has all truck sizes, from ½-Ton to powerful Six-Wheelers.

Write for catalog, and haul your loads for less.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

NATIONAL FURNITURE WEEK

September 21 to 28 is National Furniture Week, and across the country furniture dealers everywhere will display the newest things for your home. To the Furniture Makers and Dealers of America International Harvester dedicates this advertisement of the Trucks that Furniture Men themselves prefer.

INTERNATIONAL

Copyright 1940, by International Harvester Company

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Mid Pleasures and Palaces

Continued from page 19

"This is the life! Not a care in the world. No worry about business or money; I haven't got any. I'm broke and I like it! Poor and content, as the fellow says, is rich enough!"

"Yes, sweetheart," said Molly, "finish your potatoes."

"This stuff about how nice it is to be rich, baby," I said, "is a lot of propaganda. It's a gyp! Instead of telling people to be poor and content and live to the end of their lives they tell them to kill themselves with work and worry and get buried in Greenford. Money, baby, is the root of all evil, and you can quote me on that!"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Americans, baby," I said, telling it to her, "are a lot of saps. Working and worrying to get ahead and get rich. Why can't they settle down and enjoy life like me? You know Pink Solomon that I used to work for—the Pincus Solomon Construction Company?

"Baby, I am going to work for Pink Monday morning, fifty a week. It's steady and it's all we want. Why wouldn't Junior go to public school with the greatest men this country ever knew? Why wouldn't little Molly step out and grab herself a job when she gets big? The greatest woman this country ever knew—take a bow, baby!—was hustling trays in a cafeteria when I first seen her. I have lost my shirt and I am happy! I am happy again the first time in five years!"

"Yes, sweetheart," said Molly. "Don't holler."

THAT afternoon I went down to 42d Street to close up the office for good and give the furniture to a secondhand man. I was all washed up, and glad of it. Was I happy!

Though I was very sore at the same time about the bank, the people that busted me.

This is what they did to me. I took a contract to put up a big building, and I wasn't to get paid most of the money till the building was finished. So I had to borrow. Well, the bank agreed to finance me along, and I went ahead and put all my cash in the building, and some of the bank's, and then with the building half finished the bank gets cold feet.

They wouldn't go on financing me and lending me more money, and they wanted back what they'd lent me already. What? Oh, yes, they can do that to you, and all you can do is go broke and like it. That's the law; you look it up.

So I was feeling very happy and also very sore as I walked down the hall to my office. And who do I see leaning against my office door as if he's been there quite a while but Mr. Pintsch, the third vice-president of the bank.

He gave me a shout. "Hello, Mr. M'Gaffin, hello!" he called, very cordial, reaching for me. "Nice to see you again! You're looking well—been on a vacation? We've been thinking of you every day, Mr. M'Gaffin. Being unable to contact you on the phone, I thought I'd step over today and say hello."

"Hello, Pintsch," I said, and walked into my office.

But he followed me. "Take the family with you, did you, Mr. M'Gaffin? How love-ly! I inferred as much from making inquiries at your delightful home in Greenford and it seemed vacant."

"Greenford?" I said. "I used to live there, but I didn't like it. I'm living in the east Bronx now, Beverley Lane."

"Beverley Lane," he said, making a note to go there and put the bite on me.

"Well, Mr. M'Gaffin, now that you're rested, shall we talk business?"

"No," I said. "I have retired from business."

"How love-ly!" he said, reaching for me again. Either he was going to be my best friend or get a rupture. "That you are so well off you can retire! I am sure you have made arrangements to take care of the fifty thousand dollars you owe the bank."

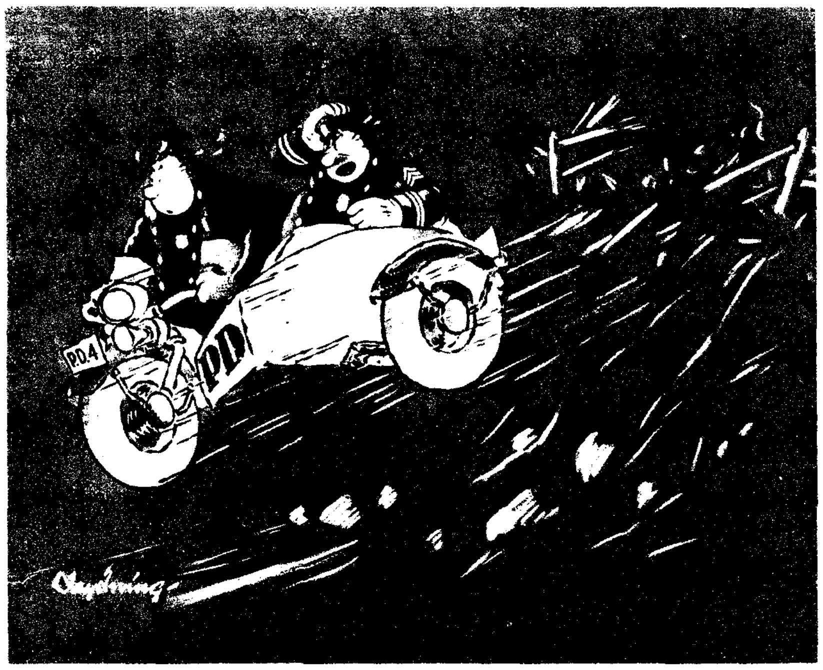
"No."

"How? I don't understand, Mr. M'Gaffin."

"Yes, you do too, Pintsch!" I said, letting out at him. "I told you backward and forward that if you stopped my credit line with the bank I'd have to stop the building I was putting up and go busted, didn't I? All right, you stopped it, and all right, I am busted! All the money you lent me so far, and all my own money, is sunk in that new building, and the building is stopped and neither of us is ever going to get back a dime!"

"Don't shout, kindly, M'Gaffin," he said, beginning to sweat. Well, the office was stuffy, closed two weeks. "The bank changed its policy on loans and we couldn't lend you any more money, but we thought you had ample resources, living in such a beautiful home."

"Like it, do you?" I said. "You can have it. It's mortgaged to the top of the radio antenna on the roof. All that's free and clear on the place is the robins, and you can have them too."



"Come on! Cut the clowning!" JAY IRVING

"YOU have filed in bankruptcy, Mr. M'Gaffin?"

"Why would I? I don't need a bath. I'm not going in business again. I will just owe you the money from now on."

"You have got funds hid somewhere!"

"Think so? There's the books. Look and see. Take them with you. The secondhand man don't want them."

"You have a house in the Bronx. We'll grab it."

"Nix on that either, Pintsch," I said. "It's the wife's and always was. . . . Well," I said, "it's been nice to see you! Now excuse me and I will call up the secondhand man and sell him the desks."

I took the telephone.

"This is highly irregular, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, sweating more. "Just to throw up all and walk away—"

He jumped and took the telephone off me and said, "Don't call the secondhand man yet, kindly, Mr. M'Gaffin. First let me talk to the bank."

I WAS a little late getting back to Beverley Lane that evening because the bank asked me over for a conference.

It took a little time. Maybe you never had to explain to four bankers that this thing of being rich is the bunk and money is the root of all evil, but it is a new idea and they don't get it right off.

There was Mr. Crump, the chairman, who has the say, and Mr. Pintsch and two more. I told them up and down how I argued Mr. Pintsch till I was blue in the face that I would go broke if they stopped financing me as they promised. And now I was broke.

"We are very sorry, Mr. M'Gaffin," said old Crump.

"Not at all," I said happily. "I am liking it! No more worry about my money, or about yours either. Nobody eating on me but my family. I am free and independent and live as I please. A man is a sucker to be rich. Money, gentlemen, is the root of all evil."

"Money is what?" said one, working on his ear.

"Whose money?" said Mr. Crump. "What nonsense!"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be, gentlemen," I said, and how they liked that slur. "Poor and content is rich enough." And then I spoke them a piece I learned out of the third-grade reader when I was a boy: " 'Loss of wealth is loss of dirt, sages in all times assert, the happy man's without a shirt!' "

"What bosh!" said Mr. Crump.

"Well, it's been nice to see you, gentlemen!" I said, getting up. And then they all began to sweat. Listen, if I stepped out from under and let everything crash, the bank would lose fifty thousand dollars, every nickel.

So they all began to sweat; except Mr. Crump. He jumped up and shoved me against the wall with an arm like the pole of a truck. Mr. Crump is an old man and a rich banker but he used to be a plasterer in his younger days and that's a business gives you arms. He didn't mean to be rough; he was so mad he forgot himself.

"You can't rub that on me, M'Gaffin," he said, and I was only afraid he would bite my nose off. "You can't bluff me! Coming around here making slanderous remarks about finances and letting on you wouldn't sell your soul for a dollar. If it wasn't that you got some right on your side I'd see you in Halifax first! You jump back in your office and don't eat or change your clothes till you pull us all out of this, the bank and yourself! The bank will lend you the money."

"Well, Mr. Crump," I said, and I had to smile at Mr. Pintsch, "if it is doing both of us a great favor, and particularly the bank, and you offer me a very sweet proposition, perhaps I might be inveigled to go back into the cares of business and being rich."

"You scuttler," said Mr. Crump. But then he gave Mr. Pintsch a hard look too, and said, "It was never the policy of this bank and never will be while I am chairman of the board to go back on its word and run out on a customer, and anybody who thinks different is taking too much on himself. It wouldn't happen if I knew it. From the memorandums I see we agreed to finance Mr. M'Gaffin till he got this building finished, so we are going to do it. M'Gaffin, get back on the job."

SO I was a little late getting home to Molly.

The stew was on the stove and Molly was in the bathroom soaking the wash in the tub and singing like a lark, poor but contented. She gave me a happy smile and I gave her a big hug.

"Put on the war paint, baby," I said, "while I round up the children! We are all going over to O'Hara's rathskeller and Italian Gardens and have the à la carte Rhode Island shore dinner."

"But, sweetheart, we can't afford it!"

"Who can't afford it?" I said. I hugged her again. "Baby, I was in to see the bank and everything is jake! They opened the bag and told me to help myself; so I am back in business, and tomorrow we will be back in Greenford! Do you think if we give Rafferty's garage a ring they can get us in touch with Dudley and James?"

"You mean, sweetheart," said Molly, "that we are going back to Greenford? We are, for real and true?"

And down she flops and cries and takes on till I had to sit next her and take her on my lap and hush her and argue her.

"Don't feel so bad about it, baby! Circumstances alter cases, and why would we be contented if we don't have to be? This is a lovely little house and we are very happy here, but—"

"Oh, Terry, it is a nasty little house!" she said, spraying tears. "When I walked into it two weeks ago and thought we would have to be here again all our lives, I nearly died! We are really going back to that lovely Greenford?"

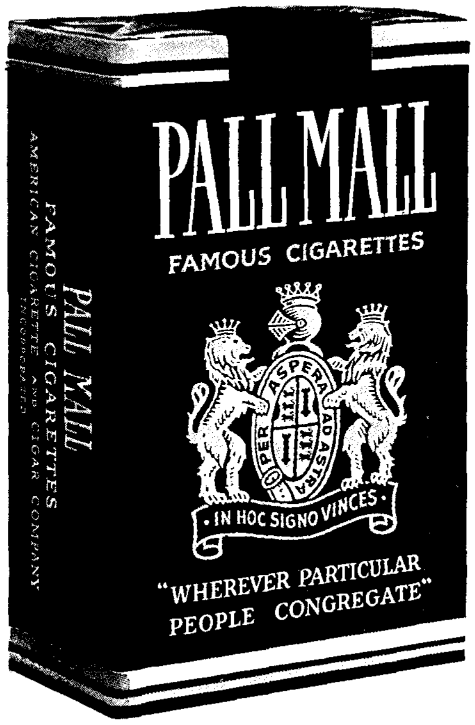
I went down to the drugstore to phone subcontractors, and I saw Lanahan the cop on the street.

"Hello, M'Gaffin," he said. "But I I thought you moved!"

"I did, five years ago," I said. "I'm living in Greenford now."

"Five years?" he said, hard to believe. "Don't the time fly! Yes, you're all of five years older, M'Gaffin, now that I look at you; and you've had your worries. Five years, is it? What a memory I have. I remember that day I said goodby to you and the missus here on the street as if it was only a couple of weeks."

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY

...FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

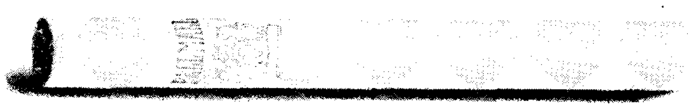
Moreover, you receive a definite service, too, for the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

...FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of **BULKING** — an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In **BULKING**, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 21

of darkness below the row of close-growing poplars that lined one side of the path. He walked very fast and did not open his mouth until they were a good two hundred yards from the window. Finally he sighed.

"Very nicely done, sir," he said with approval. "I didn't know you'd come out until I set eyes on you. It's as well to be careful. We don't want to give a lot of fancy explanations. Once you start that game, it's my experience that you have to go on remembering what you've said for years afterward."

Campion made no specific comment. He grunted noncommittally and pressed on toward the gateway.

As he had hoped, Hutch continued to talk. He revealed a friendly soul and a justifiable pride in his rise to eminence in the force.

"That's why I'm doing this little job myself," he remarked. "It's not that I haven't got half a dozen men I could trust to be both efficient and discreet, but I don't want them to take the risk, don't you see? When it's something unorthodox and a little bit delicate it's the chief's job every time. Don't you agree?"

"Oh, every time," said Campion heartily. He wondered where they were going with such determined speed.

They turned away from Anscombe's house at the end of the drive and plunged off downhill in the opposite direction. Hutch kept to the shadowed side of the street and his long strides were as silent as a ghost's. Most English country towns are picturesque in the moon's eye but this winding hill was like a part of an old fairy story in the cold, yellowish light. Tudor shops with overhanging upper stories and windows like those on a galleon, squeezed prim Queen Anne houses that wore shutters and graceful fanlights. There were mounting blocks and lantern posts at every dozen yards, and through carved archways occasional glimpses of cobbled courts and stone gardens.

It was probably the most hackneyed picture-postcard subject in the world but Campion saw it with the eyes of a child and its charm startled him. The crazy roofs were like witches' hoods huddling together for whispered consultation and the dark windows winked their little panes at him from a bygone world.

Meanwhile, the superintendent's silence became oppressive, and Campion ventured a leading question:

"Why exactly is this trip so delicate?"

"Perhaps that isn't the word I ought to have used." Hutch seemed a little put out, and for a moment Campion was afraid that he had silenced him.

As they turned across a wide market square that might well have decorated any calendar the policeman opened out a little.

"I don't like to talk under windows," he said. "In a place like this everyone knows your voice, let alone your life story. You don't quite understand the position of the Masters in this town, do you?"

"No," said Campion truthfully. "I'm afraid I don't. Most of the offices are hereditary, aren't they?"

"All of them." Hutch appeared to respect the fact. "It's a very interesting survival," he announced, a touch of the professional guide creeping into his voice and mixing oddly with the confidential police low-down which was his natural manner. "Their records go back nearly five hundred years. This is the only example of what you might virtually call a free city in the British Isles—other than London, of course. We're in a funny position, you see, stuck here on a navigable river which yet isn't quite big enough to make us a port."

"Yes, of course." Campion held his breath. They were halfway across the square now and in a moment or two windows would be over their heads again.

"That fellow Pyne," said Hutch, "he called the Masters a glorified municipal council, you may remember. So he can, but if he realized how glorified they are, he'd keep his mouth shut like the rest of us. Do you know, Mr. Campion, there's not a man in this town selling so much as a packet of cigarettes who doesn't do his business solely at the direct discretion of the Masters? They're kings, that's what they are, little kings. Between 'em they own the whole place and the Institute makes 'em rich.

"Why do you think there's no cinema in the whole of Bridge? Because the Masters don't want to alter the character of the town. They own the land, they appoint the magistrates, they control the licenses and it's their say-so. Same with the trippers. You'll never see a charabanc in Bridge although it's the most famous beauty spot in the whole of the southwest. The Masters don't want charabancs. They know their townsfolk. In fact they are their townsfolk. They're all related—the whole town is related—and charabancs aren't allowed."

He paused in his stride and lowered his voice:

"Of course, being so old and so rich and having all the ancient ceremonial and secrecy and so on, it makes them very powerful. They've got such a pull. They always put up a member of Parliament and they subsidize the chair at one of the universities—oh, they've got a finger in all sorts of pies! They're thick as thieves with the government, and, in fact, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they weren't one of the most powerful bodies in the whole country in their own quiet way."

"Quiet." Campion repeated the word aloud unconsciously. It was coming back to him, or rather it was all there. He knew it all, just behind the shadow in his mind. The superintendent's urgent words were like a new facet on some old stone that he knew well.

Hutch snorted. "They're quiet all right," he said. "There's never been a meeting of theirs discussed at a tea table, let alone reported in the press. It's amazing what you can keep quiet if it's in your interest to do so. That's why I called our little job tonight delicate. We haven't got too much time either. This way, sir. It's quicker."

He took Campion's arm again as he spoke and drew him down a narrow alleyway between two dark houses whose sugar-loaf roofs bowed to each other overhead.

"This brings us out directly into the Nag's Pykle," he said. "Around here."

Another sharp turn brought them out into the open moonlight again and Campion, still with his new child's eyes, was brought up short before what is perhaps one of the most dramatic natural pictures in England.

A broad road, still paved and flanked with squat houses, rises slowly to the Corn Exchange and the Nag's Head Inn. The hostelry, fourth oldest in the country, is three stories high and its center gable, gallant but drunken, leans appreciably westward, lending the whole structure a note of ancient and irresponsible festivity both laughable and endearing. Behind this, and behind the Corn Exchange and the low tower of St. Nicholas' Church, stands the Nag itself. The bare hill rises up stark and unexpected, like the head of the giant horse it is said to resemble. It is threadbare limestone and is entirely naked save for the double line of ragged pine trees on the crest which in Bridge are called the Mane. In broad sunlight it is impressive and even menacing, but that night, by the moon, it was breathtaking.

Even the superintendent was tempted to comment.

"Extraordinary formation," he observed. "When you come on it like this you can almost believe the old tale about the bridge. You know that one, don't you? Oh, well, if you don't, it's interesting," he added with some satisfaction. "It shows you how far back the name of the town goes. There's the river mouth behind there, as you know, and that other hill on the opposite bank is called the Manger. It's got a big hollow in the top. You can see it on a clear day. The story goes that there was a great flood here once that cut the town right off from the mainland. There was a terrible famine and no one could put out in a boat because of the storms. Right at the last moment, when everyone was practically dead, the mayor—or local saint or somebody—said his prayers extra strong and lo and behold, 'with a roar like a million drums' the Nag raised his head and shot out his great neck and put his nose in the Manger over on the other side of the river.

"Those who were still strong enough ran along his mane and brought back food for the rest. The Nag kept his head in the Manger until the floods went down and then one night, when everything was quiet and everyone was asleep, like it might be tonight, he drew it very quietly back again. That's the legend of how the town got its name and there's certainly no bridge in the place except the little humpbacked one down by the mill on the Coachingford road."

He laughed a trifle self-consciously.

"I always think of it when I come along here at night," he said. "I like that bit about the 'roar like a million drums.' You can just imagine it, can't you? I don't know that there's much moral to the tale, unless it's that the Nag looks after Bridge. So he does, of course, to this day. Very much so. But it's remarkable how an old tale like that gets handed down. I wonder you hadn't heard it. It's very well known. One of the big composers wrote a bit of music about it. Holst, was it?"

Campion said nothing. The story, coupled with the unexpected sight, was strangely moving. He knew he must be hearing it much as a savage might, or as the early unsophisticated inhabitants of the town must have. It was damnably convincing. He felt quite a thrill of superstitious fear.

Meanwhile, the superintendent's attitude toward him was growing more incomprehensible at every step. He was friendly, not to say obliging, and, moreover, the farther they came the less certain of himself he appeared to be. But where they were going so fast and so secretly remained a complete and utter mystery.

Campion was naturally tempted to begin careful pumping operations but he was alive to all the dangers. He knew so little about anything at all that the most innocent remark could easily prove a disaster. He ventured one little feeler.

"Mr. Aubrey rather expected you to come along earlier this evening," he said.

"I dare say he did, sir." Hutch became an official again. "I had one or two things to see to. I'd hardly left Mr. Anscombe's house when something else cropped up."

"Oh?" Campion tried to show interest without anxiety and the superintendent rose to the fly.

"I had a call from Coachingford," he said briefly. "They're having a bit of a man hunt all around here tonight. As far as I could get it on the telephone, the case seems to have all the usual features, but it's a worry in wartime. There was the stolen car abandoned on the high road and all the rest of it. They'll pick him up in the morning when they can see what they're doing. They're circularizing a full description . . . here we are, sir, this way."

The final announcement was providential since it covered Campion for the necessary moment. He had started like a cat, he noticed with concern, and he had a conviction that his nerves were not usually so unreliable.

They had passed the inn now and had taken a side turning which ran around the eastern base of the Nag. This street was particularly ancient and here the buildings hung together, shrinking into the very sides of the hill. The shop before which Hutch had paused was a grocery and in its bow windows the familiar cartons of breakfast food, condensed milk and sugar substitutes looked ridiculous. Such a place should have sold love philters at least.

The superintendent took Campion's elbow and led him into a minute alley which ran down between the shop and its neighbor. This passage was so narrow that they could not walk abreast and at one point, where the wall bulged, there was scarcely space for Campion's shoulders. Hutch was treading like a hunter. His tall figure passed like a shadow and his feet made no noise. Campion followed him with equal technique.

At the end of the alley they came into a yard. It was little more than a well, with the Nag rising sheer on one side and the building crowding down upon them on the other.

Hutch produced a torch no larger than a rifle cartridge. Its pin-point beam lit up a keyhole in a surprisingly modern door set in an ancient frame. A short key slid into position and the lock turned over. They passed inside the spicy, slightly rancid atmosphere of a storeroom. Campion followed the superintendent blindly. His passage now had all the actual qualities of dreaming. He had no idea where he was and the velvet dark was warm and faintly anesthetic.

They seemed to go on walking for some time and his impression was that they were following a narrow path amid all kinds of obstacles. Another door brought them to a flight of wooden stairs and a surprising change of atmosphere. It was still warm but the air now smelled of paper and floor polish and the gentle, exciting odor of old wood. It was a long climb, and Hutch began to relax some of his elaborate caution.

"We're right in the hill now," he said unexpectedly. "You wouldn't think it, would you? We'll go right on up to the council chamber, shall we? There's nothing much down here."

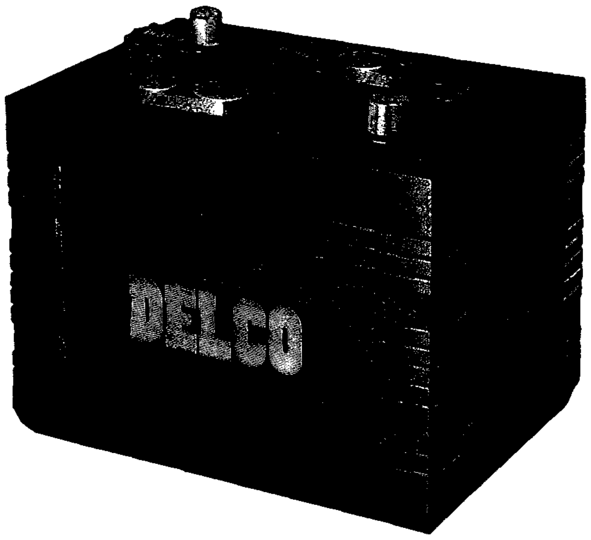
"By all means." Campion spoke absently. He was struggling with incredulity. "Where are we?" he demanded, throwing caution to the winds. "In the town hall?"

Hutch laughed. He seemed to take the question as a witticism.

"That's about the size of it, really,

Join the parade!

Replace
with a
DELCO
battery



It's millions strong, the procession of car owners who rely on Delco batteries . . . millions strong, and growing every day, as more and more drivers learn about Delco battery's extra starting power—long life—and dependable performance. The news spreads, too, about the new automatic Delco Electro-Level that prevents overfilling . . . that safeguards the satisfaction built into Delco batteries.

Join this parade for quicker starting—increased motoring pleasure—complete battery satisfaction. Then you'll have the battery that is original equipment in 43% of all new cars sold. There is a Delco battery to fit any style, make, size or model of passenger car or commercial vehicle. There is a Delco battery dealer near you.

Be sure to register your new Delco battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

For '41-Finest We

With this advertisement, Buick ushers in a brand-new automobile model year.

1940 production is history—recording the greatest manufacturing and selling season our company has ever known.

You may be sure we grimly realized we had to accomplish things in our new cars for 1941 that we could count on to *continue* our advance.

You don't stand still in this business. You go ahead or you fall back. And we're putting in what it takes to keep us on the march.

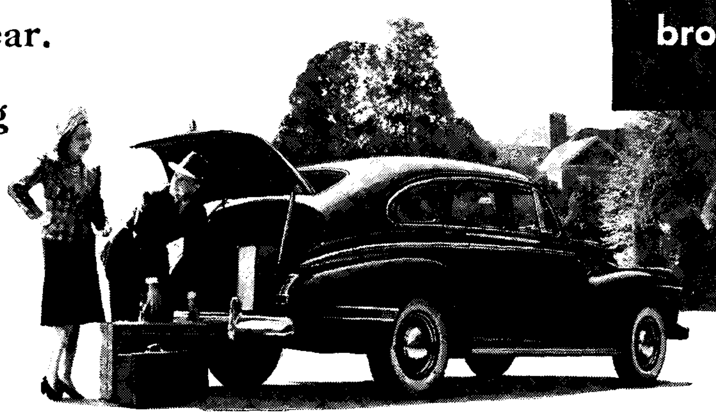
So, on top of the $42,000,000 spent on our plants and machines these last four years we've added another $10,000,000 in new facilities.

We've dreamed and schemed the last twelve months in our experimental and engineering divisions sucking fertile brains for new ideas and new values.

We've taken our greatest all-time car and steadily and carefully brought it forward to *a perfection of action, ease, goodness* beyond anything ever offered under our name.

We honestly mean that, as you will see when you look it over—more, when you drive it—most of all, when it serves you as your very own.

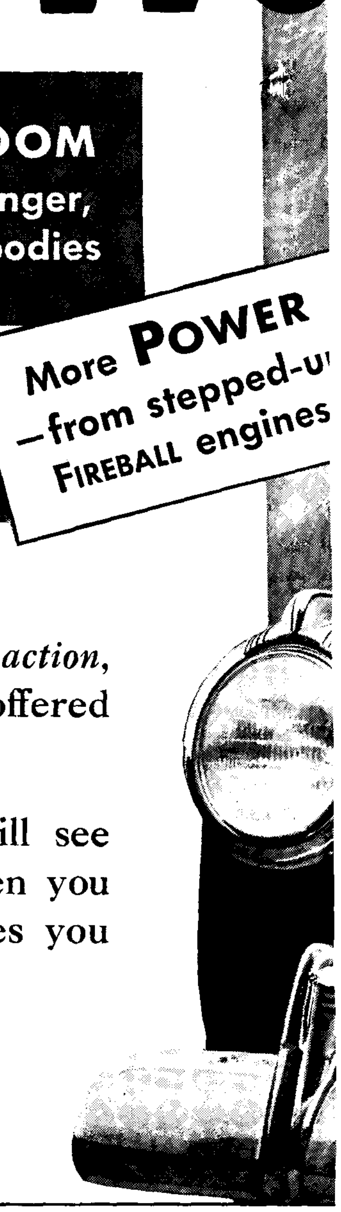
It's hard to picture the new 1941 Buicks fairly with old adjectives.



Under the sleek fantail there's more room for luggage, made more usable by upright mounting of the spare.

More ROOM —from longer, broader bodies

More POWER —from stepped-u
FIREBALL engines



ONLY CAR IN THE WORLD WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

BUICK FIREBALL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES—*115, 125 and 165 horsepower. Higher compression, better combustion, greater economy from design that makes the most of modern fuels.*

MICROPOISE BALANCING AFTER ASSEMBLY—*engines with less vibration per ounce than a fine wrist watch.*

COIL SPRINGS *ALL AROUND—no lubrication, no spring covers, no breakage, softer ride.*

"MASS-STREAM" BODIES, *BIGGER, ROOMIER—Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with concealed running boards and hidden hinges on all doors.*

COMPOUND CARBURETION *—reserve twin-barrel carburetor that cuts in as needed; greater brilliance with 30-mile economy at 50-mile speed.*

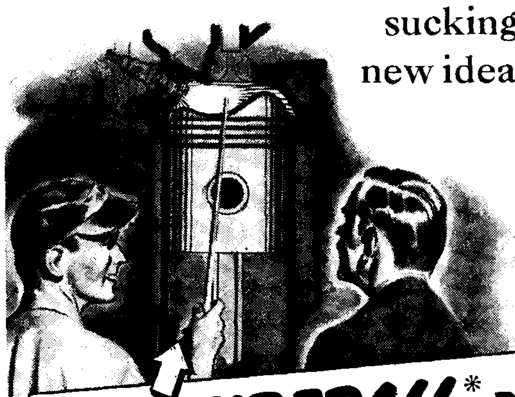
PERMI-FIRM *STEERING—freedom from steering wheel play over three or four times the usual service period.*

DUREX MAIN BEARINGS—*mechanical and chemical bond between babbitt and backing plate; practically indestructible in normal service.*

FORE-N-AFT DIRECTION SIGNAL *(Automatic Cut-Off)—with rear signal flush-mounted in fender.*

MASSIVE BUMPERS *—with four front and two rear bumper guards, built-in front license frame, and new gravel guards front and rear.*

PLUS: *Full-Length Torque Tube in Sealed Chassis ★ Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes ★ One-Piece "Lift-Off" Hood ★ Easier, Quieter Concentric Shifting ★ Built-In Automatic Choke ★ Heavy Duty Oil Bath Air Cleaners ★ Power-Saver Fan and Water Pump ★ Micro-Matched Connecting Rods ★ Sealed Beam Headlights ★ Two-Tone Body Colors ★ Safety Plate Glass All Around.*



THE FIREBALL* DOES IT!

Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." **Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball** that centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type spark plug. Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-forced, "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard-fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.

**According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."*

’ve Done!

More VALUE
—any way you measure it!
More COMFORT
—from softer, steadier ride
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
EIGHT
NOW ON DISPLAY
AT BUICK SHOWROOMS EVERYWHERE
"Best Buick Yet"
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Every car in all five series of the whole new line deserves unused fresh-minted language.

Stylewise, their suave and dynamic beauty refreshes the jaded eye as would sight of a hydrant in the desert.

They move and function like young wild things. They're all grace and poise and eagerness. They bring to driving and handling a keener pleasure and a new thrill.

Go see these superb new cars at your dealer's — they make plain why Buick is rightly called "exemplar of General Motors value."

Ask especially about the new micropoise-balanced FIREBALL engines—the 1941 furtherance of Buick's Dynaflash design and kingpin of all the features that make Buick the sensation of the new automobile year.

COOL SHAVES bat "1000" against razor burn and sting!

If your morning shave leaves your face hot and stinging, you're a candidate for Ingram's cooling, soothing, quicker shaves!

Mister, the minute my soothing lather touches your face you know it is really different! For it's COOL—purposely planned COOL—to help condition your face for shaving as it wilts those wiry whiskers!

Yes, sir! And all the time you are shaving you feel that bracing Ingram's Coolness... as billowing brushfuls of rich, creamy lather help you to get just about the quickest, most comfortable shave you ever had!

UNTIL you know Ingram's... until you've felt the soothing touch of Ingram's cool and bracing lather...you don't know how free from irritation your morning shave can be!

Switch to Ingram's now. You'll get cooler, smoother, quicker shaves. Your skin actually looks more attractive... and your face feels a bracing freshness you've probably never known before! No lotion ever needed!

Get Ingram's today—in the tube or jar. You get the same face-freshening, penny-saving cream in both. And both help you get the quick, comfortable shaves you've always wanted!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

IN TUBE OR JAR

isn't it?" he said. "The Masters run the show in Bridge, not the officials in Basket Street. At one time, you know, this used to be the only administrative headquarters in the town. I believe they used to hold the courts in the council chamber. The whole place is formed from the natural caves in the hill. The air shafts are artificial but they're prehistoric."

"Is this the only entrance?" inquired Campion faintly.

"NOT likely." Hutch paused in his stride. "You know about that, surely? Excuse me, sir, but don't you read your guidebook? I thought everyone knew about the doors of Bridge, as they call them. It's one of the features of the place. It's my opinion that it's those four doors which give the Masters their peculiar fanciful quality. In the old days it served as a fortress, and stood a long siege in the Jacobite rebellion. But those four doors, each one marked by an innocent-looking house, give it a sort of romantic touch, if you see what I mean."

"What houses?" inquired Campion, who appeared to have given up subterfuge.

"Well, there's the pub for one." Hutch was torn between astonishment and delight at the discovery of such ignorance. "The old Nag's Head is built across the main door. You can see it in the big back room, a lovely bit of carved wood. Takes up all one side. That's the ceremonial entrance where the Masters go in on a meeting night. Then there's the gate house, where Mr. Peter Lett lives. He's the hereditary gatekeeper. That door leads out of his drawing room and isn't often used. His house is around the other side, in the Haymarket Road.

"The third door is off the rectory. It's in a sort of gallery there, next the church. And the fourth lies behind the Wain House, farther off down the street. Mr. Philips, who is the hereditary groom, lives there. It's all very old-world and out of the ordinary, if you come to it new, but of course when you're as used to it as we are you don't see anything in it. It's just a custom, that's all."

Campion felt an absurd desire to sit down on the stairs. He wondered vaguely if all ancient history sounded as picturesque as this when it was heard for the first time, and, if so, if most children lived in this perpetual state of astonishment.

"We came in by a fifth door, then," he murmured.

"We came in by the back door," said Hutch firmly. "Not many people know about it and I dare say it's comparatively recent—not above seventy years old perhaps. Like everybody else the Masters have to have cleaners and they have to have goods delivered. I imagine they must have bought the shop at some period and installed a caretaker there. It's an old-fashioned business. It's been in the same family for years. I came in that way tonight because it seemed safest. I don't want to have to give a lot of explanations and I'm sure you don't. This is the last step, sir. Now to your right."

He produced a larger torch as he spoke and Campion was startled by the height of the gallery in which they stood. It seemed to have no ceiling but to go up and up into infinity. There was a pleasant, dull sound of wood on wood, and then a great rush of cool air as they passed into the room within.

Hutch swept a broad beam of light around them and Campion stepped back. The place was enormous. He received a confused impression of black paneling, the lower halves of mighty pictures, full-length portraits of heroic size, and, overhead, canopies of ragged banners, still bright and gallant after their passage down the centuries. The centerpiece turned out somewhat tamely to be a table. It was a mighty affair of glistening black oak and it fitted snugly on a carpet which must have been very nearly the size of a tennis court. Twenty-five chairs encircled it and at the head, before a seat larger than the others, were a pile of papers and a very prosaic water bottle and glass.

The silence was remarkable. It hung over them like a smothering pall. There was not a breath anywhere, not a crackle of shrinking wood, not a scurry of dust upon the stone floor, nothing. Hutch sighed deeply.

The man's words when they arrived, however, took him completely by surprise.

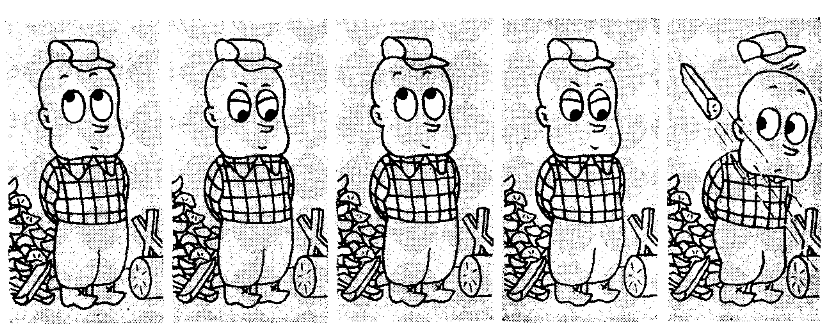
"Well, sir." He sounded a trifle breathless. "Here you are. I've risked my warrant to get us in and I hope you'll forgive me if I ask you to get whatever you have to do done as soon as possible, so we can get out before the light. I don't like to think what would happen if we got caught. No one would lift a finger for us. But you know that even better than I do, I expect."

CAMPION did not move. The actor who dries up center stage in the middle of the big scene and who stands there blankly with the urgent silence growing more acute at every second feels much as he did then.

His first coherent thought was even more terrifying, however. Since he had evidently engineered this illegal entry himself, and had apparently persuaded a superintendent of police to break the dearest law in the British constitution in order to achieve it, it must obviously have some vital importance and he himself must possess much more than ordinary influence. There was something he had to do here, more probably something he had to find out, and there was no knowing what stupendous matters hung upon his success. Already it was long past midnight. The morning of the fourteenth had begun. The fifteenth, as far as he knew, was zero hour.

It came to him that he must lay his cards on the table and take the consequences. He turned to Hutch, prepared to speak, but as the first difficult words formed in his mind the superintendent began again.

"I don't like to criticize," he said, his apology making the reproach a hundred


Wood Splitter

CROCKETT JOHNSON

TOMORROW'S DRIVING WILL BE *Driving!*

AN INVITATION

IF YOU WANT a new experience, a new sensation in driving, here's an invitation of the utmost interest.

The Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers of America invite you to try one of motoring's great advances of recent years . . . *Fluid Driving!*

In terms of engineering, Chrysler Corporation's *Fluid Drive* is simplicity itself. Yet it creates such an amazing new kind of performance that the only way to know its results is to try it.

Fluid Driving is smooth as oil because it literally is a *drive through oil.* It banishes jerks and jars. It makes driving so easy, so simple, so completely effortless that it becomes an entirely new experience. As one man puts it, "You just say when, where and how fast . . . the car does the rest!"

Yet, even that description can't give you the complete idea of *Fluid Driving.* Smoothness and driving ease are sensations; they really can't be described, they must be felt!

Fluid Drive was introduced to the public in 1938 on the higher-priced Chrysler cars. It has behind it today the proof of millions of miles and many thousands of delighted owners.

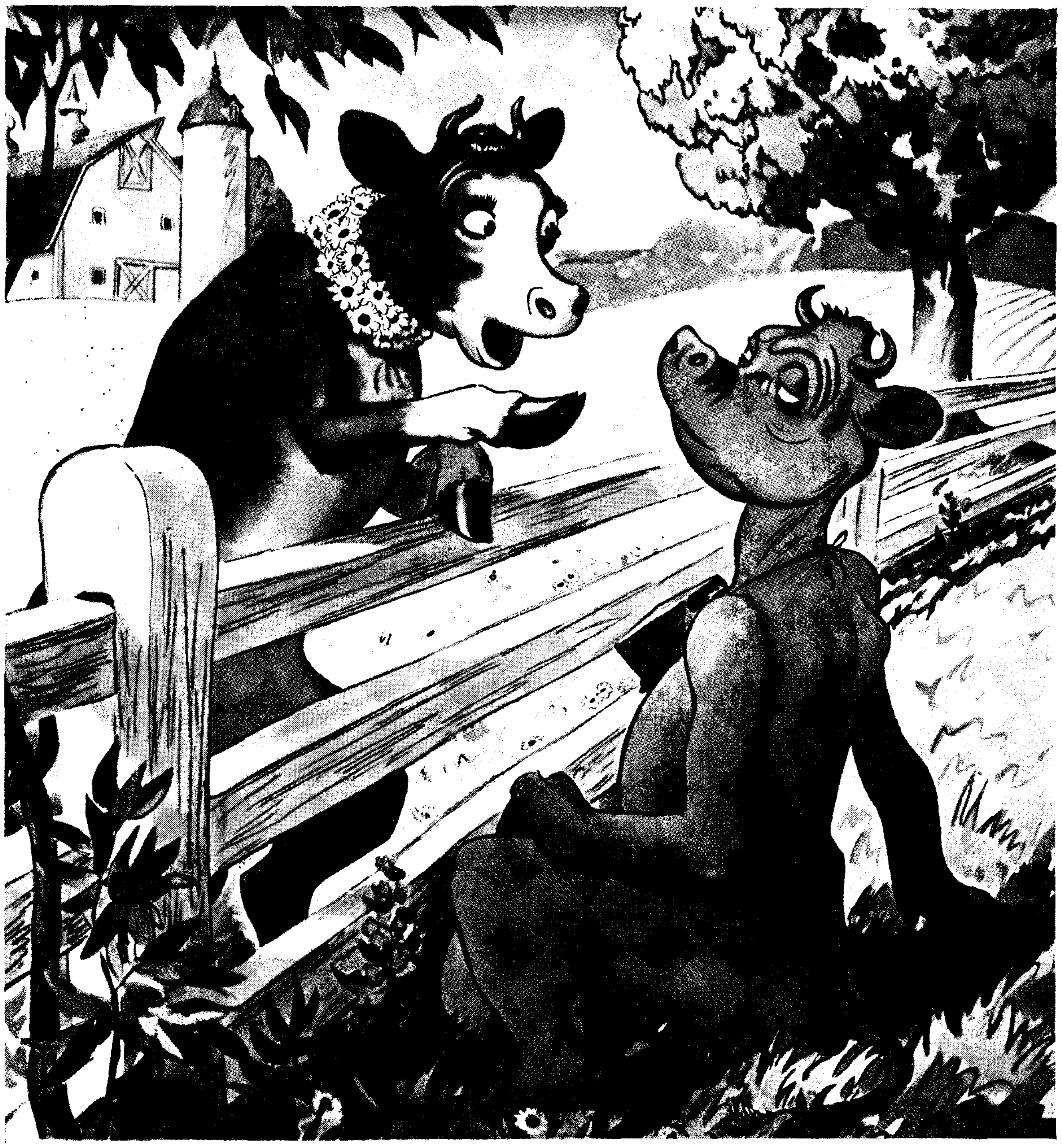
For 1941, *Fluid Drive* will be available on models of Dodge and DeSoto as well as on all Chrysler cars. And Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers are making special arrangements to accommodate the many who will want to experience *Fluid Driving.*

Watch for announcements of the arrival in your city of 1941 Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars with *Fluid Drive.* Then accept our invitation to drive one. There is no obligation.

Just one short ride will reveal the advantages of *Fluid Drive* more clearly than any words . . . it will show you why this revolutionary development foretells that tomorrow's driving will be *Fluid Driving!*

**FLUID DRIVE
AVAILABLE ON 1941
DODGE, DE SOTO AND
CHRYSLER CARS**

YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION!



"Look," said Elsie, "you're turning green!"

"YES," SAID ABIGAIL, the cow on the other side of the fence, "I *am* turning green. What of it?"

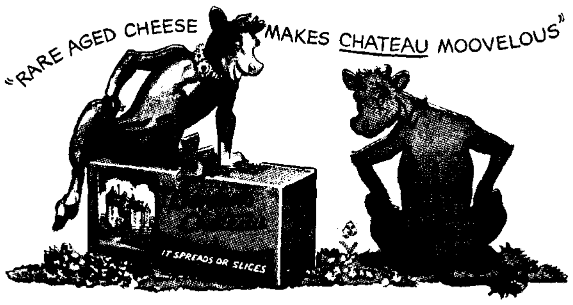
"Well—er—" stammered Elsie, the Borden cow. "Isn't it a bit unusual?"

"Not at all," Abigail replied. "I often turn green when I'm jealous. It's what people call turning green with envy."

"What are you envious of?" inquired Elsie.

"You," said Abigail. "I'm envious of the clean, tidy barn you live in. I'm jealous of the way that young veterinarian checks up on your health. And I do wish someone was as careful about the purity of *my* milk as all those Borden folks are of *yours*."

"They might be," said Elsie rather tactlessly, "if your milk went into as many important products as mine."


"RARE AGED CHEESE MAKES CHATEAU MOOVELOUS"
IT SPREADS OR SLICES

"Like what?" snapped Abigail, for every cow has her pride.

"Oh, like cheese," said Elsie. "Chateau, Borden's celebrated cheese food, is made from my rich milk, you know. It's delicious—a secret blend combined with rare, old, aged cheese. And though others have tried hard to imitate its flavor, they haven't got anywhere."

"I never got anywhere, either," sighed Abigail, "not even as far as the village store."

"That's a shame," sympathized Elsie. "If you had, you'd have seen, incidentally, two of my famous *canned* products on the shelf."

"What are they?" Abigail asked.

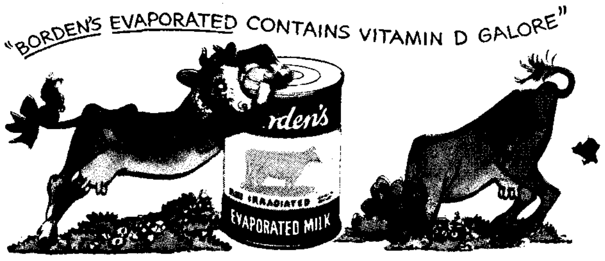
"One is *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*," Elsie replied. "Cooks who know their cookies

"MAGIC RECIPES WITH EVERY CAN OF EAGLE BRAND"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

always make them with Eagle Brand. It's magic for candies and cake frostings, too."

Abigail turned a deeper shade of green, about the color of a well-dressed bull frog, as Elsie continued:

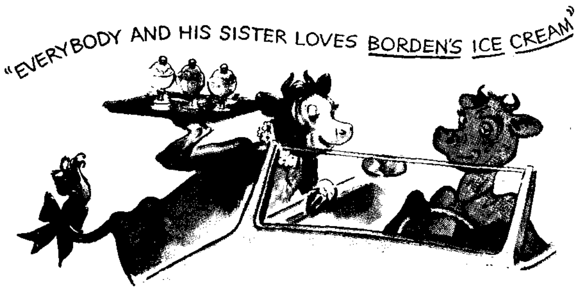
"And my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors often


"BORDEN'S EVAPORATED CONTAINS VITAMIN D GALORE"
rden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

recommend it for infant formulas. It also makes casserole dishes and whipped potatoes fit for a gourmet."

Abigail, now green as a traffic light, said: "You've almost got me licking my chops."

"I *will* have you licking them," declared Elsie, "when you hear about *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious thing that ever melted on


"EVERYBODY AND HIS SISTER LOVES BORDEN'S ICE CREAM"

your tongue. Wise men have been known to write poems about it."

"William Wordsworth, if I remember my poets," smiled Abigail, "said that he could write a poem even about glue."

"Indeed, he might have," Elsie countered, "if he had known about *Borden's Casco Glue*. It's made out of *casein* extracted from my milk. It's such good glue that you can use it for the heaviest jobs or for delicate work on things like ship models."

"CASCO'S THE GLUE THAT'S MADE FROM MILK"
CASCO
GLUE

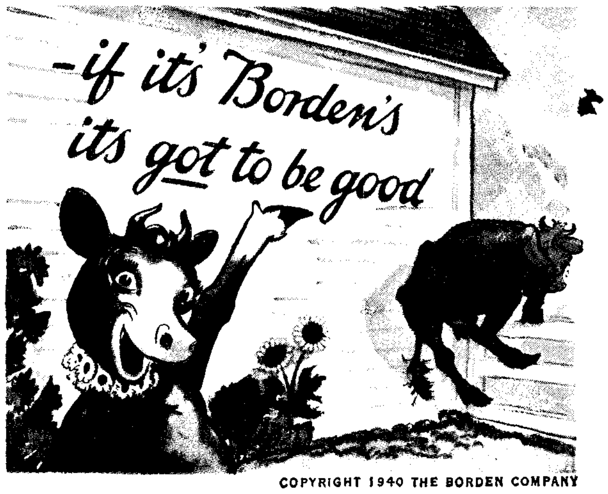
"And I suppose because it never comes unstuck, you're terribly stuck up about it," laughed Abigail.

"I am proud of it," said Elsie. "I'm proud of everything Borden's make... it's so *good*. We sure live up to our motto."

"What motto?" asked Abigail.

"That one," cried Elsie, pointing to a big sign painted on the barn... *"if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

See Elsie in her Cow Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Fair.


-if it's Borden's
its got to be good

COPYRIGHT 1940 THE BORDEN COMPANY

times more poignant in the circumstances, "and I know men in your position have to keep their mouths shut, but, just as a question of policy, don't you think it would have made things a lot easier if your department had seen fit to trust the chief constable and myself with just a little more information? You can see how it is. We're quite blindfolded, aren't we? We're instructed to give you every assistance, every assistance no matter what you ask, and so we will, but it would make things simpler if we had just a glimmer of what you were up to."

He paused hopefully but, when the man before him did not reply, went on earnestly:

"LOOK at that business this evening, for instance. I haven't been on the force for close on thirty years without being able to recognize a corpse which has been slugged when I see one. But what am I to do? There's a ready-made loophole there and we've got a young doctor. If I shut down on the inquiry I can let the whole investigation collapse without any trouble. But am I right in doing that? Is it in the country's interest or has it nothing to do with the case? I don't know. I'm asking you. I'm in the dark. I gave you every opportunity but you didn't give me any lead."

Campion pulled himself up as the solid ground gave way at his very feet.

"I can't tell you," he said helplessly. "Don't you understand? I am simply unable to tell you."

Hutch stiffened. He was like a soldier at attention.

"Very good, sir," he said. "I'm in your hands. Carry on."

Campion took the torch from him and advanced toward the table. It seemed the obvious thing to do. As he came up with it, its enormous size became more apparent and panic seized him as he looked across that vast expanse of shining wood. It was so empty, so utterly uninformative.

He glanced toward the papers neatly arranged before the main chair and experienced his first ray of hope. They were not all the usual blanks. On the top of the pile was a fold of foolscap neatly headed "Agenda." Anscombe had done his last duty for the Masters.

By the light of the torch he read the list of items down for discussion at the morrow's meeting. It began archaically enough with "*Prayers to Almighty God,*" and went on to the orthodox "*Senior Master's Opening Remarks,*" "*Minutes of the Last Meeting,*" and "*Correspondence.*" But the third entry was more unusual. "*Ceremony of the Bale of Straw,*" it stated simply, and continued, as though the one were the counterpart of the other, "*Report on the New Sewage System for the Lower Town, Temporarily Suspended by War.*" The "*Institute Report*" followed, and the fifth item recorded "*Extraordinary Council: Resignation of John Robert Anscombe, Secretary.*"

The sixth heading brought Campion up short, his brows rising as he read the round, characterless copperplate.

"*Suggested Purchase from the Government of the French,*" it ran briefly. "*Spice Island of Malaguama. 950,000,000 francs.*"

This somewhat staggering project brought him to the foot of the page and he turned it casually, unprepared for any further statement, but there, staring at him and in the same childish hand, was yet another consideration for the Masters of Bridge.

"*Main Business of the Evening,*" he read, and saw underneath it, in a large, carelessly drawn circle in red ink, the haunting figure 15.

He refolded the sheet, put it back into position and stepped back. His knees were trembling. It was all here, he felt certain, all under his hand, and yet he could not recognize it. The other half of the talisman was lying just out of his reach in the monstrous darkness of his own brain.

Hutch remained stiffly at his side. Campion peered around him in the gloom.

"There are other rooms, of course?"

"This is the only actual habitable room, sir. The others are only caverns. They go right on down to the Trough."

"The Trough?"

"Yes, sir. That's the local name of the big cave on the estuary bay. It runs a long way under the hill and the old river road leads past it. At one time it used to be a great place for picnics and so on, but the water comes right up to the entrance at high tide and there were so many cases of people getting caught down there that the Masters declared it shut and ran a railing across the entrance, which isn't very wide. A place like that gets very dirty and untidy if you leave it open to the public."

"I suppose so. Can you get down to it from here?"

"I don't know, sir. No one's allowed in here, you see. I don't think you can. As far as I know you can get on to a sort of gallery which looks down into the Trough, but I don't think there's any way down from that. When I was a boy we used to dare one another to get up into the Masters' storerooms, but it was a terrific climb and you needed a rope. We never got very far."

"I see. I'd like to go on a bit, though. Is that possible?"

"It's possible, sir." Hutch did not add that it was also insane in his opinion.

A new doggedness had come over Campion and he hunched his shoulders.

"We'll have to risk it," he said.

They found the way by considering the formation of the cavern in which the chamber was set and came at first to an astonishingly efficient furnace room with a chimney built up through a prehistoric air shaft in the hill. From there they passed on into a passage which had been roughly lined at some much earlier period, and thence an iron ladder took them down into the Masters' storerooms.

These long caverns were unexpectedly well ventilated and they confirmed Campion's suspicions that the whole Nag was nothing less than a fortress, probably dating back to Neolithic times.

A BRIEF inspection disclosed that the main use to which the Masters put their space was for the storage of wine. A smile appeared on the superintendent's strained face as he looked at them.

"They must have done themselves proud for generations," he said. "I bet there's a fortune here. As a matter of fact they do own vineyards all over the world, I've heard."

Campion did not comment.

At the end of the gallery the entrance to the next cavern was small and had been boarded up at some time. Hutch ran his torch beam over the edges of the torn wood lying in a neat pile on the uneven floor.

"This hasn't been down long," he remarked. "They've been making room for more liquor, I suppose."

It certainly looked like it. It seemed hardly credible, but the thin shafts from the superintendent's two torches disclosed pile upon pile of small packing cases, each sealed and labeled with a grower's name and burnt with the same hieroglyphics.

Hutch gaped. "There's a cargo of it," he said, sounding thoroughly shocked. "A perishing cargo. Hallo sir, what's the matter?"

Campion had paused in the middle of a step. His body had become rigid and he stood immovable, his head raised.

"Listen," he whispered.

(*To be continued next week*)

ALPHONSE AND GASTON AT THE BEACH

AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
AFTER I FEEL BETTER AND NOT BEFORE! I'M NOT WELL!
GO AWAY! I'M A DANGEROUS CHARACTER!
SH! IT'S THAT OLD CONSTIPATION TROUBLE. NOTHING I TAKE SEEMS TO HELP
THE MODERN IDEA, MY DEAR ALPHONSE, IS NOT TO SUFFER THE TROUBLE FIRST AND THEN TAKE THINGS FOR IT—BUT TO PREVENT IT BY GETTING AT THE CAUSE. IF YOUR TROUBLE IS THE ORDINARY KIND (DUE TO LACK OF THE RIGHT KIND OF "BULK" IN THE DIET) A CRISP, CRUNCHY BREAKFAST CEREAL—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. EAT IT DAILY, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, AND JOIN THE "REGULARS"!
NEXT DAY, BREAKFAST—
BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HOW GOOD IT TASTES! IMAGINE EATING THIS INSTEAD OF MEDICINES!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
AND BEFORE LONG—
AFTER YOU!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!
HELP! HELP!

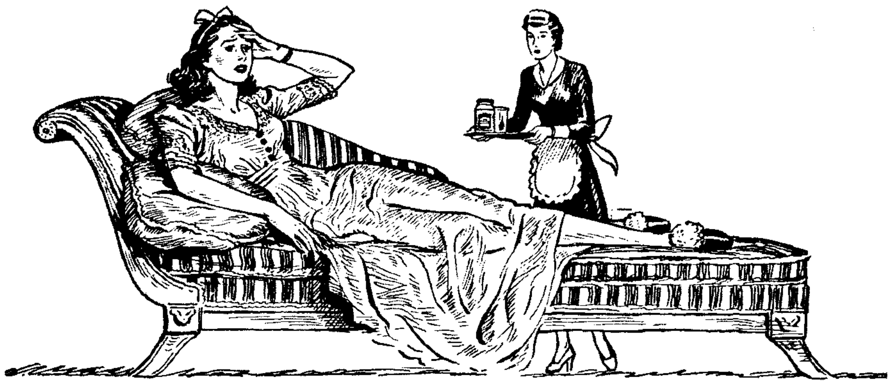
Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

I'd spent my all to be a bridesmaid . . .

... and don't think I begrudged a penny, for the dresses and the hats that Mary chose for us were the loveliest I'd ever seen. And the ushers (especially one!) were answers to a maiden's prayer! But the day of the wedding, my dear -- I awoke with one of those logy, sickish headaches!

I didn't know of anything that would clear it up in time, but Anne, the maid, recommended Sal Hepatica. She said it gave fast, two-way help. And it did!*



Soon, my head coming out of that fog, my pep returning fast, I was off for the most exciting day of my life. Wedding reception (I caught the bouquet!), dancing (with The usher cutting in every minute) and ... but I haven't time for more now. Only this -- Sal Hepatica is a marvelous, quick-acting laxative! And it's grand good-times insurance!

*The reason Sal Hepatica helps so fast is -- First, it's speedy yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity -- chases away that sickish feeling.

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 14

moderately good-looking, and I've got a *lot of influential friends—and none of* those unfortunate disabilities they talk about so freely in the advertisements nowadays. I can get along all right without manners."

"I'm not in the mood for small talk, Jane," Raikes said. "I guess I'll take myself off."

He got up, nodded curtly to Poirot and strode away.

Jane Olivera stared after him.

Poirot said, with a sigh, "Alas, the proverb is true. When you are courting, two is company, is it not, three is none?"

"Courting? What a word!" Jane said.

"But, yes, it is the right word, is it not? For a young man who pays attention to a young lady before asking her hand in marriage? They say, do they not, a courting couple?"

She turned suddenly to Poirot.

"I want to apologize to you. I made a mistake the other day. I thought you had wormed your way in and come down to Exsham just to spy on Howard. But afterward Uncle Alistair told me that he had definitely asked you because he wanted you to clear up this business of that missing woman—Sainsbury Seale. That's right, isn't it?"

"Absolutely."

"So I'm sorry for what I said to you that evening. But it did look like it, you know. I mean—as though you *were* just following Howard and spying on us both."

"Even if it were true, Mademoiselle—I was an excellent witness to the fact that Mr. Raikes bravely saved your uncle's life by springing on his assailant and preventing him from firing another shot."

"You've got a funny way of saying things, M. Poirot. I never know whether you're serious or not."

"At the moment I am very serious, Miss Olivera," Poirot said gravely.

Jane said, with a slight break in her voice, "Why do you look at me like that? As though—as though you were sorry for me?"

"Perhaps because I am sorry, Mademoiselle, for the things that I shall have to do so soon. . . ."

"Well, then—don't do them!"

"Alas, Mademoiselle, but I must. . . ."

She stared at him for a minute or two, then she said, "Have you—found that woman?"

"Let us say—*that I know where she is.*"

"Is she dead?"

"I have not said so."

"She's alive, then?"

"I have not said that either."

JANE looked at him with irritation. She exclaimed, "Well, she's got to be one or the other, hasn't she?"

"Actually, it is not quite so simple."

"I believe you just *like* making things difficult!"

"It has been said of me," admitted Hercule Poirot.

Jane shivered. She said, "Isn't it funny? It's a lovely warm day—and yet I suddenly feel cold. . . ."

"Perhaps you had better walk on, Mademoiselle."

Jane rose to her feet. She stood for a minute irresolute. "Howard wants me to marry him," she said abruptly. "At once. Without letting anyone know. He says—he says it's the only way I'll ever do it—that I'm weak—and he—he's thinking of joining that International Corps to fight." She broke off, then with one hand she gripped Poirot's arm with surprising strength. "What shall I do about it, M. Poirot?"

"Why ask me to advise you? There *are those who are nearer!*"

"Mother? She'd scream the house down at the bare idea! Uncle Alistair? He'd be cautious and prosy. Plenty of time, my dear. Don't rush into a hasty war marriage. Got to make quite sure, you know. Bit of an odd fish—this young man of yours. No sense in rushing things—"

"Your friends?" suggested Poirot.

"I haven't got any friends. Only a silly crowd I drink and dance and talk inane catchwords with! Howard's the only *real* person I've ever met."

"Still—why ask *me,* Miss Olivera?"

"Because you've got a queer look on your face—as though you were sorry about something—as though you knew something that — that — was — *coming. . . .*" She stopped. "Well," she demanded. "What do you say?"

Hercule Poirot slowly shook his head.

WHEN Poirot reached home, George said, "Chief Inspector Japp is here, sir."

Japp grinned in a rueful way as Poirot came into the room.

"Here I am, old boy. Come around to say 'Aren't you a marvel? How do you do it? What makes you think of these things?' "

"All this meaning—? But *pardon,* you will have some refreshment? Perhaps the whisky?"

"The whisky is good enough for me."

A few minutes later he raised his glass, observing, "Here's to Hercule Poirot who is always right!"

"No, no, *mon ami.*"

"Here we had a lovely case of suicide. H. P. says it's murder—wants it to be murder—and dash it all, it *is* murder!"

"Ah? So you agree at last?"

"Well, nobody can say I'm pigheaded. I don't fly in the face of evidence. The trouble was there *wasn't* any evidence before."

"But there is now?"

"Yes, and I've come around to make the amend honorable, as you call it."

"I am all agog, my good Japp."

"All right. Here goes. The pistol that Frank Carter tried to shoot Blunt with on Saturday is a twin pistol to the one that killed Morley!"

Poirot stared. "But that is extraordinary!"

"Yes, it makes it look rather black for Master Frank."

"It is not conclusive."

"No, but it's enough to make us reconsider the suicide verdict. They're a foreign make of pistol and rather an uncommon one at that!"

Hercule Poirot stared. His eyebrows looked like crescent moons.

He said at last, "Frank Carter? No—surely not!"

Japp breathed a sigh of exasperation.

"What's the matter with you, Poirot? First you will have it that Morley was murdered and that it wasn't suicide. Then when I come and tell you we're inclined to come around to your view you hem and haw and don't seem to like it."

"You really believe that Morley was murdered by Frank Carter?"

"It fits. Carter had a grudge against Morley. He came to Queen Charlotte Street that morning—and he pretended afterward that he had come along to tell his young woman he'd got a job—but we've now discovered that he *hadn't* got the job then. He didn't get it till later in the day. He admits that now. So there's lie No. 1. He can't account for where he was at twenty-five past twelve onward. Says he was walking in the Marylebone Road, but the first thing he can prove is having a drink in a pub at five past one. And the barman says he was in a regular state, his hand shaking and his face as white as a sheet!"

Hercule Poirot sighed.

The door opened softly and George murmured deferentially, "Excuse me, sir, but . . ."

He got no further. Miss Gladys Nevill thrust him aside and came agitatedly into the room. She was crying.

"Oh, M. Poirot—" she began.

"Here, I'll be off," said Japp hurriedly.

He left the room precipitately.

Gladys Nevill paid his back the tribute of a venomous look.

"That's the man—that horrid inspector from Scotland Yard—it's he who has trumped up a whole case against poor Frank."

"Now, now, you must not agitate yourself."

"But he has. First they pretend that he tried to murder this Mr. Blunt and not content with that they've accused him of murdering poor Mr. Morley."

Hercule Poirot coughed. He said, "I was down there, you know, at Exsham, when the shot was fired at Mr. Blunt."

"But even if Frank did—did do a foolish thing like that—and he *was* one of those Imperial Shirts, you know—they march with banners and have a ridiculous salute rather like Heil Hitler, and of course, I suppose Mr. Blunt's wife *was* a very notorious Jewess, and they just work up these poor young men—quite harmless ones like Frank—until they think they are doing something wonderful and patriotic."

"Is that Mr. Carter's defense?" asked Hercule Poirot.

"Oh, *no*. Frank just swears he didn't do anything and had never seen the pistol before. I haven't spoken to him, of course—they wouldn't let me—but he's got a solicitor acting for him and he told me what Frank had said. Frank just says it's all a frame-up."

POIROT murmured, "And the solicitor is of the opinion that his client had better think of a more plausible story?"

"Lawyers are so difficult. They won't say anything *straight out*. But it's the murder charge I'm worrying about. Oh! M. Poirot, I'm sure Frank *couldn't* have killed Mr. Morley. I mean really—he hadn't any reason to."

"Is it true," said Poirot, "that when he came around that morning he had not yet got a job of any kind?"

"Well, really, M. Poirot, I don't see what difference *that* makes."

"But his story was that he came to tell you about his good luck. Now, it seems, he had as yet had no luck. Why, then, did he come?"

"Well, M. Poirot, the poor boy was dispirited and upset, and to tell the truth I believe he'd been drinking a little. Poor Frank has rather a weak head—and the drink upset him and so he felt like—like making a row, and he came around to Queen Charlotte Street to have it out with Mr. Morley, because, you see, Frank is awfully sensitive and it had upset him a lot to feel that Mr. Morley disapproved of him, and was what he called poisoning my mind."

"So he conceived the idea of making a scene in business hours?"

"Well—yes—I suppose that *was* his idea. Of course, it was very wrong of Frank to think of such a thing."

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the tearful, blond young woman in front of him. He said, "Did you know that Frank Carter had a pistol—or a pair of pistols?"

"Oh, no, M. Poirot. I swear I didn't. And I don't believe it's true, either."

Poirot shook his head slowly in a perplexed manner.

"Oh! M. Poirot, do help us. If I could only feel that you were on our side—"

"I do not take sides. I am on the side only of the truth," Poirot said.

AFTER he had got rid of the girl, Poirot rang up Scotland Yard. Japp had not yet returned but Detective Sergeant Beddoes was obliging and informative.

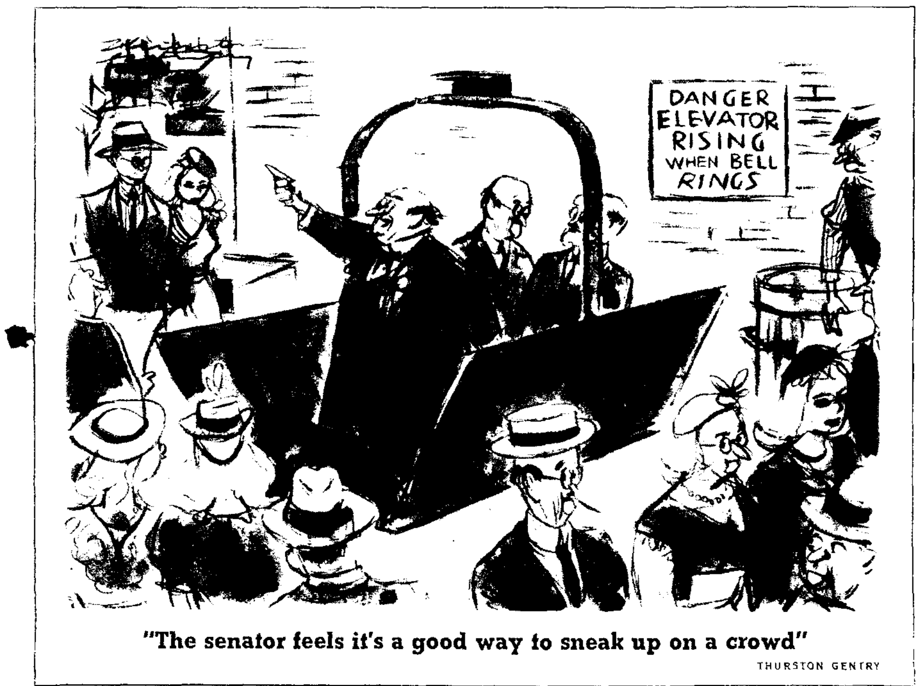
The police had not as yet found any evidence to prove Frank Carter's possession of the pistol before the assault at Exsham.

Poirot hung up the receiver thoughtfully. It was a point in Carter's favor.

He had also learned from Beddoes a few more details as to the statement Frank Carter had made about his employment as gardener at Exsham. He stuck to his story of a secret-service job. He had been given money in advance and some testimonials as to his gardening abilities and had been told to apply to Mr. MacAlister, the head gardener, for the post. His instructions were to listen to the other gardeners' conversations and sound them as to their "red" tendencies, and to pretend to be a bit of a "red" himself. He had been interviewed and instructed in his task by a woman who had told him that she was known as Q.H.56 and that he had been recommended to her as a strong anti-Communist. She was a red-haired lady with a lot of make-up on.

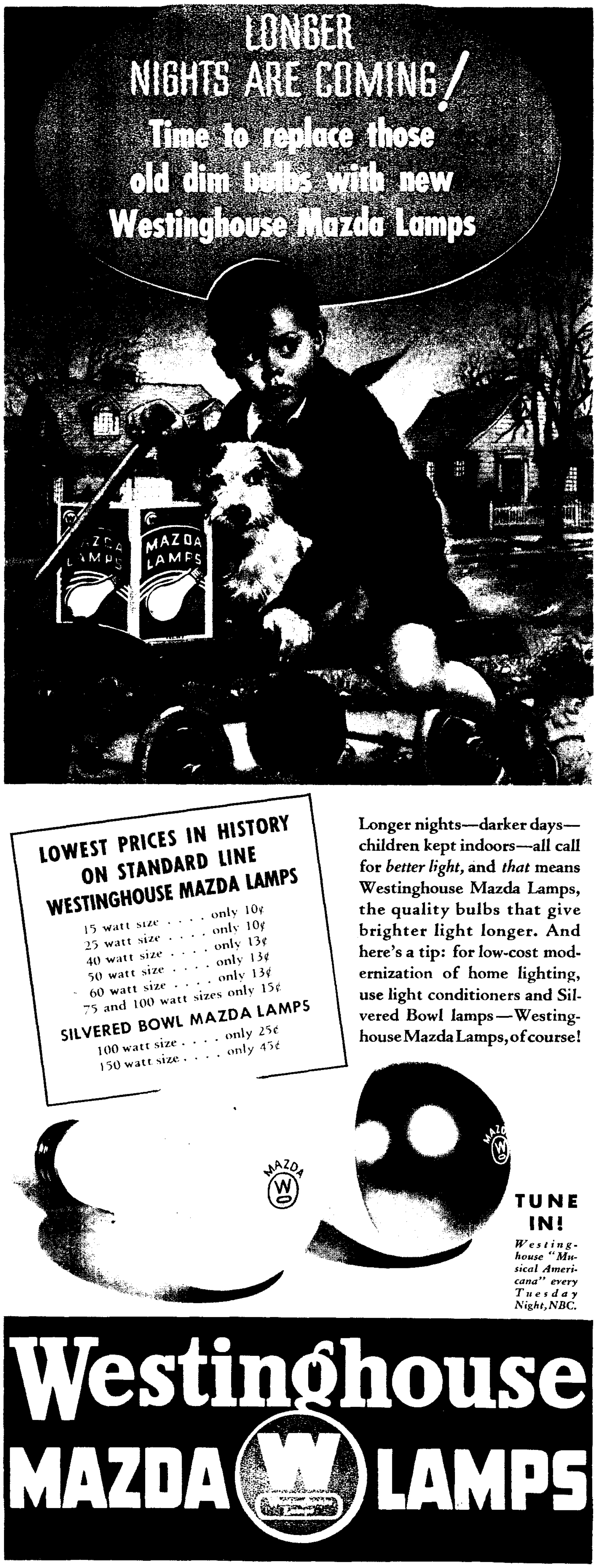
Poirot groaned. He was tempted to consult Mr. Barnes on the subject.

The last post brought him something



"The senator feels it's a good way to sneak up on a crowd"

THURSTON GENTRY


LONGER NIGHTS ARE COMING!
Time to replace those old dim bulbs with new Westinghouse Mazda Lamps

LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY ON STANDARD LINE WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS
15 watt size . . . . only 10¢
25 watt size . . . . only 10¢
40 watt size . . . . only 13¢
50 watt size . . . . only 13¢
60 watt size . . . . only 13¢
75 and 100 watt sizes only 15¢
SILVERED BOWL MAZDA LAMPS
100 watt size . . . . only 25¢
150 watt size . . . . only 45¢

Longer nights—darker days—children kept indoors—all call for *better light*, and *that* means Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, the quality bulbs that give brighter light longer. And here's a tip: for low-cost modernization of home lighting, use light conditioners and Silvered Bowl lamps—Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, of course!

TUNE IN!
Westinghouse "Musical Americana" every Tuesday Night, NBC.

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

KNOX announces

REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX

TAPESTRY TONES

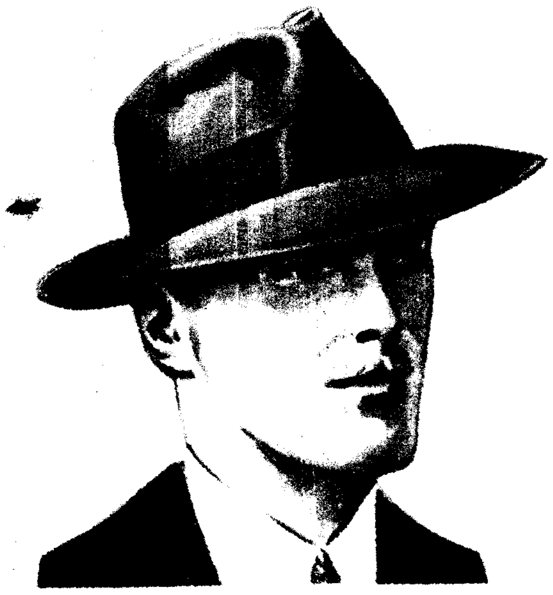
Exclusive new Knox contra-color combinations of deep shades in Band and Felt.

Loomed hues of rare old Flemish tapestries inspire these deep harmonious contrasts, and create a new color-art in hats for men . . . soft, glowing tones of felt are heightened by richer warmth in differing keys of silk. The effects blend subtly with the favored colors of the new season.

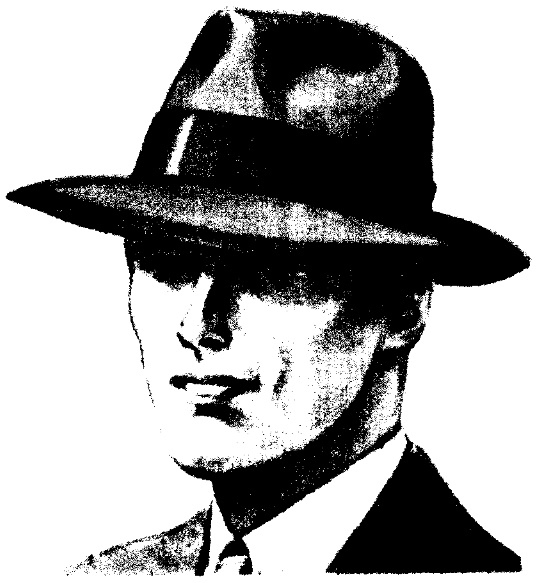
In THE "FIFTH AVENUE SPECIAL", Tapestry Tones give special distinction to the last word in the vogue of the up-curved brim, with suavely tapered crown, shaped to a single centered crease . . .

$5

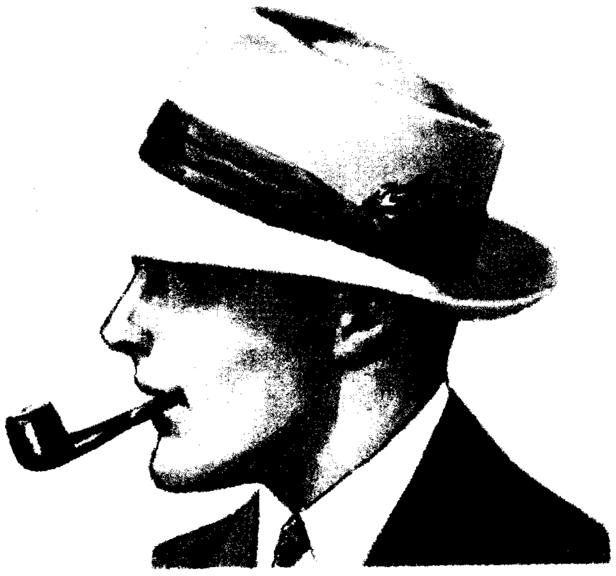
the hat styles for fall . . .



THE "FIFTH AVENUE" in Grotto Blue. Newest edition of the "Hat of the Avenue", with extra-wide, fore-shortened brim refined by the exclusive Knox "Crest Edge" . . . $5



THE "OUTLOOK". Tapestry-toned. New brim-edge treatment with wide silk upper binding, gives special distinction to this informal felt for town $6



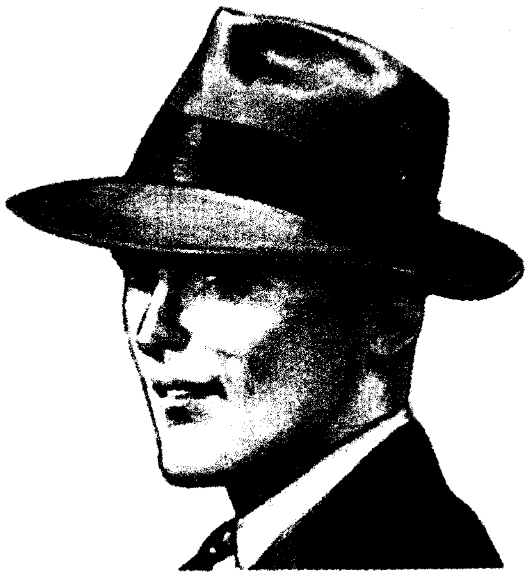
THE "SIRDAR". Luxuriously soft casual lightweight with smart narrow turned-under edge. Easily shaped to semi-telescope or conventionally creased crown . . . $7.50

CERTAIN men insist upon enjoying, each season, the selection of a hat that is truly fine and of a special distinction in fashion. . . . Every year more of these men turn to the smarter shops where they can find the new styles that bear the famous Seal of Knox. . . . They are discovering what thousands of well-dressed men already know—that if the label is "Knox", the hat is right.

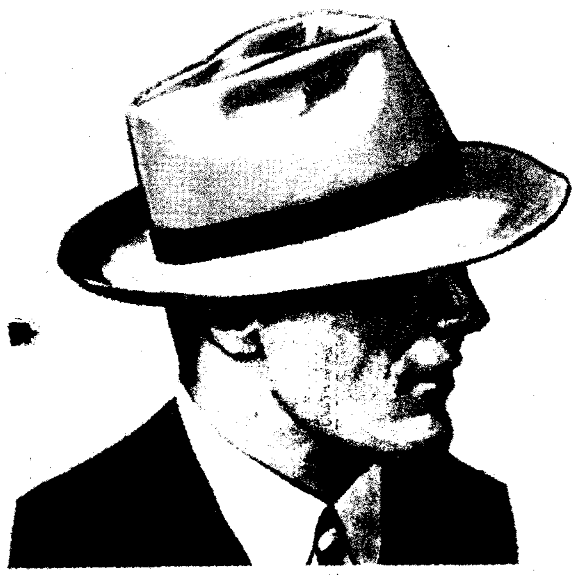
KNOX HATS

KNOX THE HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

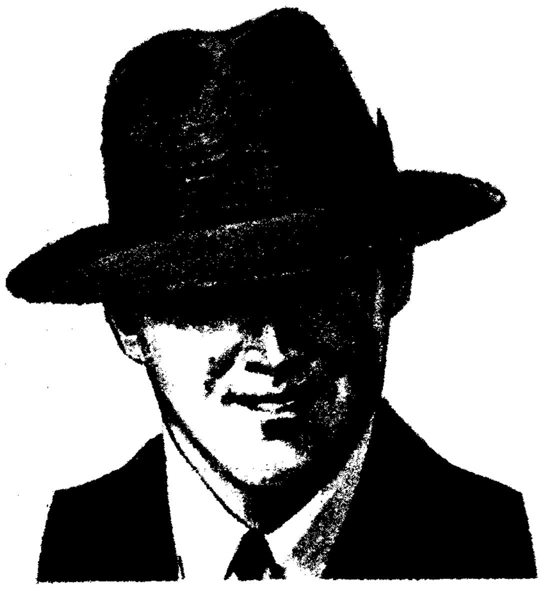
W BEING OFFERED BY THE KNOX DEALER IN YOUR COMMUNITY



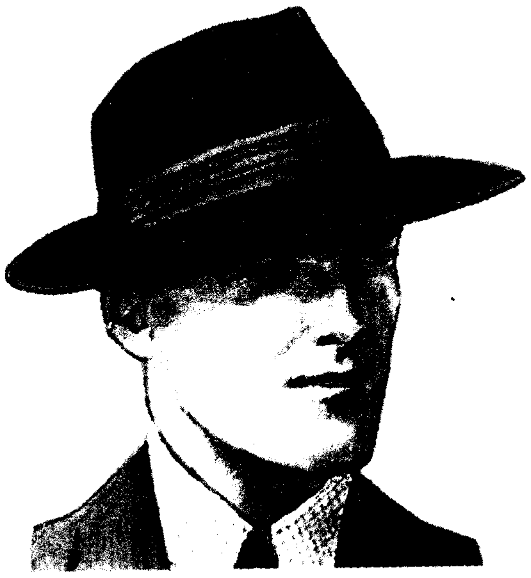
THE "KING'S RANSOM". Distinguished new flare-brim with style-preserving Custom Edge*; of mellow hand-worked felt with lustrous silken finish. In rich mixed colors . . . $10



THE "VAGABOND"*. Tapestry-toned. New distinction of color in this world-famous Knox lightweight; soft, casual, carelessly smart. Ideal for country and travel $5



THE "SHAGABOY". New all-weather topcoat-overcoat hat of comfortably soft, shaggy felt in countryside mixed colors; with harmonious mixed-color band $5



THE "TURRET TOP". Tapestry-toned. New young men's Semi-Sport, in natural-finish felt, with low, rakish telescope crown. Back-swing* brim; contrasting Puggree band. $5

*TRADE MARK

DUMB DORA
WINS EVERYBODY'S VOTE
WE'RE LICKED! WE HAVEN'T A PLANK IN OUR PLATFORM!
RE-ELECT BREEZE FOR MAYOR
WAIT! HERE'S HOW TO WIN THE ELECTION! LET'S TRY TO HELP THE VOTERS TO FEEL BETTER, LOOK BETTER AND WORK BETTER!
SOUNDS LIKE THE TICKET, BUT HOW?
WITH SHREDDED RALSTON! MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY HELPS KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY."
WOW! WHAT A PLATFORM WHAT A FLAVOR!
Flavor process U. S. patent No. 2098544
WHEE!! YIPPEE! ATTABOY, BREEZE!!
MY FRIENDS! ELECT ME AND I'LL PUT SHREDDED RALSTON ON EVERY BREAKFAST TABLE!
DORA! YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB!
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
Toasted WHOLE WHEAT Malt Sugar Salt
IT'S BITE SIZE! NO MUSS, NO CRUMBLING
NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
The money-back guarantee is printed on the bottom of every package!

Copr. 1940, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

that disturbed him more still—a cheap envelope in an unformed handwriting, postmarked Hertfordshire. Poirot opened it and read:

Dear Sir:

Hoping as you will forgive me for troubling you, but I am very worried and do not know what to do. I do not want to be mixed up with the police in any way. I know that perhaps I ought to have told something I know before, but as they said the master had shot himself it was all right I thought. And I wouldn't have liked to get Miss Nevill's young man into trouble and never thought really for one moment as he had done it. But now I see he has been took up for shooting at a gentleman in the country and so perhaps he isn't quite all there and I ought to say but I thought I would write to you, you being a friend of the mistress and asking me so particular the other day if there was anything and of course I wish now I had told you then. But I do hope it won't mean getting mixed up with the police because I shouldn't like that and my mother wouldn't like it either. She has always been most particular.

Yours respectfully,
AGNES FLETCHER.

Poirot murmured, "I always knew it was something to do with some man. I guessed the wrong man, that is all."

THE interview with Agnes Fletcher took place in Hertford, in a somewhat derelict teashop, for Agnes had been anxious not to tell her story under Miss Morley's critical eye.

The first quarter of an hour was taken up in listening to exactly how particular Agnes' mother had always been. And if Agnes, now, were to get mixed up with the police in any way, Mum and Dad would probably die of it, because as she'd been saying, they'd always held their heads high, and never had no trouble of any kind with the police.

After this had been repeated with various embellishments several times, Agnes drew a little nearer to the subject of the interview:

"I wouldn't like to say anything to Miss Morley, sir, because it might be, you see, that she'd say as how I ought to have said something before, but me and cook, we talked it over and we didn't see as it was any business of ours, because we'd read quite clear and plain in the paper as how the master had made a mistake in the drug he was giving and that he'd shot himself and the pistol was in his hands and everything, so it did seem quite clear, didn't it, sir?"

"When did you begin to feel different?" Poirot hoped to get a little nearer the promised revelation by an encouraging but not too direct question.

Agnes replied promptly:

"Seeing it in the paper about that Frank Carter—Miss Nevill's young man as was. When I read as he'd shot at that gentleman where he was gardener, well, I thought, it looks as if he *might* be queer in the head, because I do know there's people it takes like that, think they're being persecuted or something, and in the end it's dangerous to keep them at home and they have to be took away to the asylum. And I thought that maybe that Frank Carter was like that, because I did remember that he used to go on about Mr. Morley and say as Mr. Morley was against him and trying to separate him from Miss Nevill, but, of course, neither of us thought he'd really done anything to Mr. Morley. We just thought it was a bit queer if you know what I mean."

Poirot said, patiently, "What was queer?"

"It was that morning, sir, the morning Mr. Morley shot himself. I'd been wondering if I dared run down and get the post. I was expecting to hear from my gentleman friend who was just off to France. The postman had come but that Alfred hadn't brought up the letters, which he wouldn't do, not unless there was some for Miss Morley or Mr. Morley.

"So I went out on the landing and I looked down over the stairs. Miss Morley didn't like us going down to the hall, not during the master's business hours, but I thought maybe as I'd see Alfred taking in a patient to the master and I'd call down to him as he came back."

Agnes gasped, took a deep breath and went on:

"And it was then I saw him—that Frank Carter, I mean. Halfway up the stairs he was—our stairs, I mean, above the master's floor. And he was standing there waiting and looking down—and I've come to feel more and more as though there was something *queer* about it. He seemed to be listening very intent, if you know what I mean."

"What time was this?"

"It must have been getting on for half past twelve, sir. And just as I was thinking: There now, it's Frank Carter, and Miss Nevill's away for the day and *won't* he be disappointed, and I was wondering if I ought to run down and tell him because it looked as though that lump of an Alfred had forgot. And just as I was hesitating, Mr. Carter, he seemed to make up his mind, and he slipped down the stairs very quick and went along the passage toward the master's surgery, and I thought to myself, the master won't like *that*, and I wondered if there was going to be a row, but just then Emma called me—said whatever was I up to?—and I went up again and then, afterward, I heard the master had shot himself and, of course, it was so awful it just drove everything out of my head.

"But later, when that police inspector had gone I said to Emma, I said, I didn't say anything about Mr. Carter having been up with the master this morning, and she said was he? and I told her, and she said well, perhaps I *ought* to tell, but anyway, I said I'd better wait a bit, and she agreed, because neither of us didn't want to get Frank Carter into trouble if we could help. And then, when it came to the inquest and it come out that the master had made that mistake in a drug and really had got the wind-up and shot himself, quite natural-like—well, then, of course, there was no call to say anything. But reading that piece in the paper two days ago—oh! it did give me a turn! And I said to myself, 'If he's one of those loonies that thinks they're persecuted and goes around shooting people, well, then maybe he *did* shoot the master after all.' "

Her eyes, anxious and scared, looked hopefully at Hercule Poirot. He put as much reassurance into his voice as he could.

"You may be sure that you have done absolutely the right thing in telling me, Agnes," he said.

"Well, I must say, sir, it does take a load off my mind. And then, you see, I thought of getting mixed up with the police and what Mother would say. She's always been so particular about us all. . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Hercule Poirot hastily. He had had, he felt, as much of Agnes' mother as he could stand for one afternoon.

POIROT called at Scotland Yard and asked for Japp. When he was taken up to the chief inspector's room: "I want to see Carter," said Hercule Poirot.

Japp shot him a quick, sideways glance. "What's the big idea?"

"You are unwilling?"

"Oh, all right, Poirot, I didn't mean it. What do you want to see Carter for?

To ask him whether he really murdered Morley?"

To Japp's surprise, Poirot nodded his head emphatically.

"Yes, my friend, that is exactly the reason."

"And I suppose you think he'll tell you if he did?"

Japp laughed as he spoke. But Hercule Poirot remained grave. He said, "He might tell me—yes."

Japp looked at him curiously. "You know, I've known you a long time—twenty years? Something like that. But I still don't always catch on to what you're driving at. I know you've got a bee in your bonnet about young Frank Carter. For some reason or other, you don't *want* him to be guilty—"

Hercule Poirot shook his head energetically. "No, no, there you are wrong It is the other way about—"

"I thought perhaps it was on account of that girl of his—the blond piece. You're a sentimental old buzzard in some ways—"

Poirot was immediately indignant.

"It is not I who am sentimental! That is an English failing! It is in England that they weep over young sweethearts and dying mothers and devoted children. Me, I am logical. If Frank Carter is a killer, then I am certainly not sentimental enough to wish to unite him in marriage to a nice but commonplace girl who, if he is hanged, will forget him in a year or two and find someone else."

"Then why don't you want to believe he is guilty?"

"I *do* want to believe he is guilty."

"I suppose you mean that you've got hold of something that more or less conclusively proves him to be innocent? Why hold it up, then? You ought to play fair with us, Poirot."

"I *am* playing fair with you. Presently, very shortly, I will give you the name and address of a witness who will be invaluable to you for the prosecution. Her evidence ought to clinch the case against him."

"But then— Oh! You've got me all tangled up. Why are you so anxious to see him?"

"To satisfy *myself,*" said Hercule Poirot.

And he would say no more.

FRANK CARTER, haggard, white-faced, still feebly inclined to bluster, looked on his unexpected visitor with unconcealed disfavor. He said rudely, "So it's you, you little shrimp? What do *you* want?"

"I want to see you and talk to you."

"Well, you see me all right. But I won't talk. Not without my lawyer. That's right, isn't it? You can't go against that. I've got the right to have my solicitor present before I say a word."

"Certainly you have. You can send for him if you like—but I should prefer that you did not."

"I dare say. Think you're going to trap me into making some damaging admissions, eh?"

"We are quite alone, remember."

"That's a bit unusual, isn't it? Got your police pals listening in, I've no doubt."

"You are wrong. This is a private interview between you and me."

Frank Carter laughed. He looked cunning and unpleasant.

"COME on!" he said. "You don't take me in with that old gag."

"Do you remember a girl called Agnes Fletcher?"

"Never heard of her."

"I think you will remember her, though you may never have taken much notice of her. She was house-parlormaid at 58 Queen Charlotte Street."

"Well, what of it?"

"On the morning of the day that Mr. Morley was shot, this girl Agnes happened to look over the banisters from the top floor. She saw you on the stairs—waiting and listening. Presently she saw you go along to Mr. Morley's room. The time was then twenty-six minutes or thereabouts past twelve."

Frank Carter trembled violently. Sweat came out on his brow. He shouted angrily:

"It's a lie! It's a damned lie! You've paid her—the police have paid her—to say she saw me."

"At that time," said Hercule Poirot, "by your own account, you had left the house and were walking in the Marylebone Road."

"So I was. That girl's lying. She couldn't have seen me. It's a dirty plot. If it's true, why didn't she say so before?"

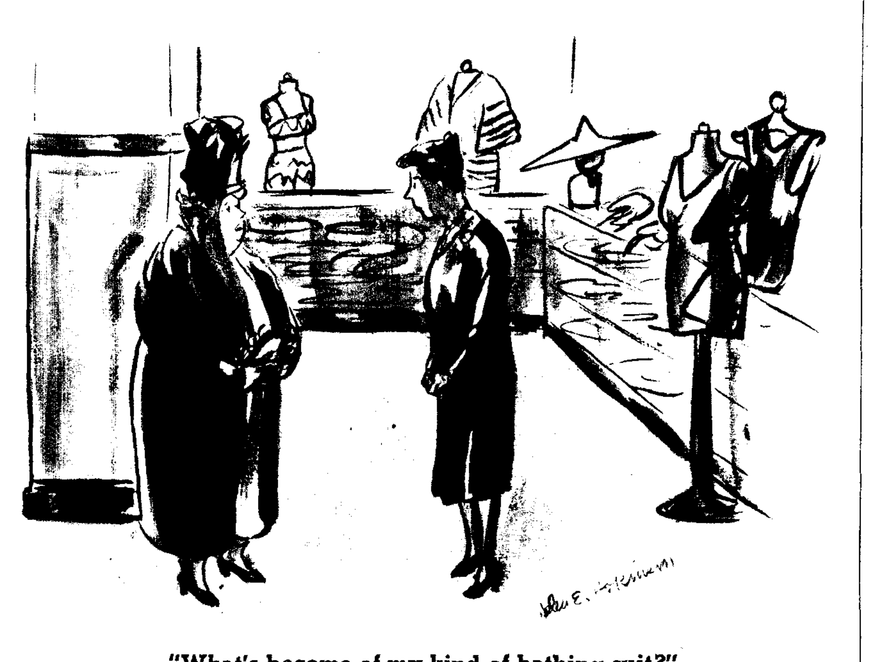
Hercule Poirot said quietly: "She did mention it at the time to her friend and colleague, the cook. They were worried and puzzled and didn't know what to do. When a verdict of suicide was brought in they were much relieved and decided that it wasn't necessary for them to say anything."

"I don't believe a word of it! They're in it together, that's all. A couple of dirty, lying little . . ."

He trailed off into furious profanity.

When Carter's voice at last ceased, Poirot spoke again, still in the same calm, measured voice:

"Anger and foolish abuse will not help



"What's become of my kind of bathing suit?" HELEN HOKINSON

How to adjust yourself to a shirt

1. DO THIS five hours daily. It builds up shoulders to fit old-shape shirts. An easier way to neat fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, whose exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit slopes with your shoulders.

2. PUMP YOURSELF FULL of air. This will give you the waist outline of old-shape shirts. A pleasanter way to better fit is: wear Arrow Shirts, the "Mitoga" figure-fit waist curves in, like *your* waist.

3. USE AN EVENER-UPPER to make arms uniform from shoulder to wrist, to fit the straight sleeves of some shirts. Better still: wear Arrow Shirts; their "Mitoga"-cut arms are tapered like yours.

4. SOLVE EVERYTHING with Arrow Shirts. They have smart Arrow collars, are Sanforized-Shrunk. Get Gordon (oxford) at $2, Hitt and Dale (with non-wilt collars) $2, $2.50. Others, $2 up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

If You Want the BUY in AUTOMATIC HEATING

SEE YOUR FAIRBANKS-MORSE DEALER

● Why are sales of Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burners increasing at a rate greater than almost all other stokers? Because Fairbanks-Morse is the BUY! Quality in every detail at a price much lower than you could expect. Clean, steady, healthful heat at lowest fuel cost. Most convenience—this stoker is so reliable that you almost forget you have a heating plant.

New!
Stok-o-Lite

MEANS
CAREFREE HEATING

The biggest stoker feature of the year. If for any reason an overload condition occurs, and the stoker is prevented from giving you heat, STOK-O-LITE, on the thermostat, instantly gives you a red warning light before the temperature drops. Only Fairbanks-Morse has STOK-O-LITE.

NO MONEY DOWN AS LONG AS 36 MONTHS TO PAY

GET THE FACTS

Learn how little it costs to have automatic heating the Fairbanks-Morse way. Send for this information-filled booklet, "Live in Comfort." No obligation.

Live in Comfort!

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Stoker Division, Dept. 4A9
600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without obligation on my part, FREE booklet on automatic coal burner heat for my home.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

In Canada, address The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Ltd., Montreal

FAIRBANKS MORSE
Automatic Coal Burners

you. These girls are going to tell their story and it is going to be believed. Because, you see, they are telling the truth. The girl, Agnes Fletcher, *did* see you. You *were* there, on the stairs, at that time. You had *not* left the house. And you *did* go into Mr. Morley's room."

He paused and then asked quietly, "What happened then?"

"It's a lie, I tell you!"

Hercule Poirot felt very tired—very old. He did not like Frank Carter. He disliked him very much. In his opinion Frank Carter was a bully, a liar, a swindler—altogether the type of young man the world could well do without. He, Hercule Poirot, had only to stand back and let this young man persist in his lies and the world would be rid of one of its more unpleasant inhabitants. . . .

"I suggest that you tell me the truth . . ." he said.

He realized the issue very clearly. Frank Carter was stupid—but he wasn't so stupid as not to see that to persist in his denial was his best and safest course. Let him once admit that he *had* gone into that room at twenty-six minutes past twelve and he was taking a step into grave danger. For after that, any story he told would have a good chance of being considered a lie.

Let him persist in his denial, then. If so, Hercule Poirot's duty would be over.

Hercule Poirot had only to get up and go.

He leaned forward. He said—and his voice held all the compelling power of his powerful personality:

"I am not lying to you. I ask you to believe me. If you did not kill Morley your only hope is to tell me the *exact truth* of what happened that morning."

The mean, treacherous face looking at him wavered, became uncertain. Frank Carter pulled at his lip. His eyes went from side to side, terrified, frankly animal eyes.

It was touch and go now. . . .

Then suddenly, overborne by the strength of the personality confronting him, Frank Carter surrendered.

He said hoarsely, "All right then—I'll tell you. And you'd better not let me down now! I did go in. . . . I went up the stairs and waited till I could be sure of getting him alone. Waited there, up above Morley's landing. Then a man came out and went down—a fat man. I was just making up my mind to go—when another man came out of Morley's room and went down too. I knew I'd got to be quick. I went along and nipped into his room without knocking. I was all set to have it out with him. Mucking about, putting my girl against me—damn him—" He stopped.

"Yes?" said Hercule Poirot, and his voice was still urgent—compelling—

CARTER'S voice croaked uncertainly: "*And he was lying there—dead. It's true!* I swear it's true! Lying just as they said at the inquest. I couldn't believe it at first. I stooped over him. But he was dead all right. His hand was stone cold and I saw the bullet hole in his head with a hard, black crust of blood around it. . . ."

At the memory of it, sweat broke out on his forehead again.

"I saw then I was in a jam. They'd go and say *I'd* done it. I hadn't touched anything except his hand and the door handle. I wiped that with my handkerchief, both sides, as I went out, and I stole downstairs as quickly as I could. There was nobody in the hall and I let myself out and went away as fast as I could. No wonder I felt queer."

He paused. His scared eyes went to Poirot.

"That's the truth. *I swear that's the truth. . . . He was dead already.* You've got to believe me!"

Poirot got up. He said—and his voice was tired and sad, "I believe you."

He moved toward the door. Frank Carter cried out: "They'll hang me—they'll hang me for sure if they know that I was in there."

Poirot said, "Your story has confirmed what I knew to be the truth. You can leave it now to me."

He went out.

He was not at all happy.

HE REACHED Mr. Barnes' house at Ealing at 6:45. He remembered that Mr. Barnes had called that a good time of day.

Mr. Barnes was at work in his garden.

He said by way of greeting, "We need rain, M. Poirot—need it badly."

He looked thoughtfully at his guest. He said, "You don't look very well, M. Poirot."

"Sometimes," said Hercule Poirot. "I do not like the things I have to do."

Mr. Barnes nodded his head sympathetically. "I know."

Hercule Poirot looked vaguely around at the neat arrangement of the small beds. "It is well planned, this garden. Everything is to scale. It is small but exact."

Mr. Barnes said, "When you have only a small place you've got to make the most of it. You can't afford to make mistakes in the planning."

Hercule Poirot nodded. Barnes went on: "I see you've got your man."

"Frank Carter?"

"Yes. I'm rather surprised, really."

"You did not think that it was, so to speak, a private murder?"

"No. Frankly I didn't. What with Amberiotis and Alistair Blunt—I made sure that it was one of these espionage or counterespionage mix-ups."

"That is the view you expounded to me at our first meeting."

"I know. I was quite sure of it at the time."

Poirot said slowly, "But you were wrong."

"Yes. Don't rub it in. The trouble is, one goes by one's own experience. I've been mixed up in that sort of thing so much I suppose I'm inclined to see it everywhere."

Poirot said, "You have observed in your time a conjurer offer a card, have you not? What is called—forcing a card?"

"Yes, of course."

"That is what was done here. Every time that one thinks of a private reason for Morley's death, hey presto—the card is forced on one. Amberiotis, Alistair Blunt, the unsettled state of the country—the war—" He shrugged his shoulders. "As for you, Mr. Barnes, you did more to mislead me than anybody."

"Oh, I say, Poirot, I'm sorry. I suppose that's true."

"You were in a position to *know,* you see. So your words carried weight."

"Well—I believed what I said. That's the only apology I can make."

He paused and sighed.

"And all the time, it was a purely private motive?"

"Exactly. It has taken me a long time to see the reason for the murder—although I had one very definite piece of luck."

"What was that?"

"A fragment of a conversation. Really a very illuminating fragment if only I had had the sense to realize its significance at the time."

MR. BARNES scratched his nose thoughtfully with the trowel. A small piece of earth adhered to the side of his nose.

"Being rather cryptic, aren't you?" he asked genially.

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He said, "I am, perhaps, aggrieved that you were not more frank with me."

"I?"

"Yes."

"My dear fellow—I never had the least idea of Carter's guilt. As far as I knew, he'd left the house long before Morley was killed. I suppose now they've found he didn't leave when he said he did?"

Poirot said, "Carter was in the house at twenty-six minutes past twelve. He actually *saw* the murderer."

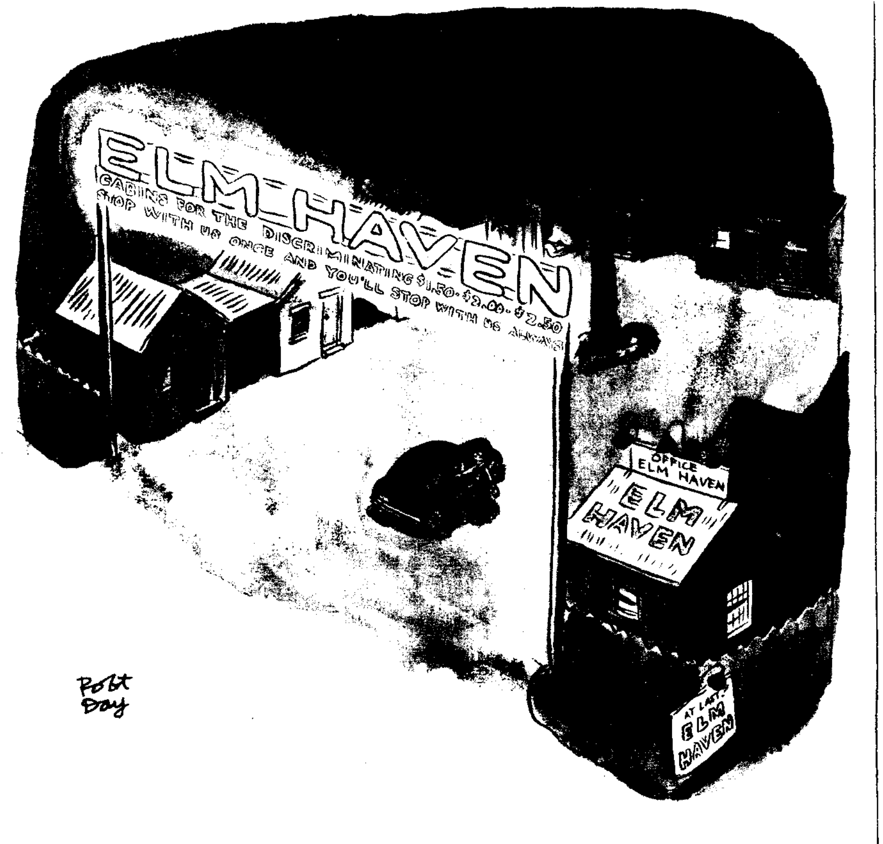
"Then Carter didn't—"

"Carter saw the murderer, I tell you!"

Mr. Barnes said, "Did—did he recognize him?"

Slowly Hercule Poirot shook his head.

(*To be concluded next week*)


ELM HAVEN
CABINS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING $1.50-$2.00-$2.50
STOP WITH US ONCE AND YOU'LL STOP WITH US ALWAYS
OFFICE ELM HAVEN
ELM HAVEN
AT LAST ELM HAVEN
Robt Day

"May I ask how you heard of us?"

ROBERT DAY

How to get the "luxury comfort" of the New, Deeper Beautyrest...for only a penny a night!

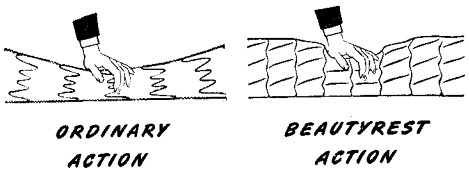
A page full of truths about mattress-buying

1. "Looks" don't make comfort.

Every mattress looks nice and cozy when it's new. But don't judge a mattress on looks.

For comfort depends on the "insides" of a mattress—*and nothing else.* The New, Deeper Beautyrest has a special kind of mattress construction.

It brings you supreme "luxury comfort"... so wonderfully restful, it thrills you just to lie there... every tired muscle relaxed... on the *deepest* Beautyrest Simmons ever made.

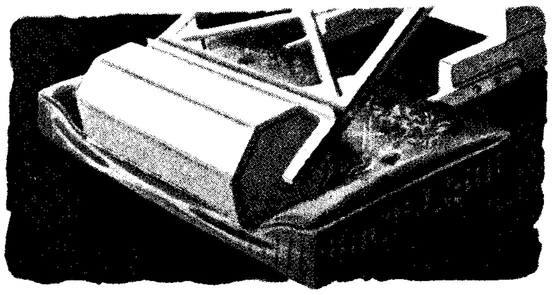


2. There are two main types of mattress construction.

In the ordinary mattress, the inner springs are *tied together by wire.* This means the springs *can't* act independently. As you press some down, others go down too—forming slopes and hollows.

In the radically different Beautyrest, each of the 837 springs yields *separately* to your hips, shoulders, legs.

Result: you get *buoyant* support instead of "sag" support. You get supreme comfort no other mattress gives. *We know.* We make both types: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



3. How long should a mattress last?

You don't buy a mattress every day in the week. So you should be extra careful that your mattress keeps its original comfort.

Tests made at the United States Testing Co., Inc. (Certified Test No. 11760) proved that Beautyrest lasted *3 times longer* than any of 17 different makes of mattress tested.

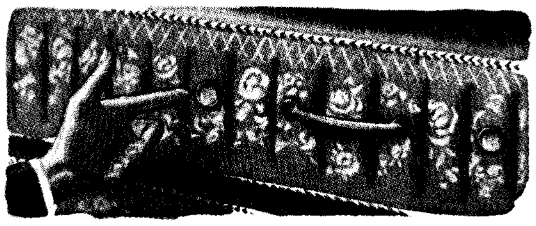
So it's no empty promise when we guarantee Beautyrest for 10 years' service.

Based on the tests, however, you can figure on Beautyrest's outlasting the guarantee.

4. Will it keep its shape?

Some mattresses look "down-at-the-heels" after a few *years' use. Edges sag and buckle.* The mattress never makes up "nice."

Beautyrest has a patented sag-proof edge that keeps the sides firm and resilient *always!* (Because Beautyrest doesn't "lump up," you need turn it far less. After the first few months, 4 or 5 turnings a year are plenty.)



5. Some mattresses ventilate—some don't.

Make sure the mattress you buy has *genuine* ventilators—not false ones. If you don't, your mattress may get musty and stale-smelling inside.

Beautyrest has 8 ventilators that *really ventilate.* They bring in fresh air, and circulate it through the entire mattress. So Beautyrest stays clean, dry, and sanitary.

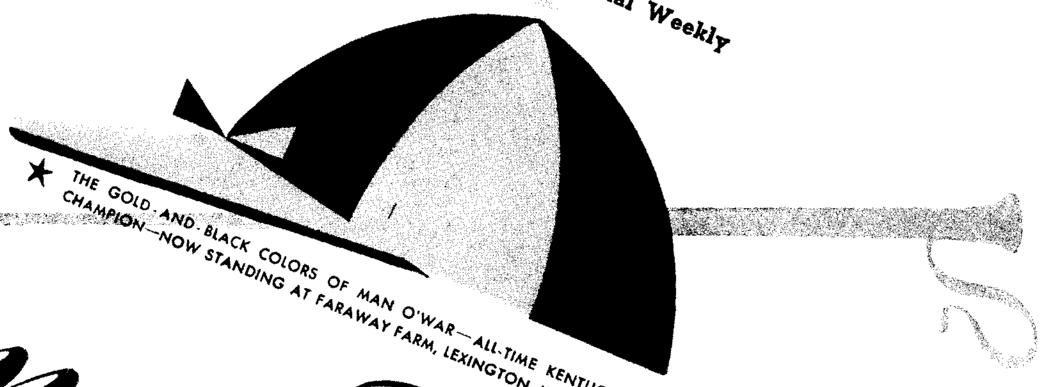
THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,677,232-1,915,659

6. How much should you pay for a mattress?

Yes, some mattresses have a "cheaper" price tag than the New Beautyrest. But if Beautyrest can outlast other mattresses in tests, isn't it likely to be the most economical mattress to buy?

Beautyrest sells for $39.50 (easy payment terms can be arranged). Based on our 10-year guarantee, the price comes down to a penny a night! A penny a night! *A penny a night!* See it today. And don't accept anything supposed to be as good. For no other mattress can give you all the advantages of Beautyrest.

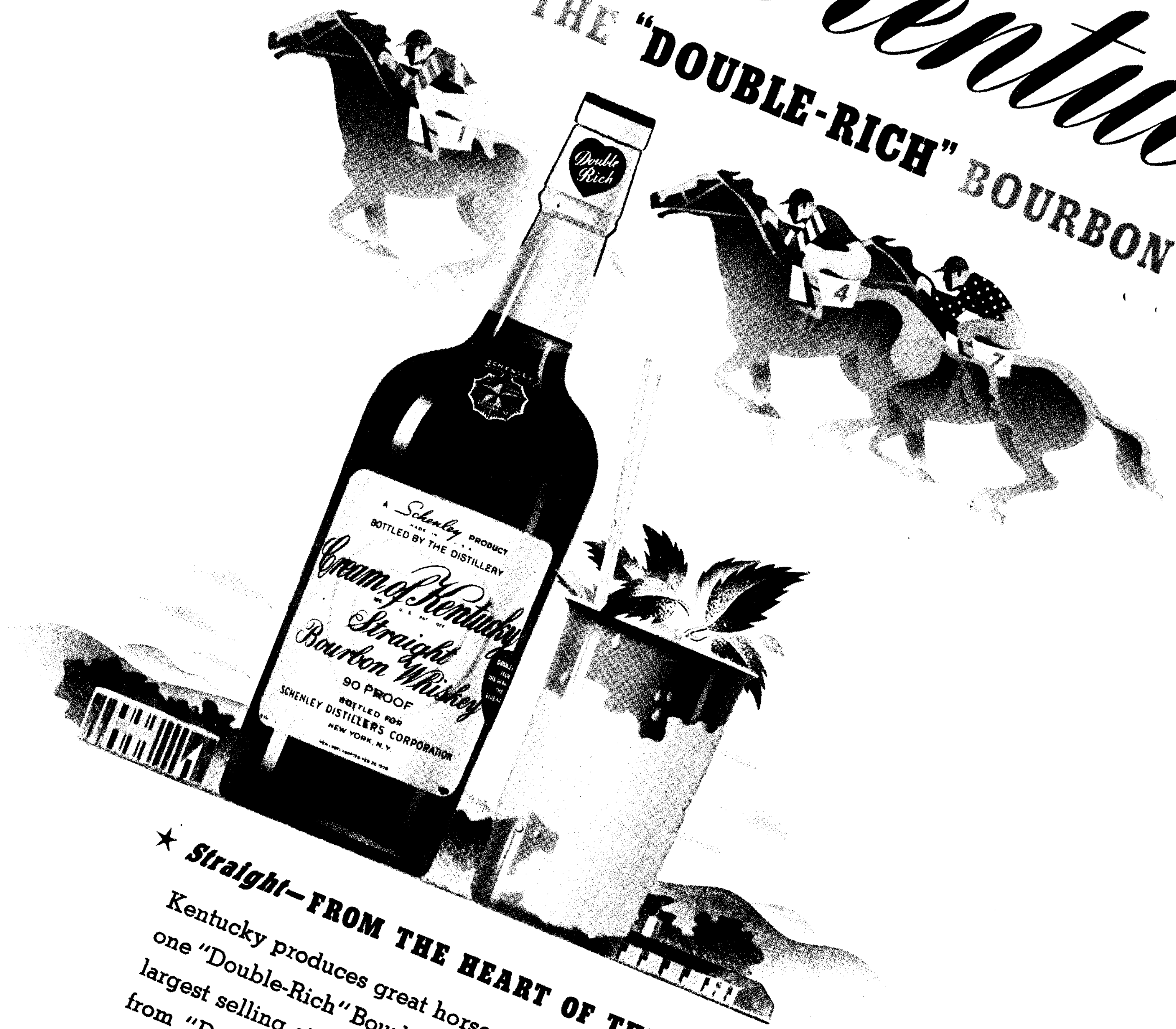
Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.



★ THE GOLD-AND-BLACK COLORS OF MAN O'WAR—ALL-TIME KENTUCKY CHAMPION—NOW STANDING AT FARAWAY FARM, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON


Double Rich
1
4
7
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

★ ***Straight*—FROM THE HEART OF THE BLUEGRASS**

Kentucky produces great horses and great whiskies. But only one "Double-Rich" Bourbon—*Cream of Kentucky*—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon. For "Double-Rich" pleasure, from "Double-Rich" drinks—enjoy this Cream of Kentucky.

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 90 PROOF. COPYRIGHT 1940, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Twice Dead

Continued from page 12

been giving the girl presents and Berrand was sore about it."

The Berrands lived on the second floor. We talked with them. The boy was pleasing and frank-seeming and was about twenty years old. His mother was a handsome woman.

"You see any stranger come to Gilvin's that afternoon he got killed?" O'Malley asked her.

"I didn't."

"You didn't hear no disturbance?"

"No."

"Was that Gilvin a good neighbor?"

"He was until recently. He used to go out very little and nobody came there. Then, a few months ago, he became entirely different. He gave noisy parties, and women came up there."

"What women?"

"Well, several. One lady is named Mrs. Jellis. She's a widow."

THE Nordils lived on the floor above. The girl was sixteen and pretty.

"You hear any noise the afternoon of the murder?" O'Malley asked the mother.

"No."

"Or you didn't see nobody?"

"No."

We knocked on other doors and asked the same questions. Everybody said the same thing. We went to Gilvin's apartment. It was two comfortable rooms.

"This guy," O'Malley remarked, "got killed with a short piece of pipe. Cops found the pipe here. No fingerprints. There's pipe like it in the basement of this building and in other buildings around here too."

"O'Malley," I said, "do you appreciate the significance of these circumstances?"

"What?"

"No stranger can have come in here and killed this man," I declared. "He wouldn't have let a stranger behind him in that fashion. Besides, consider the neighborhood. Ever since we stopped in front of this building, we've been watched. These people are curious about strangers. Whoever did this murder was so well known to them that his presence aroused no curiosity."

"Yeah? Maybe, maybe not. If these people knew something they wouldn't tell a cop. Well, we'll search this place again."

We did. Children were watching us through the open door.

There was a short shelf of books. O'Malley opened one of the books and a letter fell out. We read it.

"Mr. Gilvin," it said, "you stay away from the girl or something will happen to you." It wasn't signed.

"There's your evidence, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "If this turns out to be Berrand's handwriting!"

"Yeah? You got a match?"

I had one. He burned the paper up. Then the inspector and a couple of plain-clothes cops came in.

"What's going on here?" the inspector asked.

"The cop burned a letter up!" one of the children cried.

"What letter?" the inspector asked.

O'Malley explained to him. "The boy didn't kill him, boss," he said.

"No? So you destroy the evidence! I'll have you put back in uniform."

"Not me. I don't go back into no uniform for any man. I'll quit first."

"That would be satisfactory."

O'Malley gave him his shield.

"O'Malley," I said, when we were in the street, "this is the most foolish thing I've ever known you to do."

"It's a hound's life. I want a drink."

There was a bar on the corner. A small man with eyes set close together was buying himself a drink.

"Have a drink," he invited us.

We had one.

"Have another," he said. He had a large roll of bills.

We sat down at a table.

"O'Malley," I urged, miserably, "don't do this. Go back and see the inspector."

"You tend to your business and I'll tend to mine."

I left him, but I went to headquarters next day to see how the matter stood. They said he had resigned from the department, so I went looking for him. He was in the bar. He and the man with the close-set eyes and two others were playing cards. He introduced me to them. The small man was named Eddersen. I talked with the bartender.

"Your friend got canned off the cops," the bartender remarked. "They tell me he had a quarrel with some other cops. Well, he was right. Everybody around here knows Jimmie Berrand didn't do no murder. We all like the lad."

I LEFT. But I went back there next day, and the next. O'Malley was always in the bar. Then I stopped going, but two days later he phoned me to meet him there.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Not much. I got tired of this place. I thought we'd go to a picture. We're taking a lady."

We called for the lady. Her doorbell said "Mrs. Jellis," and she was ready to go with us. She was quite pretty and in her thirties. We went to the theater. Some plain-clothes cops were in the theater entrance but they didn't speak to us. It was a good picture and there was a train wreck in it. The train went off a high trestle, the way they always do in a picture, and some cars burned.

"We'll go," O'Malley said suddenly.

"Can't we see the end of it?" Mrs. Jellis asked.

"Not this time, sister."

We got in a cab, but we didn't take Mrs. Jellis home. We took her to police headquarters. The plain-clothes cops I had seen at the theater were there, and a lot of other cops, and they had the little man Eddersen there and the building owner Averton.

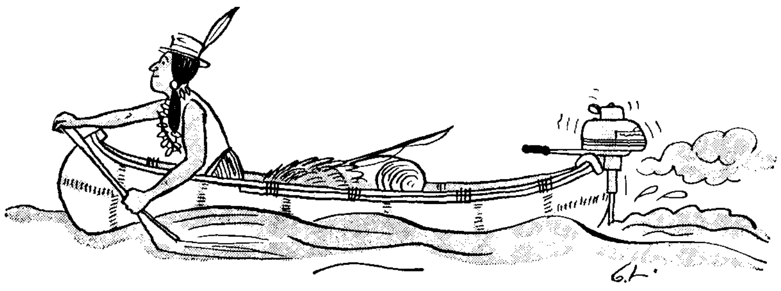
"What's all this, O'Malley?" I demanded. "Are you still on the case?"

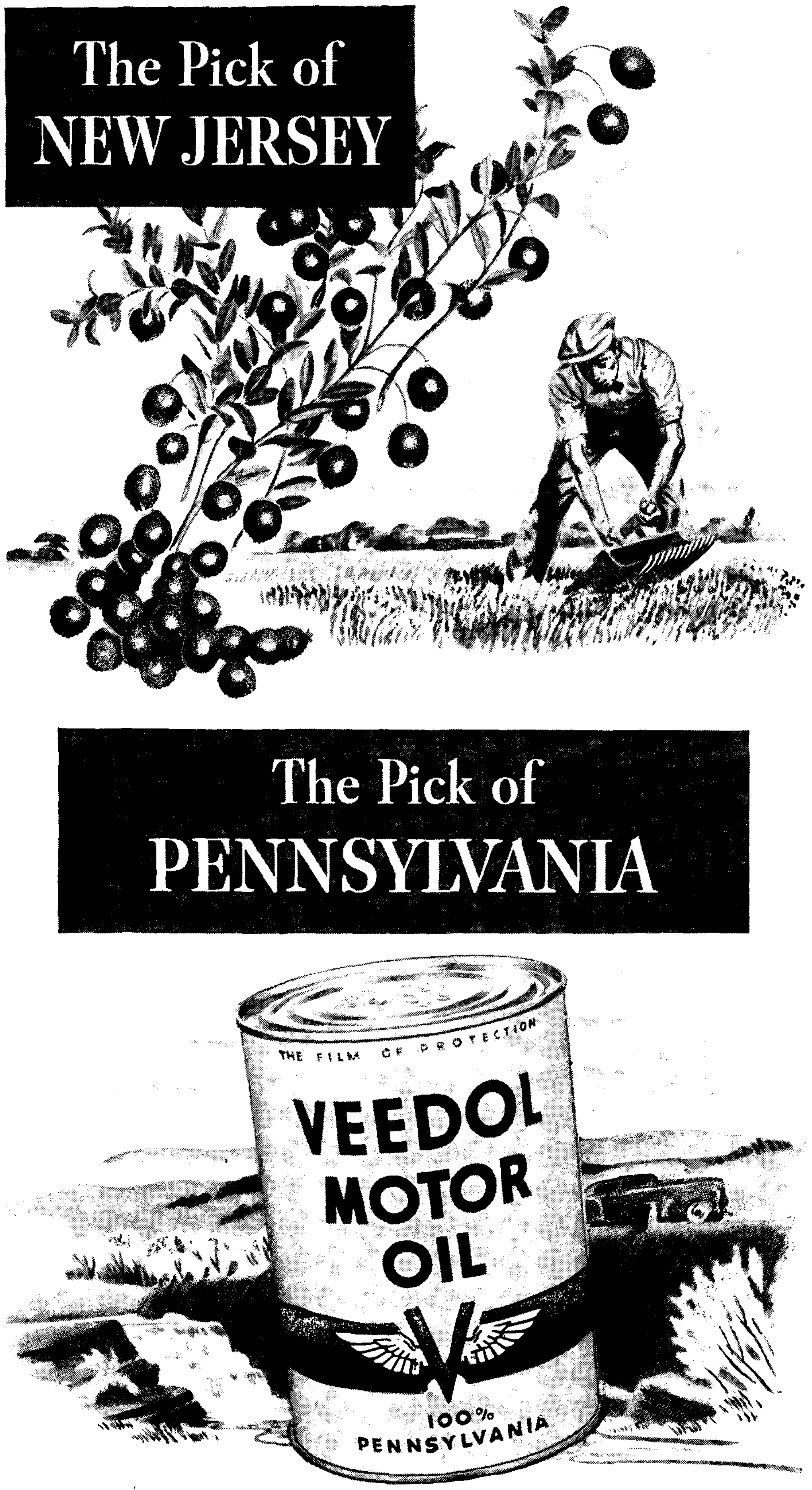
"You're dumb. I never got off it."

"Have you learned anything?"

"We got who knocked the guy off. Averton did."

"Why?"





Copyright 1940 by Tide Water Associated Oil Company

Nature gave them both that EXTRA SOMETHING

LITTLE more need be said of a cranberry than "It comes from New Jersey!". . . and of an oil "It comes from Pennsylvania!" One Pennsylvania crude oil is noted for an inherent richness of those qualities needed most in lubricating your modern motor. It is the *Bradford*-Pennsylvania crude from which Veedol Motor Oil is refined *exclusively*. This top-price Bradford crude imparts to the famous Veedol "Film of Protection" . . . a *tough body* that resists break down or burn up from heat and friction . . . a *flexible body* that constantly seals the most minute clearances to prevent power and fuel waste . . . an *economical body* that means fewer quarts of oil per month, fewer gallons of gas per week, and fewer dollars of expense per season . . . Pick Veedol and you pick the pick of Pennsylvania!

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY . . . MAKERS OF "*FLYING A*" GASOLINES

It's an Easy Walk

TO SCHOOL • TO TOWN
IN UNIVERSITY STYLED BOSTONIANS

Notes for a Quiz

Q. This September, what's on a college man's mind besides his hat?

A. His Shoes. *Being a fast stepper* his shoes must fit and feel right.

Q. How does he keep his feet rarin' to go?

A. He wears University-styled Bostonians. *They're* Walk-Fitted *to* cushion every curve in action.

Q. What's "University-styled?"

A. When 293,147 college men in 729 schools say "I'll pick this pair" —*that makes it an authentic university style.**

Q. Do only college men wear University styles?

A. What a question. They're tops in town, too. **National College Poll, 1940.*

BOSTONIAN SHOES • WHITMAN, MASS.

At ease on rail:
PLATEAU (left) a No. 1 University style *from* Bowdoin *to* U. S. C. Soft, rugged tweed leather with rubber or leather soles. Plain-toe **MARVEL** (center) drapes your foot with the greatest of ease. Its Shetland leather accents shaggy fall fabrics. Campus-chosen **KENWOOD** (right) comes in bootmaker finish.

On the book is college-preferred **BERWYN**—a wing tip shoe in Bostonians' exclusive Tweed leather.

$7.85 to $11.00

WELLINGTON (left) introduces ox-blood to every Campus. Another Tweed triumph—Tweed **GLENDALE** (right) wins an "A" for action. Bootmaker finish.

"We ain't sure. I'll meet you tonight."

I waited around and asked questions but I couldn't find out anything, so I left and met O'Malley that night.

"How was it?" I asked.

"We'll eat. Say!" he went on, when we were in the restaurant, "this is a funny one. This Averton that done the murder, and that Gilvin that got knocked off, was business partners. Gilvin's right name was Randers. They was in a real-estate business. About three years ago they got into business troubles and it looked like, without they could raise some more money, they was going to lose all they had. Gilvin knew some people out West that he thought maybe he could get some money from. So him and a guy named Lersing that worked for them went west, but they couldn't get no money.

"THEY were in Kansas City on their way back to New York and were ready to take a train, when Randers decided he'd see one more guy that he hadn't seen because the guy had moved to a little town. He gave Lersing one of his traveling bags to bring back to New York and took the other himself, and he went to that town, but it turned out there'd been a mistake and the guy didn't live there at all.

"So Randers was on his way back to New York, when he read in a newspaper that the train Lersing had took had been wrecked and some cars burned and Lersing and some other people was killed, and some people was burned so they wasn't recognizable. Randers' bag had been found in the wreck with papers in it and it was known him and Lersing were traveling together, and the newspaper said one of the burned-up guys was supposed to be Randers."

"So what?" I inquired.

"Plenty. When Averton and Randers had went into business together quite a few years before, they'd each one had his life insured in favor of the other, the way some partners do, each one for fifty thousand dollars. Randers seen that if the burned-up guy really had been him Averton would collect that money and it would save their business. He hadn't registered at no hotel in the little town where he'd been or give his name to anybody. So when he got to New York, he went to a rooming house where he wasn't known and he give a false name and he called up his partner. He told him if nobody identified the burned-up guy as somebody else, maybe Averton could identify the guy as him and they could get the insurance."

"A strange affair!" I said.

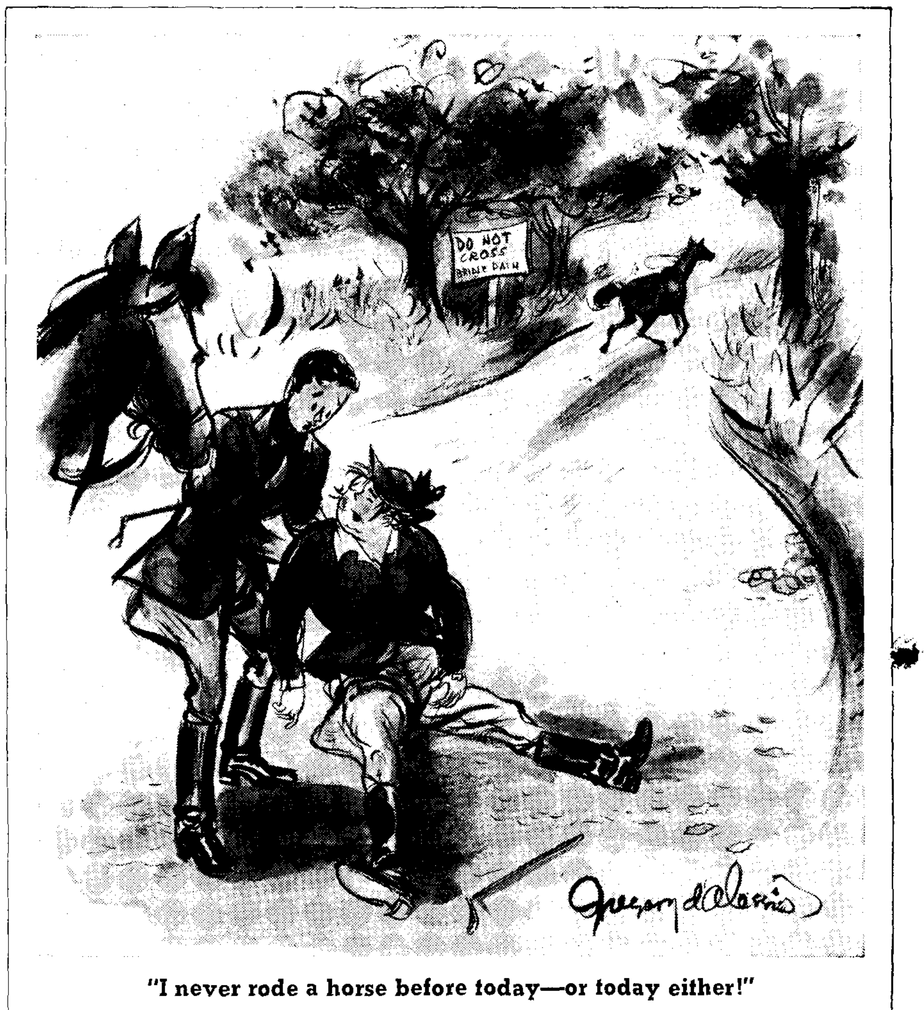
"What's strange? Well, it turned out the way they'd planned: Averton went and identified the dead guy as Randers and after a while the insurance company paid the insurance. Meanwhile, Randers had went to the West Side and took a couple of rooms and called himself Gilvin. He had to meet Averton sometimes to talk about business and it was dangerous to do that, so after a while Averton bought the building where Gilvin had his rooms. Then he could see Gilvin when he went there to collect the rents without nobody thinking anything. So it worked out all right except for one thing."

"What thing?" I inquired.

"Gilvin had figured out how to be dead, but he hadn't figured out no way he could ever come alive again. After a while, he got tired of living that way. He begun to go out and have a good time, and he met Mrs. Jellis and wanted to marry her. He figured half the business belonged to him, and told Averton he'd have to find some way to give him his half and of getting Gilvin out of the country, so him and Mrs. Jellis could go to South America. Averton claimed if they tried to do that the whole thing would be found out and they'd both be in Sing Sing for years to come. So they quarreled about it. Finally, it come to Averton the only solution of the thing was to knock Gilvin off."

"I see. How on earth did you find this out?"

"You got a right to ask. There wasn't much clue to it, without we could find out who this Gilvin was. Whoever had killed him had beat him up so that it wasn't possible anyone could ever rec-


DO NOT CROSS BRIDLE PATH
Gregory d'Alessio

"I never rode a horse before today—or today either!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Mr. W. Porter Ogelsby, Jr., and son, John, descendants of American Revolutionary heroes, visit Independence Hall, view famous Liberty Bell. Mr. Ogelsby says: "I like everything American, including American food. After a trip I can't wait to get back to a real American cup of coffee—Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee—rich, delightfully stimulating, golden goodness—finest way to start the day!"

CHASE & SANBORN
DATED
COFFEE
Dated Here
ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

Temple University students visit ancient Betsy Ross House, are thrilled by replica of first American flag. Later at "dorms" they'll talk it all over, over an exciting cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee—Marvelous coffee . . . a wonderful college . . . a great country . . . they're glad they're American girls!

Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* rings the bell in Philadelphia, "Cradle of Liberty"

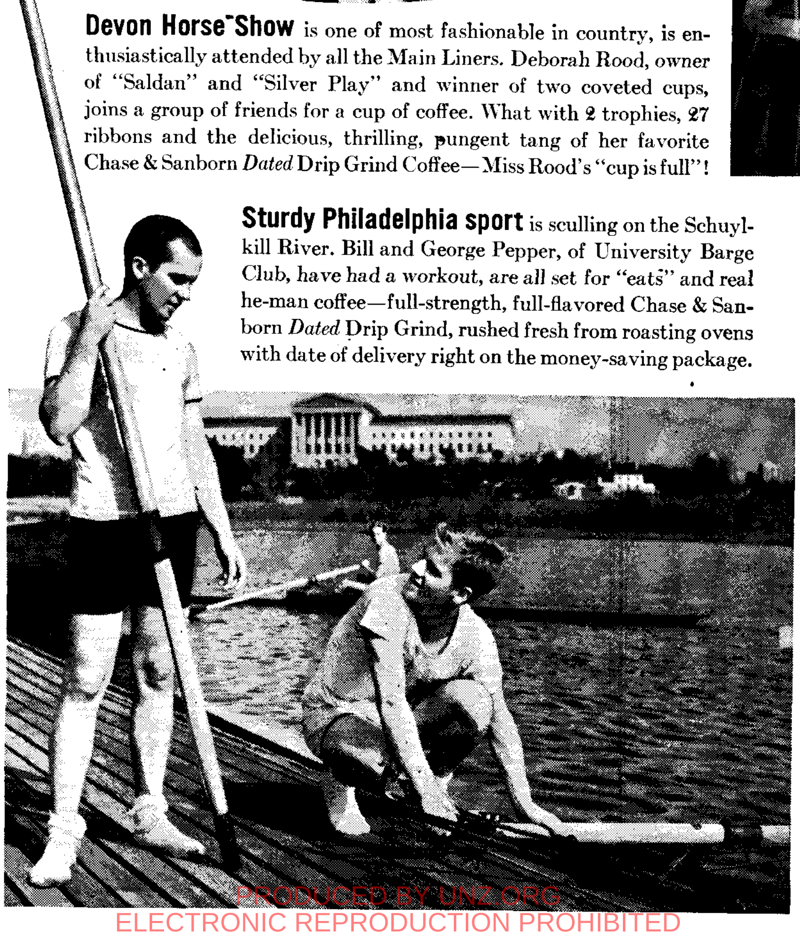
Copyright, 1940, by Standard Brands Inc.

All afternoon Ann has watched Henry press buttons at The Franklin Institute . . . test planes. "Wish I could press a button and get a cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee"—Ann. "Place right around the corner"—Henry. "That's the kind of modern miracle we can *both* appreciate," Ann says—"Aroma straight from heaven . . . flavor that makes the sun shine on a rainy day . . . lead me to it!"

George Washington's winter headquarters at Valley Forge are now popular wedding headquarters—312 couples last year. Beth and Albert Coleman are starting their married life on the All-American plan—Early American house, Federal furniture, a famous American coffee, loved all over the United States for its glorious, heart-warming flavor—Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee—"Friendship in a cup"!

Devon Horse Show is one of most fashionable in country, is enthusiastically attended by all the Main Liners. Deborah Rood, owner of "Saldan" and "Silver Play" and winner of two coveted cups, joins a group of friends for a cup of coffee. What with 2 trophies, 27 ribbons and the delicious, thrilling, pungent tang of her favorite Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee—Miss Rood's "cup is full"!

Sturdy Philadelphia sport is sculling on the Schuylkill River. Bill and George Pepper, of University Barge Club, have had a workout, are all set for "eats" and real he-man coffee—full-strength, full-flavored Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind, rushed fresh from roasting ovens with date of delivery right on the money-saving package.



The Hammonds of Bryn Mawr appreciate the best. Fridays, enjoy famous Philadelphia Orchestra. Sundays, listen to Edgar Bergen's famous Charlie McCarthy, NBC Red Network, Chase & Sanborn program. *Every day,* serve one of world's finest mountain-grown coffees—Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, famous for flavor!

YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THESE FACTS BEFORE YOU BUY ANY ROOF!

HOW much is it going to cost? (Or, better yet, how *little?*) How long is it going to last? How quickly can it be put on? Will it be really beautiful? You've got to know the answers to these questions before you can be sure you've picked the right roof for your home.

NOTE THIS: Under the two-year F.H.A. plan a Barber Genasco Roof for the average-size home COSTS NO MORE per day than a package of cigarettes. A Barber Genasco Roof can be depended on to last for years because it is the only roof that is made with genuine Trinidad Native Lake Asphalt. This asphalt is Nature's own idea of a real weatherproofing material. And it's exclusive with Barber. Barber Roofings have been "color-styled" by one of America's leading color engineers. And they can usually be applied in a day's time — often *right over your old roof!*

FIND your local Barber roofer or dealer in the classified telephone directory. Call him. He will give you the real roofing information you need to make a wise selection. His consultation services are free.

BARBER ASPHALT CORPORATION • BARBER, NEW JERSEY

Barber Products include: Shingles, Sidings, Roll Roofings, Bonded and other types of Built-Up Roofings, Waterproofing Asphalts and Fabrics, Resurfacer, Asphalt Protective Products (Plastics and Liquids), Spandrel Beam Waterproofing (Spandrel Cloth and Cement).

BARBER PRODUCTS

BARBER GENASCO QUALITY *means a good Roof*

ognize him and it looked like he'd taken pains to do that."

"I saw that much," I said with pride.

"Yeah. Everybody that lived there claimed they hadn't seen nobody go to Gilvin's rooms, and we couldn't tell were they telling the truth, or if it just was they were people who wouldn't tell nothing to cops. We had to get some way to find that out and get people to talk, so I figured a way and I told the inspector."

"You mean the note that we found?"

"You got it! Everybody around there knew the first cops that come there suspected young Berrand. Them people all liked the boy. So I had a cop write that note like it might be from Berrand and put it in that book. Then I and you found it. Then the inspector come in and fired me because I'd burned it up. Then I sat in that bar. I figured people that wouldn't talk to a cop would talk to an ex-one, especially if the cop had got fired for protecting somebody they thought wasn't guilty."

I didn't say anything.

"I FOUND," he continued, "they didn't have nothing to tell. But I did get one thing: That little guy Eddersen hadn't ever had any money but now he had plenty. I told him not to spend so much, but he said he could get more. So then I hung out with him and I put together things that he said till I found out he got it from Averton.

"It turns out Eddersen seen Averton take a piece of pipe from the basement. After the murder he went to Averton and told him he'd seen him. Averton told him he hadn't done the murder and he'd got the pipe for something else; but he said it might make him trouble if the police knew about it, and he give Eddersen money not to tell."

"Of course that turned your attention to Averton," I said.

"Right. I found out he'd had a partner that got killed one time in a train wreck. Business guys that had known the partner give me a description of him, and it was something like Gilvin, but I saw we couldn't prove anything except from Averton himself."

"Then what?"

"We done that business at the picture theater. I looked around and it wasn't hard to find a picture that had a train wreck in it. Then I had a plain-clothes cop go and tell Averton that we wanted to see him at headquarters. He didn't mind going. He didn't know he was suspected. Well, they didn't go to headquarters. When they got out on the street a couple more plain-clothes men joined 'em, and later some more, and when they got to the theater still some more were waiting. Averton knew they was all cops because they had their shields pinned on their vests and every once in a while one of 'em let his coat fly open so he could see the shield.

"When they went into the theater, Averton asked what they were going there for, and none of 'em answered him, and whatever he said nobody answered. A guilty guy that a cop keeps with him and don't ask no questions gets thinking the cop must know all about it or he'd ask him something. These cops kept whispering to one another like they knew a lot, and Averton kept wondering what they was talking about. Then all at once in the picture he seen the train wreck.

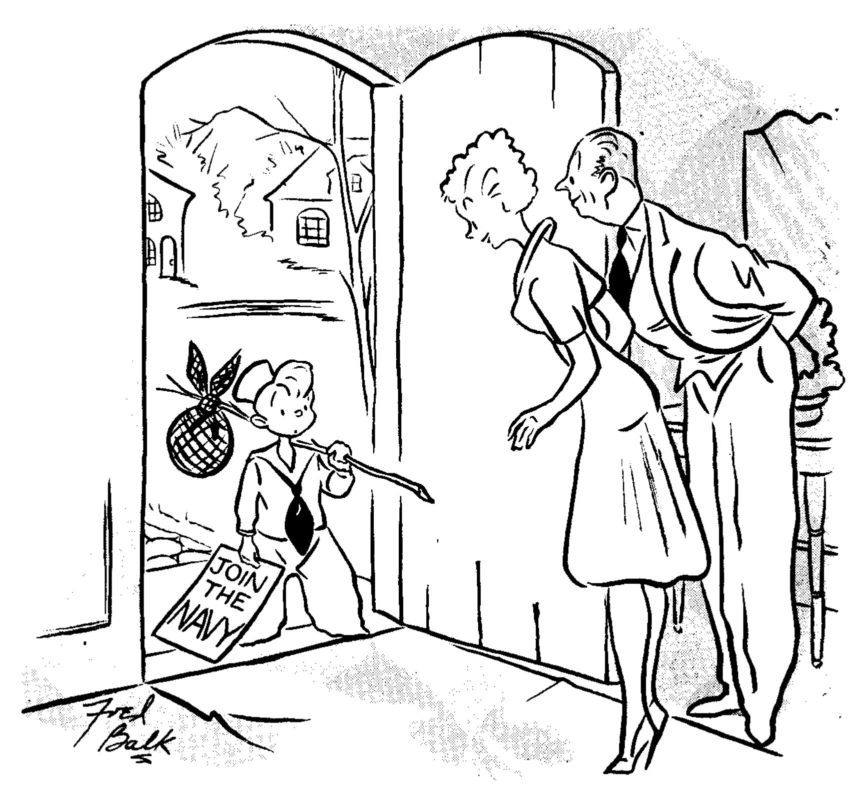
"I didn't know how much Eddersen really knew, so I had a couple of cops take him to the picture too; and I'd met that Mrs. Jellis and I and you took her along. I was wondering if Gilvin had ever told her anything. They was both innocent and the train wreck didn't mean nothing to 'em. But when the cops he'd been sitting with marched Averton out of the theater right after the train wreck, he was so sure they knew all about it that he begun right away to make 'em a statement that he'd killed Gilvin in self-defense. We can prove he didn't do that."

"All very clever," I told him grudgingly, "but you might have let me in on it. I've been wasting a lot of sympathy thinking you were no longer a cop."

"Say, you was my best helper! I was afraid them people wouldn't believe that piece of shenanigan, but when they seen you believing it, it stopped all their doubt."

"All right."

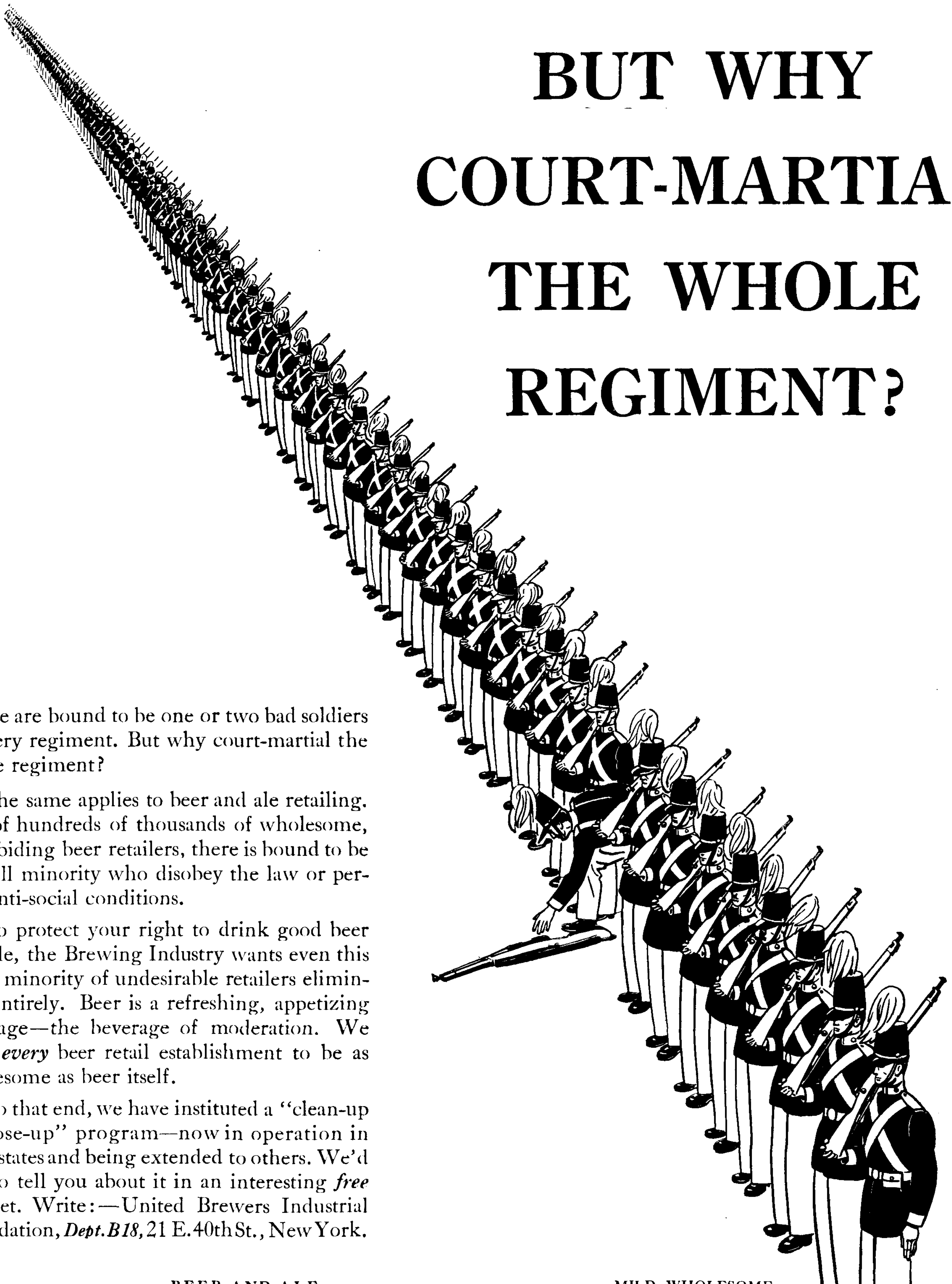
"Sure it was all right. Of course, Averton lied when he said Gilvin paid him any rent. Before I knew that, do you know what I was thinking? I was thinking maybe this was the first time a landlord ever murdered a tenant that was prompt with his rent."



"The enlisting officer said I should come home and shave before I sign up"

FRED BALK

BUT WHY COURT-MARTIAL THE WHOLE REGIMENT?

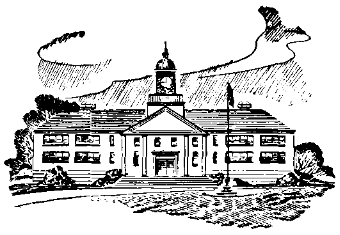


There are bound to be one or two bad soldiers in every regiment. But why court-martial the whole regiment?

The same applies to beer and ale retailing. Out of hundreds of thousands of wholesome, law-abiding beer retailers, there is bound to be a small minority who disobey the law or permit anti-social conditions.

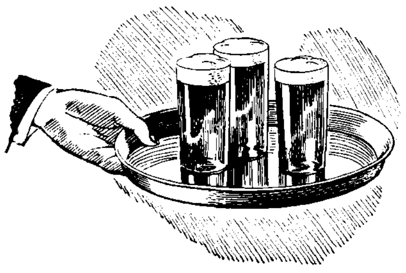
To protect your right to drink good beer and ale, the Brewing Industry wants even this small minority of undesirable retailers eliminated entirely. Beer is a refreshing, appetizing beverage—the beverage of moderation. We want *every* beer retail establishment to be as wholesome as beer itself.

To that end, we have instituted a "clean-up or close-up" program—now in operation in some states and being extended to others. We'd like to tell you about it in an interesting *free* booklet. Write:—United Brewers Industrial Foundation, ***Dept. B18,*** 21 E. 40th St., New York.



BEER AND ALE TAXES support schools, public health programs, care for aged. In many states, beer taxes are "ear-marked" for socially beneficial purposes.

Beer's taxes . . . federal, state, and local . . . are well over a million dollars a day.



MILD, WHOLESOME BEVERAGES FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT. Always easy to serve, beer and ale are favored by many hosts and hostesses for home entertainment.

Tasty, mild and wholesome, they are ideal beverages for *moderation* parties.

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

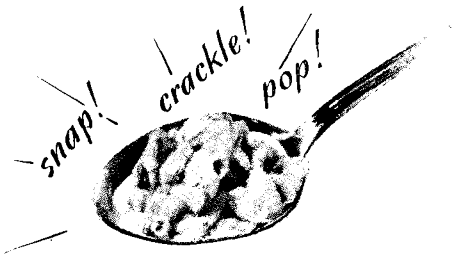
UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

X
Snap!
crackle!
pop!

VOTE FOR *Crispness*

...CRISPNESS THAT LASTS!

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits

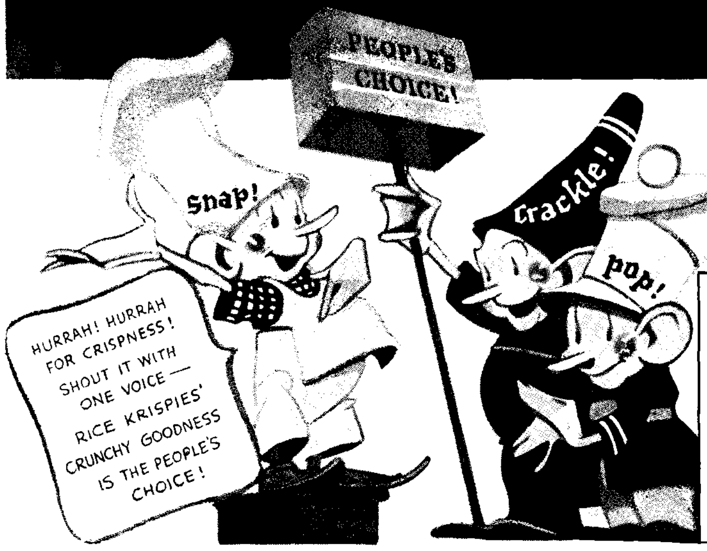

snap!
crackle!
pop!

● Winning new hosts of friends every day—this breakfast treat that's always crisp . . . always delicious! Kellogg's Rice Krispies have a way with sleepy appetites.

Rice Krispies boast a rich flavor and crispness that will amaze you. They're "popped" in ovens in a special way . . . then toasted gently to bring out the unique Kellogg flavor. They're so mouth-watering, so tantalizingly delicious, so *lastingly* crisp! You just can't resist them as they snap! crackle! pop! in milk or cream.

Don't miss out any longer. Make a date with Kellogg's Rice Krispies tomorrow morning. Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice is used in them. And you can be sure they'll reach you crisp. For they're packed in Kellogg's exclusive innerwrap—"Waxtite" heat-sealed at *both* top and bottom.

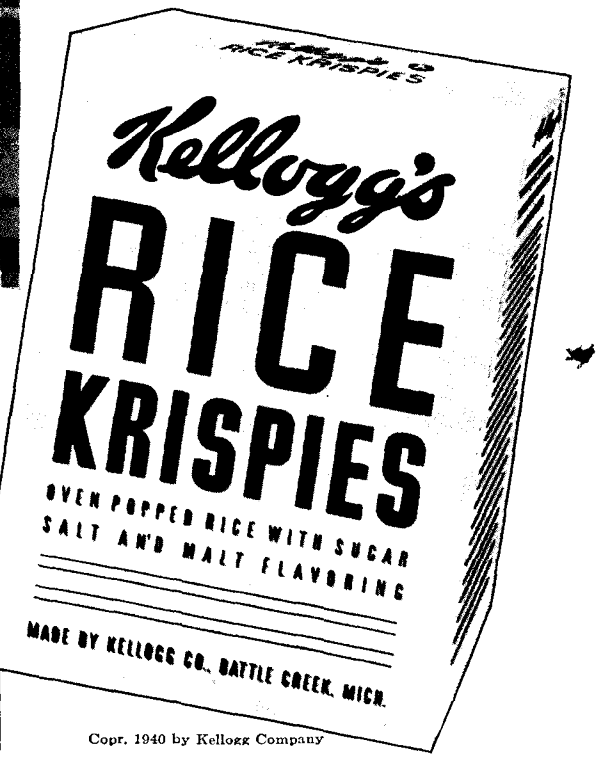
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK


PEOPLE'S CHOICE!
Snap!
crackle!
pop!
HURRAH! HURRAH
FOR CRISPNESS!
SHOUT IT WITH
ONE VOICE —
RICE KRISPIES'
CRUNCHY GOODNESS
IS THE PEOPLE'S
CHOICE!

Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

"OVEN-POPPED" Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.


Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR
SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
MADE BY KELLOGG CO. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company

What Happened to France

Continued from page 17

But England, which is slow by nature and by principle, was never more so than in this war. The trade unions did not lift their restrictions on work for several months, not until trade unionists had been admitted to the government. The businessmen were worried about keeping their export markets. Orders that should have been placed in America and Canada were not placed in sufficent quantity. The manufacture of airplanes did not proceed with real efficiency until that late day when it was entrusted to Lord Beaverbrook. In March, 1940, Raoul Dautry, French minister of armament, had been shocked to learn that the English experts were still wrangling over the type of tank they were going to put into mass production. About the same time General Billotte, commander of the group of armies of the north, said to me:

"The English? They have, I know, splendid qualities. They are soldiers that hold their ground well, and their leaders are men with experience in war, but they are maddeningly slow. Imagine, after eight months of war, they have ten divisions! With all the men they have conscripted they should have formed at least thirty! But they want to do things too well. They are finicky. The Germans, now, know the importance of the *time* factor. There are cases when it is better to have mediocre equipment in time than perfect equipment after the war."

THE chief of the general staff of the French mission of liaison, Colonel de Cardes, was also worried.

"I cannot secure precise information," he told me, "about the number of men the English are planning to send us in the course of the next few months. I need the figures in order to recruit my liaison officers. But no one seems to know. Sometimes they tell me four divisions between now and October; sometimes one. Sometimes they are going to form a second army, sometimes they decide not to. In any case we cannot count on anything of importance this summer. It's agonizing."

Nevertheless, despite prejudices and delays, German propaganda was far from having attained its goal in April, 1940. To be sure one met plenty of Anglophobes in France. There had always been Anglophobes and, for some of them, it was a profession. But between the general staffs of the two armies relations were good, better on the whole than in 1914. The two admiralties had no secrets from each other. The English told us of all their most recent discoveries and we opened all our files to them.

Fraternization between the troops was not easy. Language constituted a barrier. But when occasion presented itself the men showed good will toward one another. All this was very cordial. Acute Anglophobia was to be found in the ruling classes rather than among the people.

It was the navy and the Royal Air Force that saved the fighting prestige of England in the eyes of many French civilians. The episodes of the Graf Spee and the Altmark and the battle of Narvik produced a great effect.

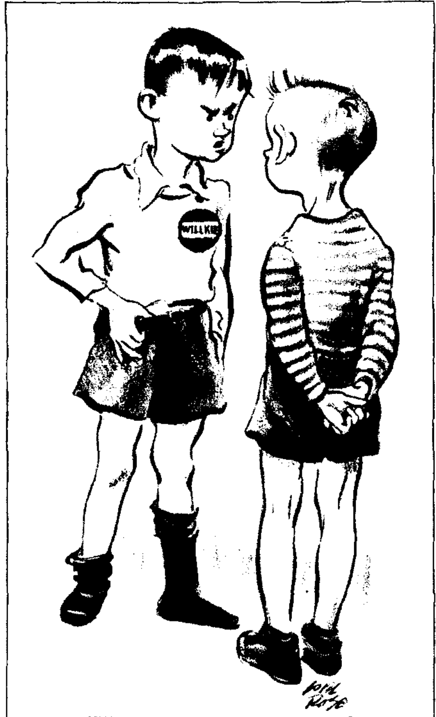
"All the same," even the most rebellious of the French said when they heard these accounts, "those English are some boys!"

The Royal Air Force was very popular with us. At the beginning of the war, when France herself had so few airplanes, the exploits of the British air force reassured our soldiers. The latter loved to see a Hurricane surge up against the Heinkels or Dorniers and with a single burst of fire from its eight machine guns bring down an enemy plane in flames.

THE English machines—both the Hurricane and Spitfire pursuits and later the Defiant as well as the Blenheim and Wellington bombers—were much admired by our experts. And the pilots were worthy of the planes. Enthusiastic young sportsmen, they were a delight to see in their blue-gray uniforms and they were as modest as they were brave.

"Is it hard to shoot down a German bomber?" I inquired one day from a boy of nineteen who already had several German planes to his credit.

"Hard?" he said. "No, it's not hard. All you have to do is to follow exactly the instructions given at the flying school. They told me there to follow the enemy plane, disregarding its fire, until it was about three hundred yards away, then to get it in the center of this little red circle that you see on my windshield. At that moment they said to press the button that controls all eight machine guns and the German would crash. I followed instructions. At three hundred yards I got the enemy machine in the center of my sights. I pressed the button and the German crashed. You see, it's not hard."



"Who *you* votin' for?"

CARL ROSE

But if the machines and pilots were perfect, the organization of the Royal Air Force was too complicated. General Gort had under his command in the north a certain number of planes which constituted what was known as the Component Air Force. In Champagne there was another group that was known as the Advanced Striking Force and was composed chiefly of bombers. Finally a large number of machines remained in England to defend the English factories and villages.

A pursuit plane can stay in the air for about an hour and a half, and so the squadrons stationed in Great Britain could rarely be of service in France. They had fought at Dunkirk because the battle there had been very close to the English coast. They had arrived in a half-hour from their English air fields, had spent another half-hour fighting, which permitted them to do good work, and they had left a half-hour's supply of gasoline to take them back to their base. But the farther south the field of battle moved the less possible became this maneuver. It is this that explains the progressive diminution in numbers of the English squadrons engaged in the battle of Flanders and the growing discontent of the French command.

The battle of Flanders, like every defeat of a coalition, gave rise to mutual reproaches. Not that courage had been lacking. In the British army, as in the French army, many units conducted themselves admirably, but some explanation had to be found for the disaster.

"We were encircled," said the English, "and we lost our supplies and equipment because of an error in strategy which we did not commit."

"It is true," the French replied, "that mistakes have been made, but the first and most serious of them was not to have an adequate number of men and in that you bear a large share of the responsibility."

THE first reaction of Winston Churchill after the engagement at Sedan was to minimize the seriousness of the defeat. Arriving in Paris, on the fifteenth of May, he astonished and revitalized the supreme council by the vigor of his determination. Those who saw him that day were filled with admiration at his rage, which was like that of an old lion, and at the power of his eloquence. He was opposed to the idea of a retreat from Belgium and the abandonment of Louvain and Brussels. He wanted to fight the offensive by a counteroffensive.

But on the twenty-sixth of May, Reynaud in his turn went to London where he made a discouraging report and said that unless the English were capable of making a massive effort France would be forced to abandon the struggle. Two days later on the twenty-eighth of May the defection of the Belgian army precipitated the retreat to Dunkirk.

After Dunkirk there were eddies of public opinion in England. "Let us not send back to France," wrote certain journalists, "those divisions we have just saved at so great a cost. They will be useless to the French army, whose situation is hopeless, and they will be lost forever for the defense of the British Isles." Even those who did not share this insular egoism maintained that it would take at least three months to reequip troops that had lost everything.

What remained in France to represent the British army at the time of the battle of the Somme? The Fifty-First Division had escaped the disaster of Flanders because it was in the Saar. It was sent to the region of Saint-Valery-en-Caux. A motorized division which was in process of debarkation and a few elements of a third division completed this tiny army. The Canadians crossed the Channel, but they arrived too late and re-embarked without fighting. Thus, at the moment when the greatest battle of the war was being fought, against more than a hundred and fifty German divisions there were in France barely three or four British divisions. For those who understood the circumstances, this was an inevitable consequence of the defeat in Flanders. But it is natural that the French army should have had at that time the feeling of carrying the whole weight of the war alone.

"The English?" the German radio commented suavely. "They know only one military operation—re-embarka-

DOES BOTH JOBS AT ONCE!

IT CLEANS THE CAR
GIVES A WAX POLISH

DU PONT
SPEEDY WAX
(LIQUID)

- Putting a wax polish on your car isn't the long, tough job it used to be. With Du Pont Speedy Wax, you can now *clean* the finish and give it a beautiful wax polish in one easy operation. You do *both* jobs at the same time. Speedy Wax is fine for all car finishes.

DU PONT
SPEEDY WAX
(LIQUID)
IT CLEANS as it waxes
7

WANT A SAMPLE?

We will gladly send you a generous sample—enough Speedy Wax for fenders and hood. Just send 6¢, to help cover postage. Clip coupon below.

DU PONT, Chem. Spec. Div.
Dept. 8-B, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me a generous sample of Speedy Wax. I enclose 6 cents to help pay postage.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City & State____________________

(*Offer good in U. S. only*)

SCRATCHED FENDERS can be made to look new. Use DU PONT TOUCH-UP BLACK. It is easy to apply with the brush in the can. Dries in 30 minutes.

tion. You will soon read in their newspapers triumphant communiqués announcing that His Majesty's navy has achieved a great success in re-embarking the last British soldiers without disorder or bloodshed."

Appearances gave support to these propaganda talks. The English generals, rendered distrustful by the battle of Flanders, were afraid of being encircled and, with instinctive impulse, tried to get their backs to the sea. The French command felt this uneasiness and feared its effects. The period of trustful collaboration was over.

At the beginning of June the state of mind in both armies seemed to me so disturbing that I emphatically called it to the attention of my superiors. It was then, as I have said, that I was assigned the mission of going to England to draw the attention, not of the government (which was well-informed) but of the English people to the desperate situation in France; and to say that Great Britain, giving no thought to her personal security, must send us her last airplane and last battalion.

I left from Buc near Versailles in one of the Royal Air Force planes.

From the Hendon airport I went straight to the French mission who took me to the British ministry of information. In this building I found I had a great many friends: the minister, Duff Cooper; his parliamentary secretary, Harold Nicolson (one of the best writers of our time); Ronald Tree; Lord Hood and a dozen others. I arrived at the exact moment when the daily press conference was meeting. Charles Peake of the foreign office, who was presiding, pushed me onto the platform and said, "Since your mission is to make known the situation in France, this is your chance. You will be talking to the whole British press."

I DID not know what I was going to say; I had not prepared anything and I am, in normal circumstances, completely unable to improvise in English. But on that day I was so moved by the misfortunes of France and by the frightful future opening before us that the words gushed out. When I had finished, to my great surprise, the three hundred journalists who were present got up and applauded for a long time. I don't believe anyone until then had told them with equal frankness the hideousness of France's position, the necessity of immediate help and the impossibility of our holding unless England had reinforcements to give us.

After this talk Nicolson and Peake took me to Duff Cooper. It was agreed with him that I should repeat on the radio what I had just said, in different terms, that same evening and that the British Broadcasting Company would give me its "best time," that is, the "Postscript to the News" at 9:15 P.M.

I hastily composed a message which ended thus:

"It is not in 1941, it is not this autumn, it is not even next month that our friends can help us: it is *now*. We know how magnificently the British army and the Royal Air Force have fought, we know that they have done all that it was possible to do. The time has come to do what is impossible. We have complete trust in our British allies. We know they are ready to throw into this fight all they possess. What we ask them to realize is the importance of *time*. Remember what we might call the spirit of Dunkirk. Before Dunkirk it was thought impossible to evacuate in a few days, from a half-shattered harbor, more than 30,000 men. Wild optimists said 50,000. In fact, 335,000 were saved. How was it done? Who knows better than you do, you who have done it? . . . And if you show once more the spirit of Dunkirk you can also win this battle and the war. . . . For Dunkirk you gave every ship. Give now every plane, every man, every gun. Let us together ask America, now so ready to help us, to produce in one or two months what under general conditions would take years. It is impossible, all experts will say, to equip, to train and to send over in a few weeks a large army. That is true. It *is* impossible but it must be done, and it will be done. . . ."

THE British Broadcasting Company asked me to return at two o'clock in the morning to repeat the same message, this time in French, for the Province of Quebec and also to come back next day to talk to the English schools. I was in a state of extreme fatigue, not having slept for two nights, but I was happy to see how quickly the British public responded to my appeal. During the days that followed I received innumerable letters and many callers. All expressed the same desire: "We want to help France. What can we do?"

I got the impression that public opinion in England wanted the government to take stronger measures. But good will is no substitute for tanks or planes or rifles.

"These letters and visits," I said to my friends, "are touching. But actually what can you give us?"

Their faces became grave and distressed.

"Aside from the Canadian division which has just left," they replied, "we have no troops equipped for a war on the Continent. We haven't supplies to replace all we lost in Flanders. We shall certainly send several squadrons of airplanes but it is essential in our common interests that our aviation factories and our ports should remain well defended. If you can hold out until 1941 . . ."

Then I knew the game was lost and there was no more hope for France.

I said to the French ambassador, Charles Corbin, whose attitude through all this difficult period had been both courageous and high-minded: "After all, it *is* strange that in the tenth month of the war the English have no army!"

"Yes," he replied, "but we must be fair. They have kept to the letter the agreements they made. The dates were fixed for the formation of the British divisions; these dates have been met. The fault was not to have demanded of our allies as many divisions as in 1914, but it is a fact: we did not ask them for anything of the sort. The myth about the power of defense and about fortified lines blinded our general staff and our ministers."

On the morning of the 13th the newspapers announced the Germans were in front of Paris. As I was sadly reading the Times I was called to the telephone, and a lady in waiting informed me that the queen wished to see me at eleven o'clock in Buckingham Palace. I had been presented to Queen Elizabeth when she was Duchess of York; I had seen her again, as queen, in Paris, but I did not know to what I owed the honor of this audience. The palace with its tall footmen dressed in red, its innumerable commemorative pictures and its bamboo furniture, still appeared very Victorian. Sir Alexander Harding conducted me to the queen.

"Mr. Maurois," she said, "I wish to tell you that I feel great sorrow for Paris . . . and great sympathy for the French in their misfortune. . . . I love France so *much*. During our trip to Paris two years ago I felt the hearts of the women of France beating so close to mine. I am going to try to talk to them this evening over the radio and to tell them the simple truths that come straight from my heart."

She talked to me about this broadcast and then asked me about what I had seen and about my wife and children. I told her I had no news of them. Her soft eyes expressed so much human compassion that I was profoundly moved. When she had said, "I love France so *much*," I had felt that this was no official phrase but a cry brought forth by true emotion. The queen, like her people, wanted to do everything to aid us. But it was too late.

AFTER the fall of Paris, Winston Churchill went to Tours where he was horrified by the complete disorganization of the country. The airport at which he landed was deserted. No members of the government, no representative, came to meet him. The city was overcrowded with refugees and he had great difficulty in finding the government of France.

There, in a château on the Loire, the French premier told him that he, Reynaud, stood for continuing the struggle but that he might be forced to make way for another government which would ask for an armistice. In that case what would England say? Winston Churchill was not able to release France from her promise not to make a separate peace, but the British cabinet, I believe, let it be understood that there would be no vain recriminations and that the restoration of France to full independence would remain one of its war aims. This meeting between Reynaud and Churchill in Touraine was the last.

On the twenty-seventh of June I went to Wiltshire to see Sir Eric Phipps, former English ambassador to France,

EXCELSIO
LUMBER C

"I hope it doesn't slip. He's the paymaster!" ROBERT DAY

That man who always lived in a new house, on the opposite page ——> knows that the

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

is the Statler Hotel in New York

When you come to New York—on your World's Fair trip, for example—here's why we'd like to welcome you to our Hotel Pennsylvania. . .

We'd like you to know how spacious and comfortable and cheerful our newly decorated rooms are . . . how delicious (and reasonable) the meals are in all three Hotel Pennsylvania restaurants. Economical *budget* prices, in the gay, new Coffee Shop.

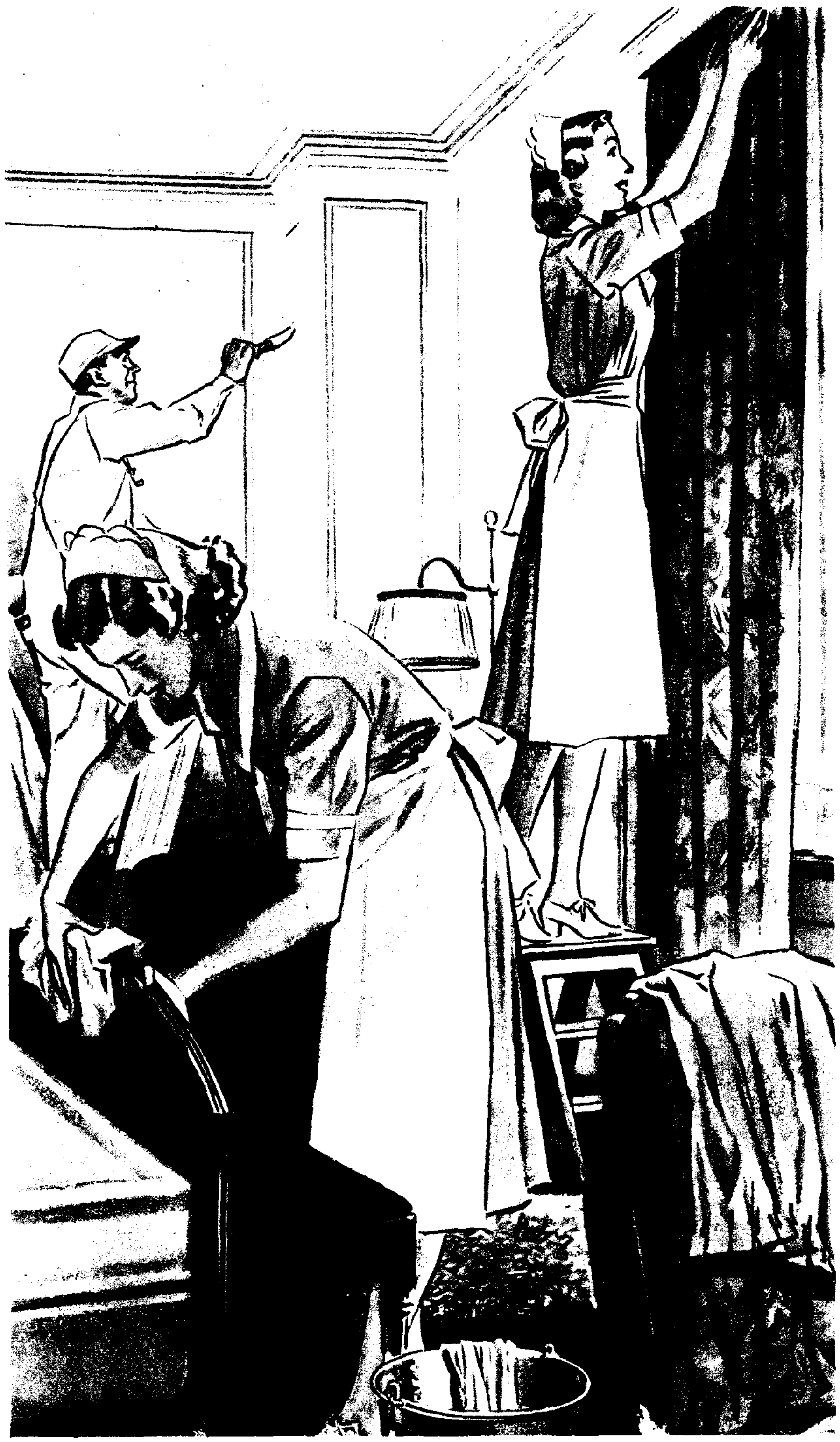
And that's not all! We want you to enjoy the grandest *location* in town—just a few steps through our passageway to Long Island Station, where special trains shuttle you to the Fair in 10 minutes, for 10 cents. Furthermore, to make all this doubly attractive, we haven't raised room rates one penny during the Fair!

James H McCabe
General Manager

More for your money at
Hotel Pennsylvania
NEW YORK
YOUR WORLD'S FAIR HEADQUARTERS
JAMES H. McCABE, General Manager

➜ DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE! ➜

The man who always lived in a new house



"DO YOU KNOW the impression I get, every time I return to one of your Statler hotels?" asked the man who had just checked in at the room clerk's desk.

"It's an impression of *newness*," he exclaimed. "Of a bright, well-kept hotel that's as up-to-date and modern as the first time I visited it some years ago. Lobby, restaurants—*everything* in beautiful shape!

"Why, even before I go up to it, I know my room will be fresh and inviting. Not simply *clean*, but looking as though the decorators had just finished a cracker-jack job. How do you do it?"

(Decorators are *always* busy in Statler hotels—carrying out a *never ceasing* program that keeps things modern. Leading designers make sure nothing gets old-fashioned at a Statler.)

"Another thing I've noticed," continued the man who appreciated a modern hotel, "is that the furniture, rugs, curtains, and other room equipment are continuously being renewed or replaced. It must cost you a fortune to keep things in perfect shape like that!"

(Each Statler has its own shops—carpenter, upholstery, electrical, paint, etc.—where maintenance jobs are attended to instantly. A routine room-inspection report covers *150 items!*)

"Come to think of it," he concluded, "there's nothing old-fashioned about a Statler but the *hospitality*."

More for your money at a Statler

Attractive, up-to-date furnishings and decorations, the greater comfort of spacious rooms, scientific Certified Lighting, meticulous cleanliness, superlative Statler service, unusually fine food—these and many other Statler innovations give you, at Statlers, what we believe is the greatest hotel value in America.

STATLER OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA $3.50
NEW YORK
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN $3.50
PITTSBURGH

More for your money at a

Statler Hotel

HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON $3.50
BUFFALO $3.00
CLEVELAND . . $3.00
DETROIT $3.00
ST. LOUIS $2.50

◀ Don't miss opposite page!

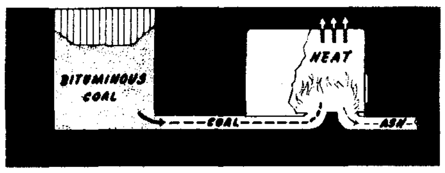
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED

DOWN COMES THE PRICE!

KOOLS NOW COST NO MORE THAN OTHER POPULAR BRANDS

And you get valuable golden coupons with KOOLS—America's finest mentholated cigarette.

UNION MADE



New Low Cost AUTOMATIC HEAT

The "O. P." Coal Burning Winter Air Conditioner has revolutionized the burning of inexpensive fine-size bituminous coal. You can now have the heat you want the way you want it at a fraction of the cost.

NO COAL TO SHOVEL, NO CLINKERS TO DIG
The coal is piped automatically from bin to fire. The ashes are automatically removed and stored. No clinkers to dig. No ashes to remove. The comforts and convenience of truly automatic heat at a saving.

COMPLETE WINTER CONDITIONING
The air is heated, filtered, humidified and circulated. The thermostat controls the temperature. The Stoker-pilot controls the fire. Here is winter air conditioning at its best—the latest step in home heating comfort. *It's new, it's modern, it's different.*

BEAUTIFUL, THRIFTY, PROVEN
This modern, compact, streamlined unit is quiet as a mouse and thrifty as a Scot. Manufactured and guaranteed by one of the largest corporations in the stoker business and proven by years of successful performance. Dealers everywhere. Branches in principal cities.

EQUIP YOUR PRESENT FURNACE
This dependable mechanism can be installed in your present heating plant whether it be steam, hot water or warm air. Your furnace then becomes entirely automatic. Enthusiastic owners report low cost, complete dependability. For complete details use coupon now.

NO DOWN PAYMENT
36 MONTHS TO PAY

POCAHONTAS FUEL CO. INC., Stoker Division
1180 East 152nd St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send information on "O. P." Air Cond. ☐
"O. P." Stoker ☐

Name
Address
City

and he invited me to listen to a French broadcast with him. The battle cry from the Marseillaise—"Citizens, to arms!"—brought tears to my eyes. It was then that I learned of the resignation of Paul Reynaud and the request for an armistice. I owe it to truth to say that my English friends, in these circumstances that were so painful, both for them and for me, conducted themselves with a decency and a generosity worthy of their noblest traditions. They recognized at once that the mistakes in this lamentable adventure had been made by both sides and that reproaches were useless. Sir Edward Grigg, undersecretary of state at the war office, sent for me.

"I simply want to tell you," he said, "that we understand and that we do not blame you. We have not been able to help you in time; you could not act otherwise."

Then he talked to me about the fleet. It was the one thing that worried all the English. In the days that followed the atmosphere became more stormy. The conditions of the armistice caused grave alarm. It was said that at Bordeaux the English ambassador, Sir Ronald Campbell, was no longer being informed of anything. Lord Lloyd and General Spears, sent to take part in the discussions, were said to have met with no better luck. In London, Corbin handed in his resignation saying he was unable to be the representative of a policy contrary to the one he had so long defended. Roger Cambon, who took his place, was not long in following his example and retiring in his turn.

AT THE last moment Winston Churchill had thought he could persuade the Reynaud cabinet to continue the fight by offering to unite the two empires under a single government presided over by a Frenchman. Every citizen of either country would have a double, Franco-British nationality. All resources would be held in common. It was an amazing offer and, had it been made a few weeks earlier, it would without a doubt have changed the course of the war. But it came at a moment when France was exhausted and wanted nothing but *immediate* succor: airplanes, tanks and cannon.

I have been told that General Weygand, in the course of this discussion, recalled an episode from the life of Winston Churchill. The latter, during the war in the Transvaal, had been captured as he was getting out of a train by two Boers who pointed their revolvers at him.

"If at that moment," General Weygand said, "someone in the train had said to Mr. Churchill: 'Resist them! At home I have immense resources. I shall put them at your disposal,' this offer would not have altered the situation. Such today is the case of France; guns are pointed at her heart; she is disarmed. She can only do what Mr. Churchill did: accept destiny."

I do not know whether this account is true; but, be that as it may, the analogy is exact. Winston Churchill, however, who believed he had made France a prodigious offer—so great a one that Parliament remained stupefied and even criticized him for having extended it—was sadly wounded to see his proposal of union received with indifference. Many Englishmen shared his regret, and the best friends of France were perhaps the bitterest because they had been the most enthusiastic.

"What a shame!" the great English critic Desmond MacCarthy said to me. "I should have been so happy to become a French citizen."

With him and with Raymond Mortimer, another very talented writer, I spent a melancholy but charming evening, the first for a long time during which I was able to rise above the terrible events of our time and talk of eternal things. It was a discussion such as must have been held sometimes in the fourth or fifth century, in the Gallo-Roman villages under the heel of the invasions, by the readers of Virgil and Horace. We talked about French poetry, which my hosts knew so well. We recited the verses of Mallarmé and Valéry and also those of Malherbe and Racine. Then Desmond said:

"We know that we are menaced by many things: first of all by death, which is not very important, but also by tyranny, and that is more serious. Our duty is to save a thing that can be saved and that depends only on us: the confidence we have in one another. To do that, two things are necessary: first, that we shall never forget the existence of our friends, their kindness and affection. Even if we do not see them for long years; even when the French are told that we English are monsters and when we are told that the French have betrayed us, let us remember certain Frenchmen and certain Englishmen who, we know, are incapable of any but noble and generous thoughts. And when we have the opportunity let us be very kind to one another, much kinder than usual. There is a great dearth of kindness in the world today. We must redress the balance."

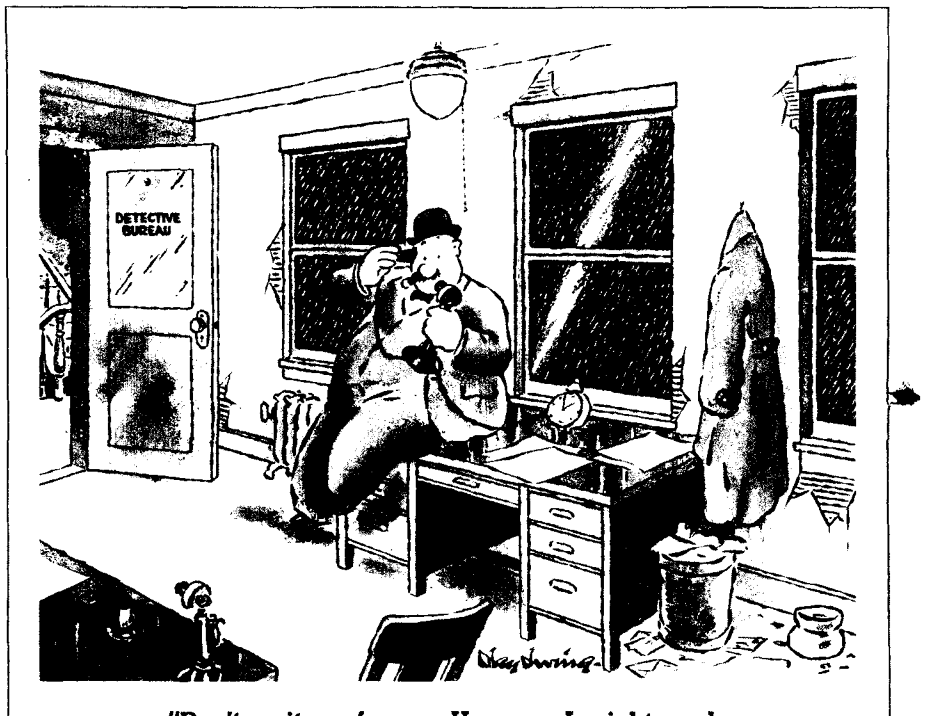
That evening, as well as the time I spent at the home of the Phippses and with Maurice Baring, reawakened in my mind the image of a better England. But the difficulty of the situation was often brought home to me in painful fashion. Relations between the two countries were becoming more acrimonious. General de Gaulle, the great expert on tanks, had recruited a legion in London, and his plans created a distressing question of conscience for many Frenchmen. Some believed the thing to do, first of all, in the hour of our country's agony, was to maintain the unity of France; others refused to recognize the armistice and joined General de Gaulle.

There were recriminations by radio between London and Bordeaux, and I deplored the useless bitterness of these talks. I preached moderation, but without much success.

England now was thinking only of organizing her own defenses. In May she had lacked divisions well enough equipped to be sent to France; but in July she had more than a million soldiers adequately trained to defend her territory against an invading army. Canadians and Australians were going to fight for the first time in England. Everywhere along the roads and in the cities you saw fortified positions being constructed. Profiting by our cruel experience, the high command ordered the civil population to stay at home in case of attack, and announced that the roads would be kept clear by machine guns. In each village a corps of volunteers were recruited as defense against parachutists. Everywhere I found a spirit of resolution and desperate courage, which was new. England had received a terrible shock in the sudden discovery that the French army was not invincible and that she was no longer secure on her island. But as always in history she was not discouraged but strengthened by danger.

ON JULY 2d the French military mission demobilized me and since, for one thing, communications no longer existed between Great Britain and France and, for another, I had agreed to deliver the "Lowell Lectures" at Harvard a little later, I decided to leave for America. The boat on which I crossed was one of those in which England was sending children to Canada. The scene on deck was touching and amazing. A thousand children were at play in the sun around the guns that protected them. The cruiser Revenge and two destroyers escorted us. It was on this boat that I learned, from a bulletin stuck up in the 'tweendecks, the frightful news of the battle of Oran.

Of all the misfortunes that had been pursuing me for weeks this seemed the most terrible. A Frenchman first of all, but for twenty years a friend of England, I was like a child of divorced parents who stays with his mother but who suffers nevertheless. My heart said: "My country, right or wrong." My reason deplored this break between two peoples who have so much need of each other. Leaning against the rail, I looked for a long while at the sea marbled with foam and the great cruiser gliding silently at our side. My English shipmates, respecting my sorrow, passed close beside me without speaking. Suddenly I remembered what Desmond MacCarthy had said to me one evening, "Whatever happens, let us not forget that our friends have not changed," and I began unconsciously to murmur the old Scotch song: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ." High up in a turret on the Revenge a light went on: luminous dots and dashes were communicating a mysterious message to us.



"Don't wait up for me, Hon . . . I might work late. It looks like a poifect night for a moider" JAY IRVING

Sunday Pitch

Continued from page 24

cheek, and it was Faith Jerrold. He felt trapped and angry and very pleased.

She was saying something in a swift undertone to Chelten, and Clint caught the end of it. " . . . so we phoned Markey, and he says it's a deal. I'll have the papers ready for you tomorrow."

Chelten looked pleased, and said, "Good girl," and went back to his argument with Talbot. Clint thought, surprised, so she works here too! Then she turned to him. She was smiling a little, and she said, "I'm glad to see you again. How's your hand?"

IT WAS a direct attack, and the nicest possible way to do it. Clint laughed, liking her for it. He said, "My hand's all right. I guess it was my disposition that was sour."

"Was it because I said something stupid?"

"Nothing like that," Clint said. "Let's say it was because I was concentrating. Thinking out the next inning."

She looked at him, her head tilted a little, her eyes friendly and interested. She said, "It was more than that. I've gone to games at home, when you were pitching. You think way beyond the next inning—all the time."

Clint looked at her, trying to figure her out, feeling the old suspicious stiffness. Maybe she was just making talk, but she was getting it very close to home. Too close. He said, "Out at the park, I had you tagged for one of the idle rich. I guess I was wrong."

Faith Jerrold laughed. "Quite wrong. I'm Mr. Chelten's secretary. He wants to travel with the club, and Chelten Copper wants him in the home office. I represent the compromise."

Clint said, "Some people might call it the advantage."

She laughed again. "You're a fine pitcher, but you throw a compliment like—like a—"

"Call it a cripple," Clint said. "A Sunday pitch. Like the one I threw up to Griscom this afternoon. You can knock it as far as you like."

He knew she was just trying to be nice, and he was fencing, holding her off. Beyond her shoulder, he could see Harry Chelten slapping the table and telling what they were going to do when they won the pennant. Not if they won it. When. It jangled Clint's nerves. An orchestra was playing on the porch beyond the lounge. Clint said to Faith Jerrold, "Maybe you'd risk a dance."

She said, "I could bring myself to it."

She got up, and Clint followed her.

On the porch, it was very nice. There were only three or four other couples dancing, and there was a breeze from the lake. Clint tried to dance easily, for the sheer pleasure of it, and he almost managed it. Faith Jerrold was very light on his arm, and her hair touched his cheek. When the music stopped, they walked over to the rail. Clint said:

"I don't dance very well."

She said, "You don't dance very badly, either." She was silent a moment, looking out toward the lake, and then she said suddenly, without looking at him, "You shouldn't be so bitter."

Clint said, "Bitter about what?"

She said, "I don't know. That's what I've been wondering."

Clint leaned against the rail. He wasn't looking directly at her, but he was acutely conscious of everything about her.

He said, "There's no dark secret. When I got sore this afternoon—"

He paused, trying to find just the right words. Faith Jerrold said, "It was because we were all fussing over your hand."

Clint said, "Something like that. I don't need to be told to take care of myself." He looked directly at her. "I'm a miner's kid. When I was ten years old, I was working on the breakers, picking slate. When I was sixteen, my old man was killed in a blast. I was lucky at that. If it'd happened a year sooner, I wouldn't have known that I could play ball. I don't ever forget that."

She said, "I see. But you've got it. You've got what you want now."

"Sure," Clint said. "Now. But I'm no boy wonder. I spent ten years in the minors, learning the hard way. I'm hot stuff now. I don't blame Harry Chelten for not wanting me to get hurt. I know what my arm's worth to him. A pennant. Something he's wanted bad enough to spend fortunes on. But there are things I want too, and I have to get them for myself."

He stopped abruptly, then said, "I guess I am bitter. I'm sorry. But that's only part of it. When I spoke like that this afternoon, it wasn't because I didn't like you. It was because I did."

She said, "I guess that's not as complicated as it sounds."

"It's not complicated," Clint said. "I just felt something. I felt it again when we came out here. About you and Harry Chelten. The way he looked at us when we came out."

She stood with her hands on the rail, not looking at him, the breeze moving in her hair. Then she said, "You've got quick perceptions. He does like me a lot."

The band was playing again. Clint said, "He's a nice guy."

Faith Jerrold said, "He's a very nice guy. I like him. . . ."

THAT should have been the end of it. Clint told himself it was the end. He just didn't think about it any more. He knew he'd come a long way since the early days, but not far enough to go up against a guy like Harry Chelten. Not far enough for that.

He was hot in Chicago. But he touched trouble in Pittsburgh. He was hit hard all through the late innings. He gave up three runs, but the Wasps got him four, and he got out of it. But it needed a hair-raising double play in the eighth, and in the ninth Sonny Whitman had to scramble four feet up the right-field wire to rob Haley of a homer that would have meant the ball game.

Back in the dressing room, Talbot and Harry Chelten were waiting for him. Harry Chelten said, "How's the arm feel, Clint?"

Clint said, "It's all right. Don't worry about it."

Ben Talbot said bluntly, "Clint, you didn't have a thing out there today. If your arm feels dead, you should say so."

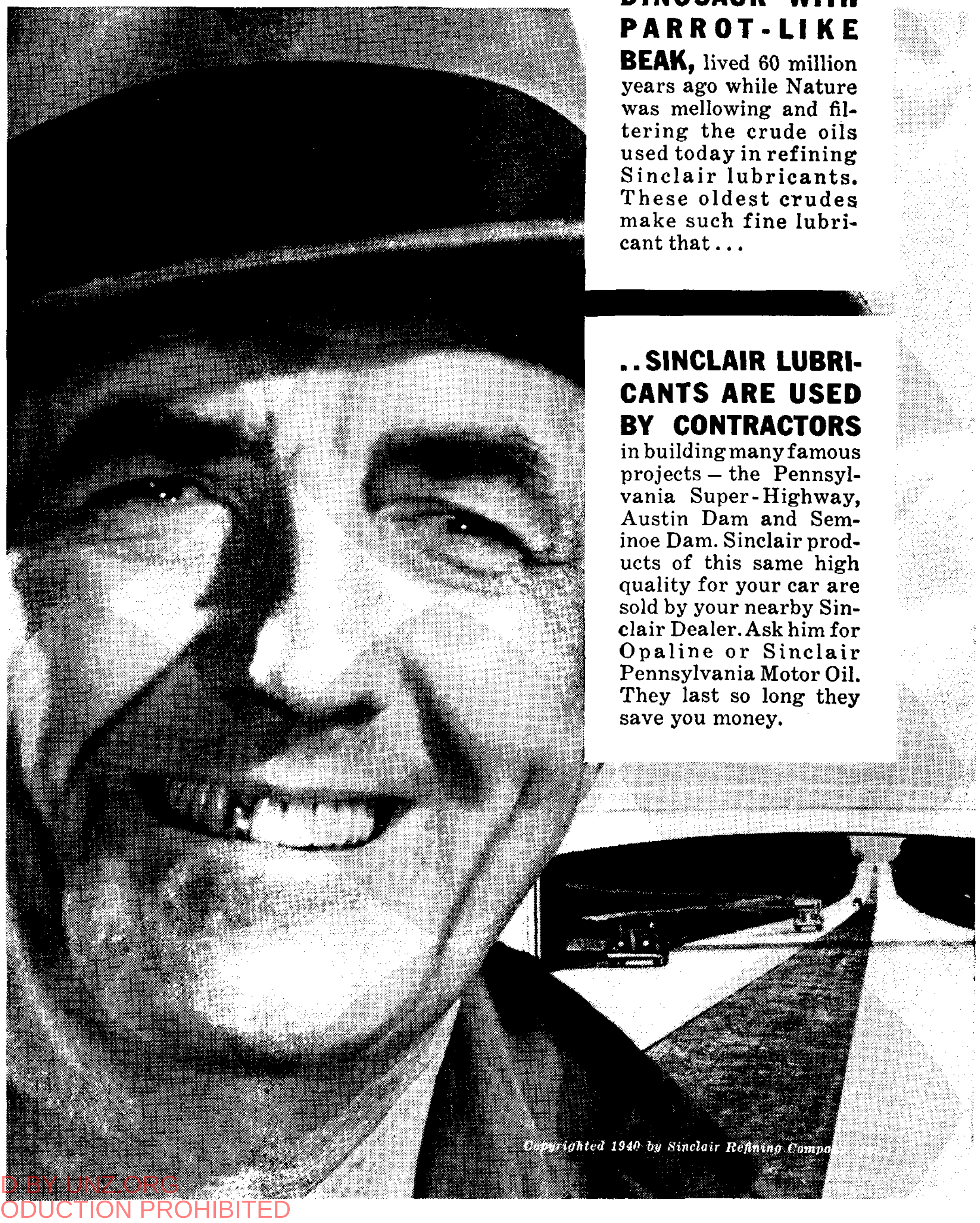
Clint said stubbornly, "My arm's all right. When it isn't, I'll holler."

Harry Chelten threw down a cigarette. He said, "Clint, you carry this team. We all know that. You're the meal ticket. But there are limits to what one man can do. Maybe you're working too often." He smiled. "You're the biggest asset we've got. We can't afford to take any chances."

Clint closed his eyes. He said, "Nuts. When I need rest, I'll yell for it. I'm not throwing my arm away. I need it to eat with." . . .

He worked once more in Pittsburgh, in the last game there. Mose Flagley started for the Wasps, and went into the

TRICERATOPS, THE DINOSAUR WITH PARROT-LIKE BEAK, lived 60 million years ago while Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes make such fine lubricant that . . .



. . SINCLAIR LUBRICANTS ARE USED BY CONTRACTORS in building many famous projects — the Pennsylvania Super-Highway, Austin Dam and Seminoe Dam. Sinclair products of this same high quality for your car are sold by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Ask him for Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. They last so long they save you money.

Copyrighted 1940 by Sinclair Refining Compa

Pour GLENMORE ..you get more

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

GOLD LABEL Bottled in Bond • SILVER LABEL This Whiskey is 4 Years Old 90 Proof

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED
Louisville — Owensboro, Ky.
ONE QUART
100 PROOF
GOLD LABEL
Glenmore
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

eighth with a four-run lead. Then Flagley blew up. He gave a hit, walked two men, and then hit the next batter to force over a run. Ben Talbot signaled him from the box and stood staring glumly out toward the bull pen. There was no one out there he could count on. Clint said, "I'm warmed up—"

Talbot said unhappily, "I don't want to work you out of turn, Clint. That first game Philly—"

Clint said, "What's two innings? And we'll find out about my arm."

He found out. The first batter hit on the ground, and the run was cut off at the plate. But on the next man, his control was bad. He got into the hole at three and one, and had to lay the ball across. He put all he had on the pitch, but it didn't break. A single slashed over first and two runs scored. The next man tripled into deep right, and the game was gone.

He was beaten again in Philadelphia. He gave up four runs in the third, and Talbot took him out. It was the first time all season that Clint hadn't finished his game. The Wasps dropped three out of four in Philadelphia, and staggered home for the final stand, their four-game lead cut exactly in half.

Those last three weeks were a nightmare to Clint.

He got through a game against New York on his nerve, and inspired fielding from the rest of the club. Then he lost to Boston, and the team began to come apart at the seams.

When he came out of the showers, after the Boston game, Harry Chelten was waiting for him in a corner of the locker room. Chelten said, "Sit down a minute, Clint. I want to talk to you."

Clint said, "Sure. Let me dress."

He pulled on his clothes and came back to Chelten. He sat down on the bench, and Chelten said, "Losing this afternoon doesn't mean anything, Clint. You're a great pitcher. You'll get right again. But you're all tightened up. You've got something on your mind."

Clint said, "Such as what?"

Chelten said slowly, "I wouldn't quite know. Maybe it's my fault. I've been talking pennant too much." He looked directly at Clint. "Let's get one thing straight. I've spent a lot of money on this club, and I'd feel pretty swell if we won the championship. But not because of the money. Because I like the game. For the fun of it."

Clint thought, the old line. The old college try. He won't ever know how a ballplayer feels if he buys himself a hundred pennants.

Chelten said, "So forget that part of it. I'm not going to show my face around here after today." He stood up. "The last four games are the pay-off. If we break even, we win. Talbot was only counting on you for one game, but I've talked him into giving you the first and fourth. You're strong enough, and you're good enough. I think you can do it."

Clint said dryly, "Thanks, Mr. Chelten. I'll give it all I've got."

Chelten started to go, and then stopped. There was a look on his face that Clint couldn't figure at all. He said, "Faith Jerrold was talking about you. She'd like to see you."

Clint looked at him, keeping his face perfectly expressionless. He said, "That's nice of her. I'll give her a ring."

BUT he didn't. It was one thing he couldn't take. He had enough to fight without that. With Talbot's permission, he got clean out of town for two days. He went out on the Cape and fished, with a bunch of Portuguese fishermen who didn't know a baseball from a haddock head. He came back to town Thursday morning feeling limber and physically rested, and completely dead inside.

In spite of it, he was great in that first game. His curve was breaking again, and his fast ball had the batters hitting late all the way. Dwyer socked one into the left-field bleachers for a Wasp run in the third, and in the sixth Sonny Whitman doubled with two on to send Clint into the seventh with a three-run lead. It was all he needed, and he could feel the team come alive behind him, vibrant and fighting.

He made Griscom pop up for the first out. Then he had Bud Morse, the right fielder. A big, slugging kid, the kind a pitcher can never outguess, because he's just in there swinging. Clint made him foul one off, and then missed the inside corner with a burning fast one. But he'd set up the change of pace. He pulled the string on the next pitch, and Morse broke his back trying to hit the ball before it got to him. Clint was down off the mound as the ball thumped into Dwyer's mitt, and he stood quite still, his feet spread, wondering if it had really happened.

INSIDE his arm, just above the elbow, that sharp, twisting pain. He lifted his arm and brought it forward gently, and the pain was still there. He took the throw-back from Dwyer, and went back to the rubber. He shook off Dwyer's signal, and gave his own sign for a pitch-out. Even through the mask, he could see the unbelief on Dwyer's face. He wound up smoothly, and pitched wide of the plate. The muscle in his arm kinked and hurt fiercely. When the ball came back to him, Clint threw it down on the rubber and walked off the field.

He could hear the quick murmur run over the stands. Ben Talbot came out of the dugout, his face a study in anguished apprehension. Clint said, "I've got a sore arm, Ben. You'll have to let Flagley finish it."

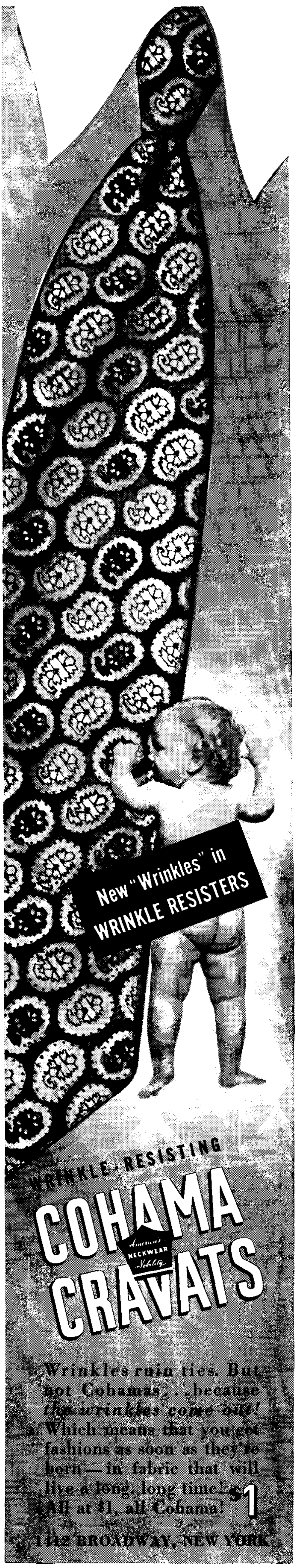
He knew what that meant. Talbot needed Flagley for the second game. But there was a three-run lead. If Flagley could save it, maybe Clint's arm would come around for the fourth game, the clincher. It was better than staying in there now. He could kill his arm forever that way. Anything was better than that. Talbot said, "Sure, Clint, sure. You beat it quick to Doc Fortson."

Clint bent his shoulders to take the jacket the bat boy was holding out. In spite of himself, he looked across the dugout roof toward the owner's box. Harry Chelten was there, of course, and three or four people who were just faces to Clint, and Faith Jerrold. Clint had known she would be there, but he hadn't known how she would look. She was smiling at him, a funny, sorry little smile that somehow hurt him worse than he'd ever been hurt before.

The game was tied up in the eighth, but Flagley saved it. But it stretched heartbreakingly through the twelfth before the Wasps could squeeze over the winning run. And those extra innings meant Flagley was through for the series.

Lying on the rubbing table, with Doc Fortson kneading his sore arm and clucking like a worried hen, Clint listened to the fierce surge and fall of noise from the stands, the roaring burst that greeted the Wasp run. Clint got into his clothes and left before the team came back. If his arm was shot, it was shot. He didn't want a lot of talk about it.

He spent the next two days with doctors and hot packs and violet rays. And the muscle stayed kinked. The Wasps lost the next two games. Everyone expected them to. Their pitching staff was frayed out in the fierce final drive to the pennant. With Flagley used up, there was no one who had a prayer in that last game but Clint. He knew it that Saturday, when Talbot sat down


New "Wrinkles" in WRINKLE RESISTERS

WRINKLE-RESISTING COHAMA CRAVATS

Wrinkles ruin ties. But not Cohamas . . . because *the wrinkles come out!* Which means that you get fashions as soon as they're born — in fabric that will live a long, long time! All at $1, all Cohama! $1

1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

beside him in the dressing room, after the third game, which deadlocked the season and put everything on that last game. Talbot said soberly, "How about it, Clint?"

Clint said, "It's still sore."

Talbot said, "Maybe it'll come right tomorrow."

Clint said, "Sure. Maybe."

He knew what Talbot was thinking. Even with a sore arm, Clint was the only chance. But it might ruin his arm. It might wash him up for good. Talbot couldn't ask for that. And Clint wasn't offering.

He spent next morning with a specialist, who peered at his arm through a fluoroscope, and pinched and pulled, and ended up with nothing but a head shake. Clint went back to his room at the hotel, and wrapped his arm in an electric heat pad. There was a knock on the door, and Clint said, "Come in."

It was Harry Chelten, and Faith Jerrold with him. Clint looked at them without getting up, without moving. He thought, this is one thing they can't pull. One thing they've got no right to do.

Chelten said, "I promised I wouldn't stick my nose in any more, Clint. But there's something I want to tell you."

Clint thought, the old college spirit again. The old pat on the back. He said evenly, "That's all right."

Chelten said, "It's just this. If your arm's not right, I don't want you to pitch this afternoon. Get me right on it. I don't want you to."

Clint said, "If it's not right, I won't pitch."

He let it go at that. Faith Jerrold said, "Clint—"

Then she stopped. Clint said, "Thanks for coming in. I appreciate it. I really do."

THERE was a small, uncomfortable silence. Chelten said, "You'll have to be getting out to the park. We'd better go. Don't forget what I said."

They went out. Clint closed his eyes. Maybe Chelten meant it, and maybe he didn't. Maybe it was just the old sporting gesture, given in the hope of getting one in return. Either way, it didn't make any difference. The door opened again, and Clint lifted his head quickly. Faith Jerrold was standing there. She said, "Clint, there was something I wanted to tell you too."

Clint didn't say anything. She said, "It's something you ought to understand, but you don't. It's just that whether or not you pitch this afternoon, it doesn't make any difference. Not any real difference."

There was an odd note in her voice, Clint thought. She was asking for something. Something he couldn't give. Because he was too shut away from her. Shut away from everybody, but from her most of all. His mouth was dry as he said, "Sure. I understand."

She said, "I'm awfully sorry, Clint." Then she went away.

CLINT went to the clubhouse early. He was stretched out on the dressing table, with Doc Fortson working on his arm, when Talbot and the rest of the team began straggling in to dress. The feeling of defeat was heavy. Talbot came over to the table and stood without speaking. Clint said simply, "It still hurts."

Talbot nodded and went away. Clint heard him tell Nixon to get ready to pitch. Clint was sorry for the kid. He was just six weeks up from the minors. They'd murder him. Clint stayed on the dressing table as the team straggled out for batting practice. Doc Fortson worked silently. The crowd sounds came mixed and jumbled. Suddenly Clint lifted his head. He moved his arm a little and said, "Try that again."

Doc's fingers were inside his elbow, using a lifting shove. Something in the knotted muscles had shifted. Now it shifted again. Back into place. The pain gone, his arm free again. The muscle kink had straightened out. Maybe it would come back, but at least he could start.

He dressed swiftly and went out on the field. He saw the unasked question in Talbot's eyes, said, "I think I'm ready. I'll know when I've warmed up."

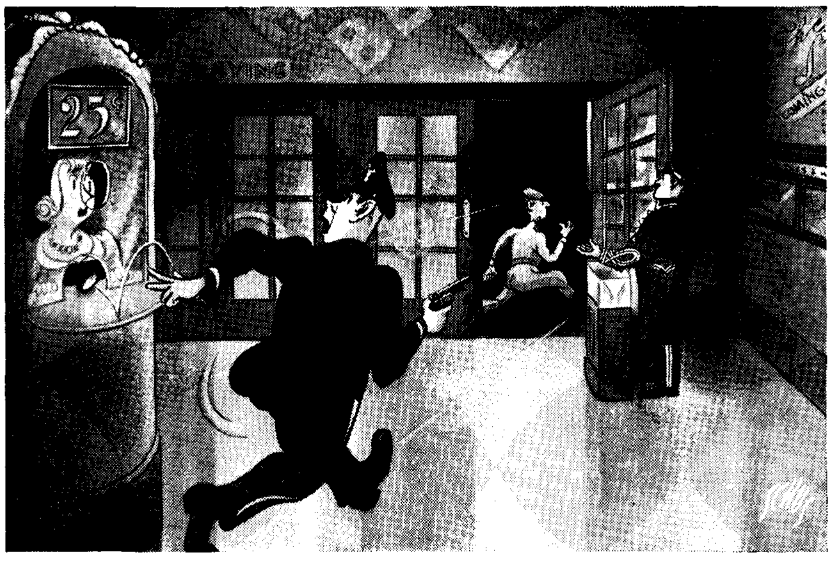
He took a ball and went out in front of the dugout, throwing easily to Dwyer, hearing the quick, hopeful buzz run through the stands. His arm felt all right. He kept on throwing, putting on a little more pressure, trying out his stuff. Then Clint walked over to Talbot. He said, "I'm okay. I'll start."

His arm was all right. He had everything. Curve and fast ball, and no sign of hitch or strain. But the other pitcher was hot too. They battled through five innings without letting either team get a man past second. In the sixth, the Wasps got a run. A run that meant the pennant, if Clint could hold.

Going into the seventh, Clint's arm was still limber and strong. He got the first two men easily, and then had Galton for two and two. He knew he could waste one, and tried a sinker inside. It broke beautifully, but missed the corner, and Galton let it go by. Clint came up standing after the pitch, and he felt the sheath of sweat under his heavy shirt go suddenly clammy and cold.

He'd pulled his arm again. From elbow to shoulder, it was a shaft of jumping pain.

Clint waited for Dwyer to throw back the ball. He had that long to think. The



"Two"

ADOLPH SCHUS

To Feel Really Fresh and Clear-Eyed Mornings:-

Try A Cup of New, Improved Ovaltine Before Going to Bed Tonight

DO YOU wake up feeling really *fresh* in the morning—brimming with energy, sparkling and "alive"?

Or do you frequently awaken feeling almost as tired as when you went to bed—with nerves on edge and your whole appearance reflecting the lack of sound, *refreshing* sleep?

Thousands who have had this trouble are now solving it in a very simple way—without medicine or risky sleep drugs.

They do it with the aid of new, *improved Ovaltine*. They take it regularly, night after night, at bedtime—not only to help them sleep more soundly—but to build them up for clear-eyed freshness in the morning.

How It Acts

First: When taken just before going to bed, *Ovaltine* helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

Second: It provides a specialized form of nourishment designed to prevent hunger pangs and digestive unrest. These conditions, medical authorities say, very frequently cause night-time tossing.

Third: The new, improved *Ovaltine* has recently been enriched with still greater amounts of protective minerals—and greater amounts of Vitamins A, B, and D. It also furnishes certain food elements to help replenish vitality while you sleep—helps rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells.

In other words, the new, improved *Ovaltine* is a *scientific* food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who sleep poorly—or who are run-down, nervous, or under par. Over 1,700 hospitals, in this country alone, serve it. Doctors approve its use.

Start Tonight

So for the sake of your health, your nerves, and particularly your appearance—try taking the new, improved *Ovaltine* regularly—begin tonight. See if it doesn't help you to wake up feeling far fresher in the mornings, clear-eyed, buoyant, and "alive"!

Phone your dealer for a can of Ovaltine. Or mail coupon for a generous sample.

Mail for Sample Tin

OVALTINE, Dept. S40-C-9
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous sample tin of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover handling and mailing . . . (We send only 1 tin to a person. *Offer not good in Canada.*)

Name..........................

Address..........................

City...............*State*.........

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

In every Whisky Drink your own taste will confirm this Judgment of Generations

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

Famous OLD FORESTER America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INCORPORATED, At Louisville, In Kentucky, Since 1870

ball plumped into his glove, and for just a second more he stood there. Then he stepped back on the mound.

He shook off Dwyer's signal twice, then nodded, and wound up for the pitch. It was a high, hard one, and he put everything he had behind it. The ball was a streak of white, shoulder high on the batter, a perfect strike. And Clint's arm throbbed with agony.

He walked off the mound, his face impassive. If he gave any sign, had his arm rubbed between innings, they would know. They'd wait him out, foul off his pitches, do everything to make him throw and throw till his arm was gone. But he had them now, and there were only two innings to go.

He got through the eighth all right. His arm hurt fiercely, but he still had all his stuff.

GOING into the ninth, his curve ball was still breaking, but not enough, and his fast ball had no hop. He got the first man on pure headwork, out-guessing him, making him go after bad balls. The next man was cagier. He worked Clint for three and two, and then slapped a screaming drive into right. A foot higher and it would have been a triple. But Sonny Whitman went up three feet in the air for a stabbing one-hand catch and the second out. The next man up was Griscom. He waited Clint out, and at three and two Clint missed the corner by six inches, and Griscom walked.

Clint faced Bud Morse, feeling the pain in his arm, the cold sweat on his face. You just couldn't tell about Morse. You couldn't out-think him. Just a big dumb guy swinging from his heels, with a brain like a chicken and an eye like a hawk. Nothing but the raw stuff, a curve that broke a foot, was any good with a guy like that. The one thing Clint couldn't give, and had to.

He stopped thinking about his arm. If it hurt, he didn't know about it. He got over a burning fast one for a strike on the first pitch, and then made Morse go after a bad one for the second strike. He wasted three balls trying to get him to do it again. Three and two, and this was the pay-off.

Clint wound up and threw. It was a beautiful pitch, starting high and breaking down a foot from the plate. Clint saw the ball going in, breaking, falling away just where he wanted, and he saw the poised bat swinging, swinging back, falling to meet the curve, then smashing forward.

And then there was just the lashing smack of wood against leather, and Sonny Whitman racing back and back, stopping at the barrier, watching the ball fall away up in the silent, stricken stands.

It was all right after the game. They were all ballplayers. They knew you had to laugh it off. Talbot came to Clint in the showers. He said, "It was just tough luck, kid."

And beside him in the steam, Dwyer swore drippingly. "The big cluck was just swinging with his eyes shut. It was a honey ball. It broke a foot. He just had his eyes shut."

Chelten was waiting when Clint went to be rubbed down. Clint said, with his face to the aromatic planks, "I'm sorry. I gave it all I had."

Chelten said, "I know that, Clint. We'll get them next year." He hesitated a moment, then said, "I'm only worried about your arm."

Clint looked at him. He said, "It was just a muscle kink. It'll be all right."

Chelten said, "I hope. I'd rather watch you work than anything I know."

He stood for a moment, and then he said, with an odd awkwardness, "Faith Jerrold wants to see you. She said she'd wait at the hotel."

Clint let his head drop down. Somehow, he didn't know how, it was all right. He said, "I'll be there."

Chelten said, "Do that." There was still that odd hesitancy in his voice. "She's too good a girl to keep waiting."

He turned abruptly. Clint watched him, thinking, even with a copper mine, you can't have everything.

FAITH was waiting for him in the lobby. Clint went to her and sat down. He put his hand out, and she took it in both of hers. She said, "Do I dare ask how your arm is?"

Clint said, "Sure." Then he said soberly, "We've got to understand one thing. I don't know why, but it's important. I didn't go in there with any sore arm."

Her fingers against his were firm and warm. She said, "I know why it's important. It's because nobody ever gave you anything. Isn't that it?"

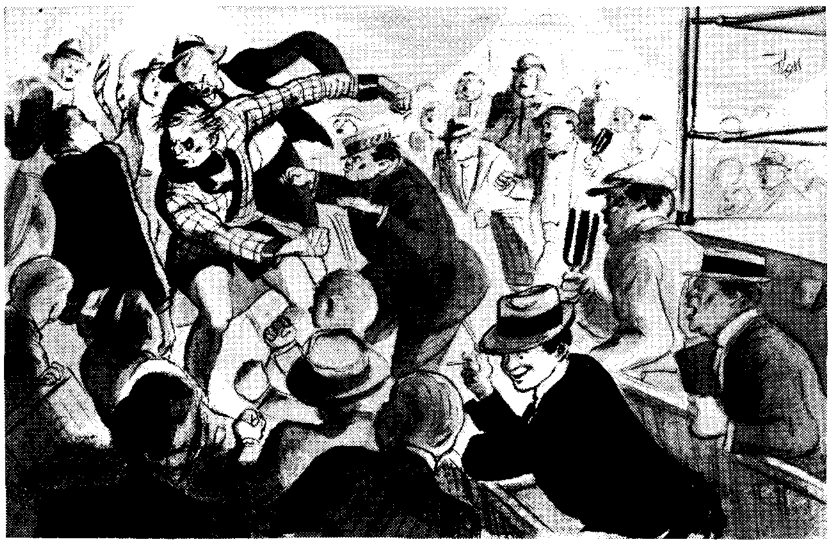
Clint said, "I guess that's it."

Faith said, "I was watching you. I know you hurt your arm again in that seventh inning, and I know you stayed in. You'll have to tell me why you did that."

Clint looked down at her hand, holding it lightly. He said, "It wasn't for the pennant. It wasn't for anything like that. No game could make me feel the way I did then." He waited for a moment, and then said, "I guess it was for you. For the way I feel about you."

She laughed, and put the palm of her hand and her fingers flat against his. She said, "Sometimes you just give without asking. Isn't that it?"

Clint said, "I guess that's it."



"He isn't very popular in this town. He always has to fight his way into the ring!"

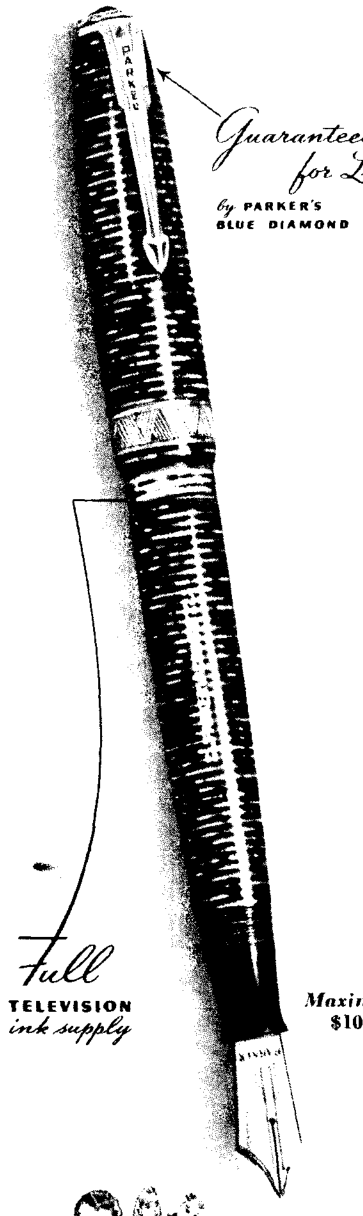
A. ROSS

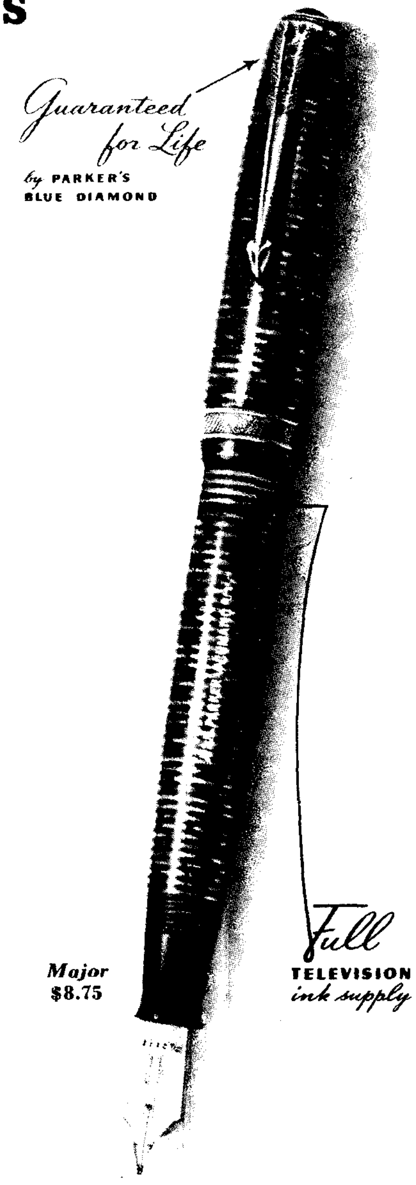
How Gold is kept pure by Parker

During the eclipse of 1868, Sir Norman Lockyer was observing the Sun's emanations with that rare instrument called the Spectrograph. Suddenly on his screen appeared a pattern never before seen by man, disclosing some element unknown. It came from Helios, the Sun, so they named it Helium. Today, in the hands of Dr. Robert Pickus, chief Parker metallurgist, formerly of Yale, the Spectrograph unerringly detects any foreign matter in the precious metals intended for Parker Pens—Gold, Osmiridium, Platinum—thus insuring the utter purity of those we use.

JUST AS HELIUM WAS DISCOVERED ON THE SUN

So Dr. Pickus Safeguards Parker Pen Points





D for LIFE

by Parker's ◆ Blue Diamond

You can spot the smart Parker Vacumatic anywhere by its wholly original and exclusive style—that streamlined barrel of luminous Pearl and Jet *rings*—as shimmering as velvet.

It's the only pen in the world with this *One-Hand* Sacless Filler—revolutionary in principle, basically better—with an Extra *Big Ink Reserve* in place of a rubber ink sac.

Its *Television* barrel shows *days ahead* if it's running low so it won't run dry in passing a test, taking an order, or signing a contract—*won't miss the boat!*

Recently you've been hearing of the Parker "lubricated" pen Point—a fabulously resilient Point *that takes the weight off your hand!*

A non-brittle Point of extra fine-grained 14 K Gold—vastly better than ordinary 14 K Gold—tipped with Osmiridium so hard and dense that it takes *a new High* in polish—so uniform in crystalline structure that *it won't wear scratchy as long as you live!*

This remarkable writer has recently been created through Parker's traditional skill in pen-making, reinforced by costly research under the direction of Robert Pickus, B. S., Ph. D., chief Parker metallurgist, formerly of Yale.

Refiners Amazed

Thus today, America's greatest refiners of precious metals are learning from Parker secrets hitherto unknown.

At first some said: "We cannot understand why our osmiridium is acceptable to other manufacturers yet unsatisfactory to Parker."

But Dr. Pickus showed them the results of our studies including photomicrographs magnified up to 3,000 times normal size. These revealed to the naked eye the inner crystalline structures of the precious metals under varying conditions. And our revelations have inspired refiners to revolutionize their processes.

Only in Parker Pens

As yet these benefits are available in Parker Pens alone. For no pen-maker we know attempts the scientific studies that we employ here daily.

Yet based on official Life Expectancy Tables of leading insurance companies, the Parker Vacumatic *costs less than poorest pens.* For it's GUARANTEED FOR LIFE by Parker's Blue Diamond, and in all the world there's not another pen like it.

All good pen counters are demonstrating now. See it and try it today. Laminated Pearl Pens, $5 to $13.75. Writefine Pencils to match, $3.50 to $6.

The Parker Pen Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

◆ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

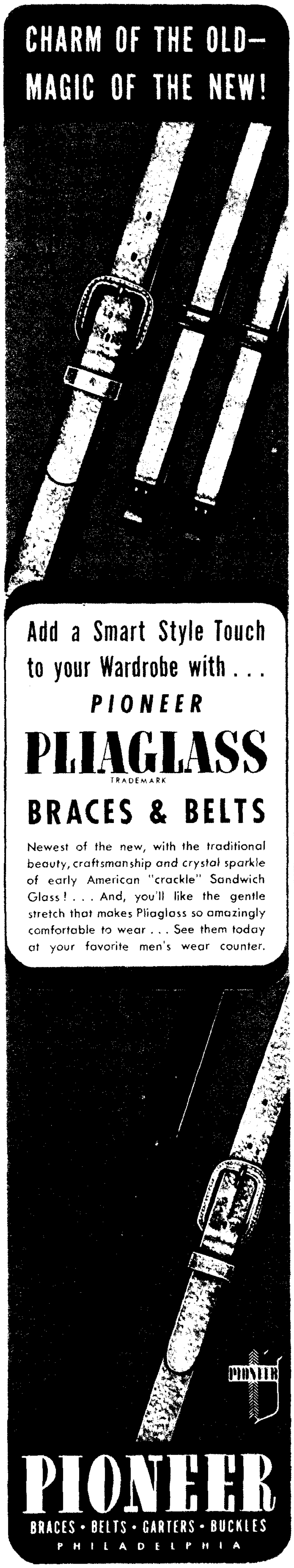
TRY PARKER QUINK, THE MIRACLE INK, THAT CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES, 15¢, UP

On the Campus... in the Office

Carry the pen that will help you get the "Breaks"

"One-Hand" Filler

—the EASIEST, most convenient to operate as verified by Deavitt Laboratories testing 24 models of best-known brands.



CHARM OF THE OLD—MAGIC OF THE NEW!

Add a Smart Style Touch to your Wardrobe with . . .

PIONEER

PLIAGLASS

TRADEMARK

BRACES & BELTS

Newest of the new, with the traditional beauty, craftsmanship and crystal sparkle of early American "crackle" Sandwich Glass! . . . And, you'll like the gentle stretch that makes Pliaglass so amazingly comfortable to wear . . . See them today at your favorite men's wear counter.

PIONEER

BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • BUCKLES

PHILADELPHIA

The Man Who Looked Like Napoleon

Continued from page 23

Perry halted his command to wait for daylight. The soldiers—two troops of the First U. S. Cavalry with a number of volunteers—whispered and grumbled humorously. Perry, going over again with Captain Trimble the plan of attack formulated in advance, found his mind slipping queerly back to an occasion in '64 when the Eighth Corps, with whom he had served, were jumped out of their beds by Gordon's Rebs at Cedar Creek. If they could jump Joseph's camp like that . . . Lieutenant Theller was thinking about his wife at Fort Lapwai; he had been married only a few weeks. Nobody, except perhaps Lieutenant Parnell remembered the coyote that had howled a short time before.

Promptly, with the first light of dawn, Perry got his little army on the move. The canyon, very narrow at first, widened and flattened as it slanted down toward Salmon River; when the light of the rising sun streamed over the high ridge to the east, the troopers could see the glint of the river in the open, treeless valley below.

A sergeant lifted his hand and pointed. Near the river, columns of smoke were rising straight and thin in the still air. These marked the site of the Nez Percé encampment. No Indians were visible. It seemed likely that Joseph had been caught napping.

That, however, was not so. Unknown to Perry, a strange thing had been happening. It had been happening in Joseph's brain. He had never fought a battle and knew absolutely nothing about war. Yet, as he stood that morning with his younger brother, Ollicot, and White Bird, another chief, on a knoll close to the encampment and watched Perry's column winding down the opposite slope toward the valley, a faculty of his mind, hitherto unused and unsuspected even by himself, sprang into instant and brilliant action.

The terrain before him became to him what a chessboard is to a master player: he saw that he had only to move his pawns thus and so to win the game. Rejecting brusquely another plan proposed by White Bird and Ollicot, this man who had never fought a battle designed a battle flawless in every detail. He gave his orders to his two lieutenants quickly. Then he walked down the knoll, mounted his horse and rode to the spot that he had selected for himself.

What followed wasn't Perry's fault; he was at grips with one of the most gifted "natural" soldiers that America has ever seen. With half his warriors Joseph met the advancing troops where the canyon debouched into the valley. He held them there through some minutes of hard fighting until White Bird gained a position assigned to him on Perry's left.

Joseph's plan was perfectly co-ordinated, perfectly timed. As White Bird appeared on the left, Joseph extended his line to turn Perry's right. Then, driving a herd of loose horses before him, he charged at the head of his warriors as White Bird's yelling horsemen thundered down upon Perry's flank.

THE result was immediate and decisive. Within a few minutes Perry's battle was lost; almost at once it became a badly broken-up retreat. Skillfully, Joseph drove a wedge between Parnell's troop and Perry's, holding the former to the floor of the canyon, forcing the latter upward along the side of the bluff. Captain Trimble rallied his men, checking the Indian advance for some minutes, but Joseph's warriors cut off Lieutenant Theller and eighteen troopers, driving them into a blind side pocket where they perished to a man. Parnell led a gallant charge to rescue another squad that had been cut off. They saved all except two who were shot from their plunging horses, but as Parnell and his men streamed up the canyon the retreat became for a time a rout.

Out of the canyon mouth, where by a lucky chance Perry and Parnell reestablished contact, they raced pell-mell, to recover and reform in more open country and grimly hold the red warriors in check. But they were fewer now, for more than a third of their total force had been killed, and presently Joseph found a knoll commanding the position, forced them out, drove them before him again. To within four miles of the town of Mount Idaho he pressed the pursuit; then, giving strict orders that none of the bodies should be scalped, he raced back to the Nez Percé camp.

AS HE entered his lodge, he heard the cry of a baby. In the hour of this, his first victory, the child—a little girl—had been born.

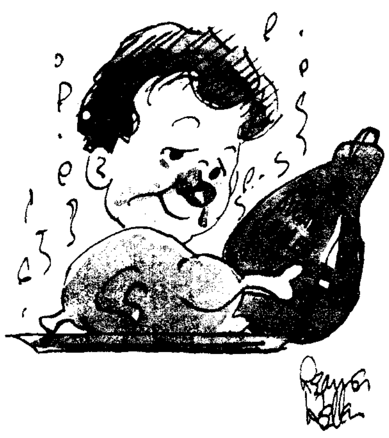
This story, which began with the flare of a match in the dark, is the story of an extraordinary man whose genius flared like a swift comet over the West and then was swallowed in darkness.

That he had genius is certain. He had a heart, too, as well as a brain, and he waged war as no other Indian has ever waged it. The Nez Percés, General Sherman wrote when the struggle was over, "displayed a courage and skill which elicted universal praise; they abstained from scalping, let captive women go free, did not commit indiscriminate murder of helpless families."

They fought one of the cleanest and one of the hardest wars ever fought anywhere, and the man who led them—this Chief Joseph whose face was curiously like Napoleon's—proved himself probably the most brilliant soldier the red race ever produced.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 4



Reamer Keller, a Virginian by birth, studied architecture in Cincinnati and at Ohio State University, after which he tramped around the country working in wheat fields, on coastwise shipping, with construction gangs and in railroad shops. This tired him out, so he squatted back of a drawing board in New Jersey and started turning out sixty cartoon ideas a week. Still does. One of them is on page sixty-two.

THERE was a time after the White Bird Canyon battle when Joseph could sit before his lodge in the June sunshine and watch with grave, contented eyes as bright-shawled women from the other tepees came to fondle and admire the baby girl who had just been born. But this interval was brief. To Washington and to the military posts of the West the telegraph carried the news of Perry's defeat. A lion was loose in the Idaho hills. The First Cavalry had ridden out to round him up and had been badly clawed. . . . Ten days after Perry's defeat, Joseph's scouts brought him word that General O. O. Howard, seasoned veteran of the Civil War, had started from Fort Lapwai with an overwhelming force.

Again that faculty of Joseph's brain which had long lain dormant and unused awoke to swift activity. Howard was too strong to be crushed as Perry had been crushed. This problem required a different strategy.

Joseph made his opening move with unerring judgment. Waiting until Howard had almost reached the valley, he led not only his fighting force but the women and children and his herd of 2,000 horses and hundreds of cattle down the Salmon a few miles, crossed it and took up a position in the mountains on the other side of the swift stream, whence he could strike in any one of several directions.

Howard was in a quandary at once. If he pursued the enemy with his whole force, he would leave the settlements unguarded. He did what Joseph meant him to do—divided his army.

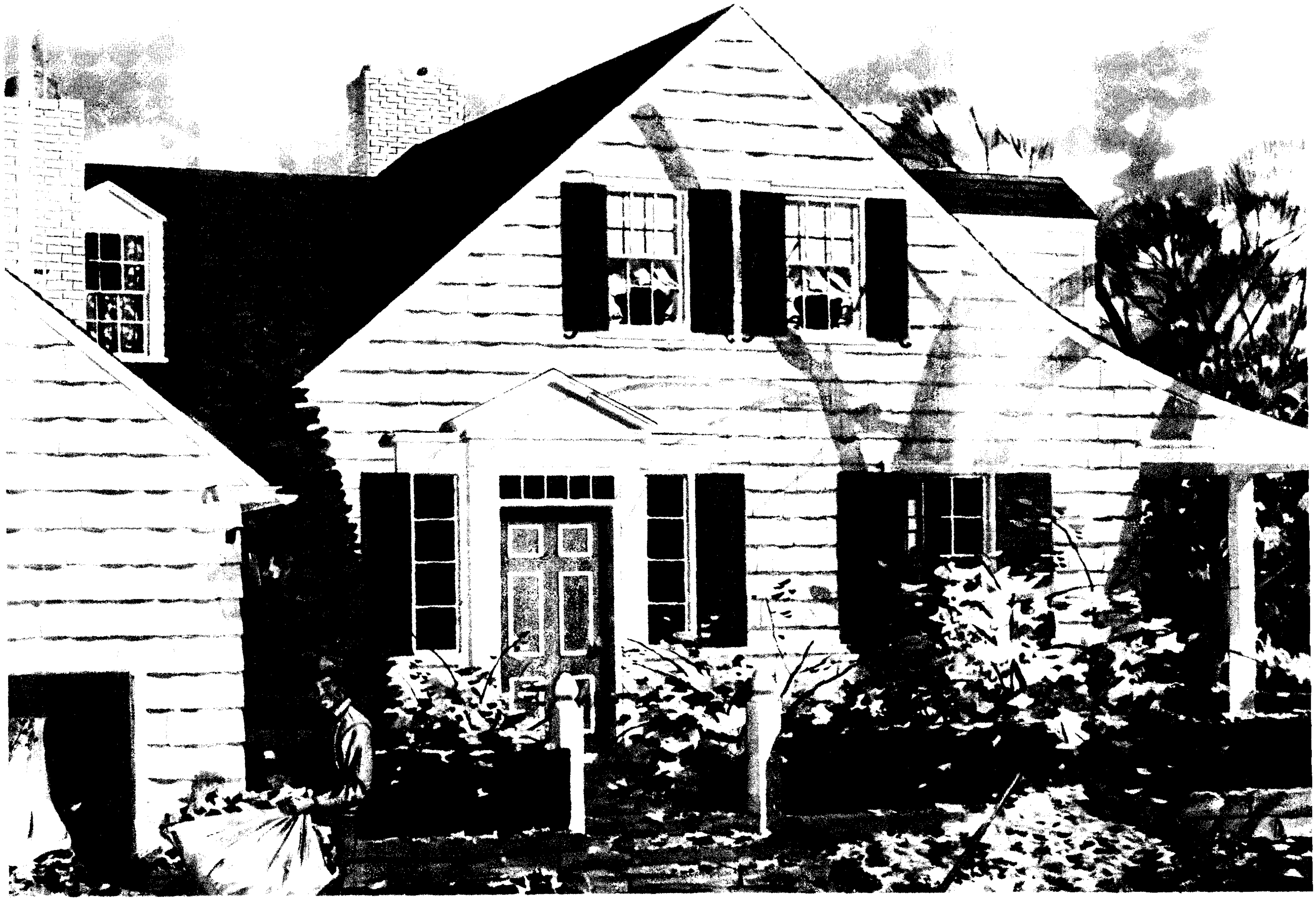
He detached a force under Major Whipple to move toward Cottonwood; then he crossed the Salmon to attack Joseph. The latter, drawing Howard well into the rough mountain country, circled around him, recrossed the Salmon and cut Howard's communications. Then he marched swiftly across Camas Prairie to strike Whipple before Howard could learn where he was.

His strategy was brilliantly successful. A detachment of Whipple's force under Rains was destroyed, another force under Captain Randall was badly cut up, Whipple himself was surrounded at Cottonwood and heavily attacked. Not a bit too soon, Howard, discovering how completely he had been outmaneuvered, recrossed the Salmon in hot haste and came racing back to raise the siege. Joseph drew off in ample time to reach the Clearwater where Looking Glass, another Nez Percé chief, awaited him.

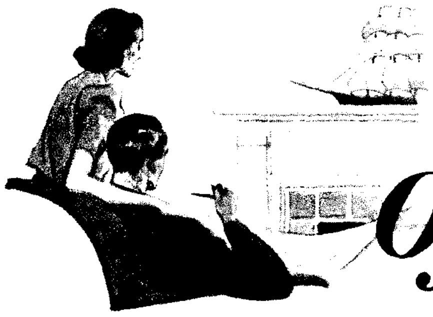
The busy telegraph wires had another tale to tell then: The lion that had used his claws in White Bird Canyon had also the cunning of the fox. In face of a much larger and wholly unencumbered army, Joseph had struck his enemies in detail, beaten them handily and then effected a junction with Looking Glass, thus considerably increasing his strength. It was as pretty a piece of generalship, perhaps, as Jackson's famous Valley campaign, though of course on a much smaller scale.

Then, on the banks of the Clearwater, Joseph conceived a plan of great daring. He resolved to fight Howard himself.

He had approximately two hundred



Paint styling note: Contrasting shutters in slate blue enhance the sunny charm of the yellow sidewalls. Then a red door, with panels outlined in white—an accent of distinction.



"AT LAST WE'RE LIVING IN A Home of Our Own ...LET'S KEEP IT A HOME TO BE PROUD OF!"

Right after we were married, Jim and I decided that one of the things we wanted most in life was a *home of our own.*

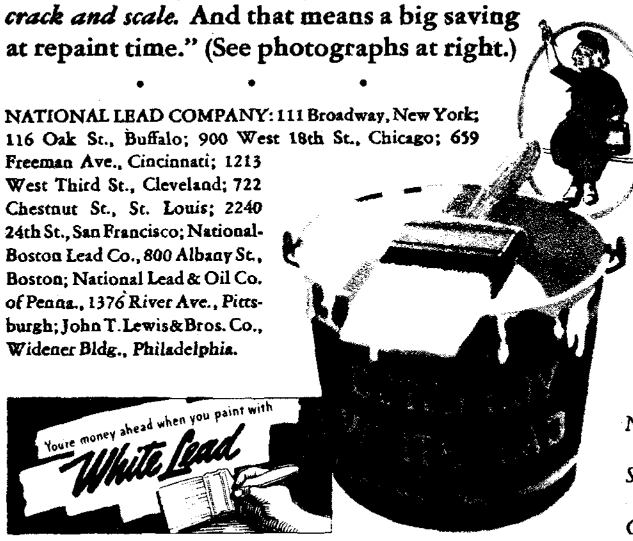
Last Spring we found just the place for us—a little old house, shabby and run-down, but with lots of possibilities—at a price we could afford. *In our remodeling, new paint worked wonders.* We found all sorts of interesting painting ideas in a Dutch Boy book called *So You're Going to Paint.**

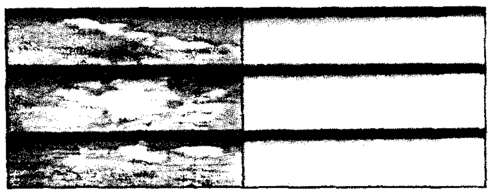
Of course, beauty wasn't the only reason we chose Dutch Boy. Jim's father is a retired painting contractor. And he swears by Dutch Boy—says you can't beat it for economy.

"Don't let me catch you two using anything but Dutch Boy White-Lead," he told us. "It's more than just a long wearing paint—*it's one that doesn't crack and scale.* And that means a big saving at repaint time." (See photographs at right.)

• • •

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY: 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 1376 River Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.


You're money ahead when you paint with
White Lead



LOW-GRADE PAINT	**DUTCH BOY**
"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.	*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 345 (See list of branches at left)

Please send me your free booklet, *So You're Going to Paint,* containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting. Also give me information on the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan with FHA terms.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

**This Dutch Boy Book, So You're Going to Paint, is yours for the asking. Fifty-two illustrations in color show you what to do—and what not to do. The coupon will bring you a free copy.*

BETTER your drinks with BACARDI

YOU *KNOW* the incomparable BACARDI Cocktail . . .

But you're missing something if you haven't tried the BACARDI Collins, Highball, Cuba Libre, Old-Fashioned, or Sour.

Make them with BACARDI and *taste the wonderful difference!*

●

Use BACARDI Gold Label, from Cuba, the world's finest rum . . . or BACARDI Amber Label, the finest Puerto Rican Rum . . . at a popular price.

For the BACARDI or Bacardi-Daiquiri Cocktail use BACARDI White Label, from Cuba, the world's finest rum . . . or BACARDI Silver Label, the finest Puerto Rican Rum . . . at a popular price.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

and fifty warriors armed with rifles. Howard had four hundred fighting men, nearly all of them Regular cavalry and mounted infantry, with a howitzer and two Gatling guns. Joseph's picturesque camp, with its tall, conelike tepees sheltering the women and children, was pitched beyond the Clearwater in a position well adapted for defense. But he had no intention of fighting a defensive battle. When Howard approached the Clearwater, Joseph led his warriors across the river and instantly attacked.

IT WOULD be hard to find in military history a bolder stroke or one more skillfully executed. Incredible as it seems, Joseph with his much smaller force held Howard in front and at the same time outflanked him, actually reaching his supply train in the rear, disabling some of its animals and very nearly capturing it. Equally incredible, he held his much stronger enemy completely on the defensive throughout a long day of hard fighting so that when night fell the troops occupied a circle with the Nez Percés all around them and with all their communications cut.

These were United States Regulars, brave men, fully equipped, adequately led. They had the advantage of both numbers and position. Yet, in this amazing Battle of the Clearwater, dawn of the second day found them actually besieged, busily strengthening their defenses, searching the horizon anxiously *for help. If help had not come* by a lucky accident, there is no telling what would have happened. Shortly after noon, a dust cloud was seen in the distance—a fresh column of cavalry coming from Fort Lapwai—and when this reinforcement reached the scene, Joseph broke off the battle.

Again the telegraph wires had a tale to tell, an astounding tale to those who could read between the lines. With a greatly inferior force Joseph had fought a brilliant offensive battle against Regulars supported by artillery and had come very near to accomplishing the impossible. It was a small affair, of course, measured by the number engaged, but for boldness of conception and for skill of execution Joseph's fight at the Clearwater has seldom been surpassed.

And yet he must have known—this Indian who had something of Bonaparte in him—that he had missed his aim. If he could have beaten Howard utterly on the Clearwater, he might conceivably have obtained for his valiant little band a peace that would have given them back their home. That probably was why he had risked a pitched battle against such enormous odds. He must have realized now that their Valley of Winding Waters was lost to his people forever.

He called a council of his lieutenants —Looking Glass, White Bird and Ollicot. He knew what the white man's telegraph was doing: every available military unit in the West was moving toward Idaho. They were coming from Montana, from Arizona, from California, even from faraway Atlanta. Sadly Joseph agreed that there was but one thing to do—retire across the Bitter Roots and across the Great Divide of the Rockies and try to reach Canada.

Then began the most astonishing chapter of all. Hemmed in by enemies outnumbering him at least eight to one —with Howard behind him, with Gibbon and Sturgis on his flanks, with Nelson Miles in front—his little army, burdened with more than 350 women and children, fought its way onward for ten weeks over a distance of nearly 1,500 miles with a dogged valor that few armies have ever equaled.

Again and again during that long agony Joseph displayed, in General Howard's phrase, a military genius "not often equaled in warfare." Again and again he turned on his pursuers and sent them staggering back. At Big Hole Pass, Gibbon, coming in from Montana, struck the sleeping Nez Percé camp at daybreak, pouring a destructive fire into the tepees, killing many women and children as well as men, including Chief Looking Glass. Joseph rallied his warriors, whirled on Gibbon, captured and dismantled his howitzer and might have annihilated his command but for Howard's approach.

NEAR Henry Lake he lashed back at Howard so effectively that the latter was paralyzed for three days because Joseph had captured most of the army's pack animals. Across the corner of Wyoming he went, releasing, unharmed, two white women who fell into his hands there, and on into Montana where Colonel Sturgis fell on him with a greatly superior force. In a hard two-day battle he beat off this foe, leaving Sturgis so shaken that he could pursue no farther.

Then, when his magnificent retreat of nearly 1,500 miles was all but accomplished, when he had beaten Howard and Gibbon and Sturgis and left them far behind, when the Canadian line was barely forty miles away, Fate turned against him. Nelson Miles struck him with a fresh force of Regulars more than double his own.

That morning he left his lodge and had gone with his twelve-year-old daughter to inspect the horseherd a short distance from camp. It was the last day of September, the ground white with snow, the air bitterly cold. Suddenly into the Nez Percé camp dashed Miles' cavalry, cutting off the horseherd from the tepees.

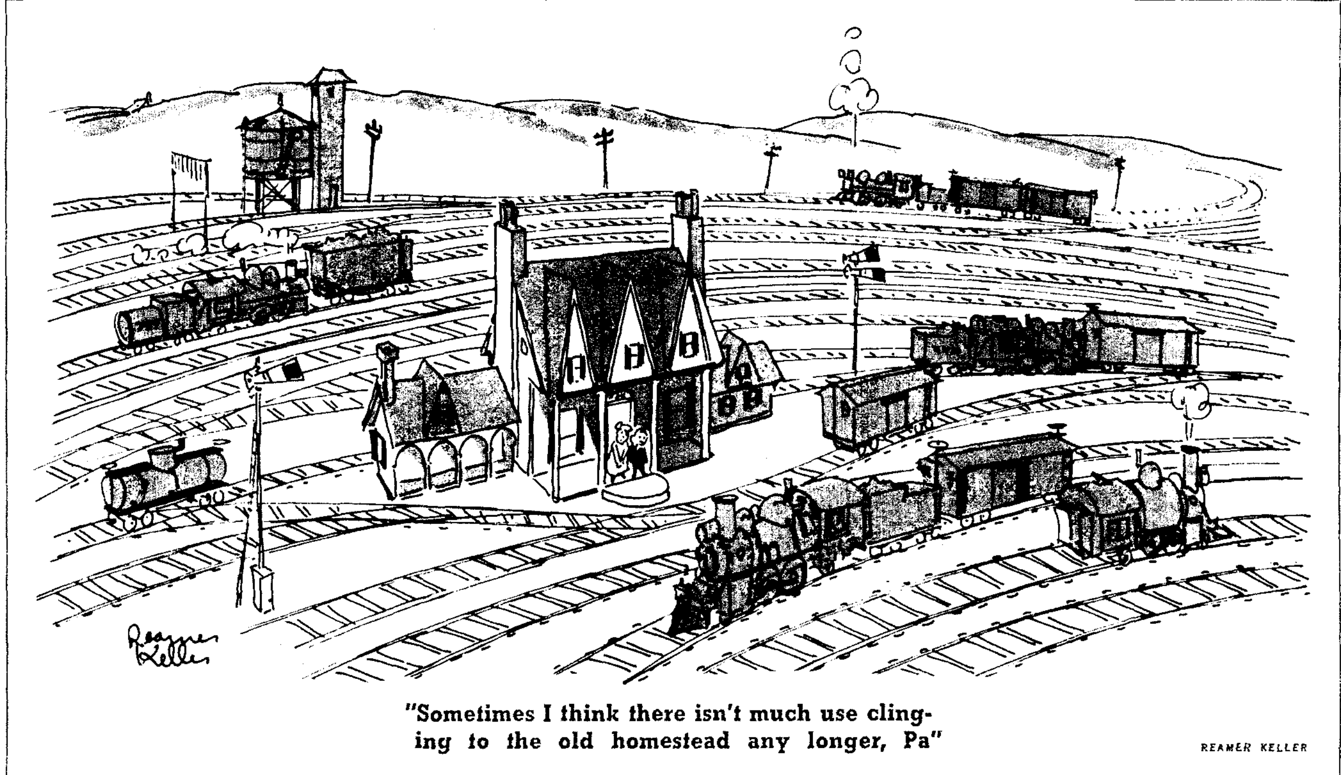
JOSEPH gave a rope to his daughter, bidding her catch a pony and go with the others. He flung himself on a mustang and raced toward the camp. Bullets ripped his clothes and the horse was hit, but miraculously he got through. Somehow—heaven knows how—he rallied his warriors; and somehow—again the thing seems a miracle—those weary men beat off that attack, beat it off with such heavy loss to the soldiers that Miles did not charge again.

There was no need to. Miles surrounded the position, brought up his cannon and began to shell the camp.

There was one hope for the trapped Joseph: that Sitting Bull and his Sioux, refugeeing in Canada, might come to the rescue. But Sitting Bull did not come. Ollicot was killed. White Bird and a small party stole through the lines in the night and safely crossed the border. Joseph could have gone also, but he refused to abandon the women and children and the wounded.

For four days they held out, their number reduced now to eighty-seven men, forty of whom were wounded, guarding 331 women and children, shielding them as best they could from the bursting shells, shivering in the awful cold, eating the flesh of dead horses. Howard joined Miles and the two white chiefs offered the red chief honorable terms—terms offered in good faith but afterward conveniently forgotten by those "higher up." On the fifth morning this Indian who had waged war as no Indian and few white men had ever waged it spoke these words to Howard's messenger:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. He who led the young men (Ollicot) is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. Hear me, my chiefs! My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."



"Sometimes I think there isn't much use clinging to the old homestead any longer, Pa"

REAMER KELLER

WAR
HAS STARTED IN South America

BUT THEY ARE FIGHTING WITH OILWELLS—NOT WITH GUNS

Drew Thorpe had long suspected the Planet Export gang. Searching for new oil fields, even in South America, didn't need long-range radio stations nor an army of highly disciplined, heavily armed guards.

Nor did he like Franz Alter, Planet's manager, with his duel-scarred face and his bearing of a military commander rather than an "oil sniffer" out to locate new wells.

It all came clear when a party of "bandits" raided Drew's camp and left him for dead. In his struggle to escape to the coast, he discovered Alter's real purpose—not simply to smash a rival oil company but to dominate all of South America.

But there were patriots on Drew's side, like Gloria Diaz, lovely daughter of an old Castilian family and almost as American as girls he knew in the States. She was determined that European politics shouldn't bring hate and corruption to her country. But could she persuade her powerful father? Would Latin America see in time the deadly implications in this fight for her precious oil?

Tom Gill's new novel, starting in the October American Magazine, is a thrilling story of oil and international intrigue in South America. But "Wildcat 13" is far more than just an exciting adventure yarn. It is a true picture of economic invasion by a European power, based on first-hand observation by the author on his recent stay in the jungles of our great sister continent. As a forecast of tomorrow's events—as a tremendously exciting story today, don't miss it.

TOM GILL'S *thrilling novel of South America* "WILDCAT 13"

Over 160 Pages
TO ENJOY AND PROFIT BY

"Thank heavens this is my country!" When you say these words, then The American Magazine is your magazine. For it is devoted to the people, the places, the problems, the sports, the movies, the notions and commotions that add up to the American way of living. Among the more than forty features in October you'll find:

MY BOSS, WENDELL WILLKIE

If you wanted to know what a presidential candidate was really like, who could tell you better than his secretary? And so, we asked Miss Grace Grahn, secretary to Mr. Wendell Willkie for the past five years, to write this article. For unless a secretary is deaf, dumb and blind, she learns some things about her boss that others never know.

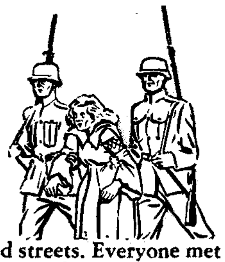
A MYSTERY NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Gloria Prayne was an amazing creature. Perhaps most of the things the gossips said about her when they ruined her reputation was true. But who among her friends would want to see this wild and beautiful girl dead? Yet all evidence pointed to someone in her own smart New York crowd.

All the thrills of a $2 mystery novel in "Two Were Missing" by Hugh Pentecost.

WHY BATTING AVERAGES FALL

When the hecklers start to work on a player as he comes to bat in big league baseball, they display a knowledge of human nature that puts learned psychologists to shame. Frank Graham tells about it in "Big League Hot Foot."

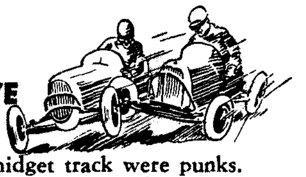


/HY MRS. HODZA SMILED

ıe was the very last good ›usewife the townspeople :pected to befriend the azis as their hob-nailed ›ots marched over the cobbled streets. Everyone met e invaders with a stony silence and eyes that spoke tred and contempt. Everyone in town but Mrs. odza. But there was a stirring reason. Don't miss 'ill F. Jenkins' timely short story of a feeble old ›man's stout-hearted courage, "I Give My Life."

"WHAT HAVE THEY GOT, THAT I HAVEN'T?"

ichael had a passion to get into shorts and cork lmet. Every suitor of the boss's daughter had been nished to the rubber plantation in Pernambuco, so cast eyes in her direction, too. But Sue had beaten m to the punch. "The Suitors of Sue," by Helen eutsch, is one of eleven stories and novels in this ›nth's American Magazine.



TO WIN YOU HAVE TO PASS THEM

The other drivers on the midget track were punks. But to beat them, you had to pass them and since the accident last summer George Lawson hadn't passed many drivers even on the five and dime tracks. Then, one night his wife decided that *her* man could win one more. "Tin Can Derby" by Eustace L. Adams.

WILL LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND GET US INTO WAR?

In Guam, our tiny outpost in the Pacific, 21,000 loyal, brown-skinned people look to Uncle Sam for protection. Should we start to untie the strings that bind us to Guam as we have already with the Philippines? Or should we arm it as our first-line defense in the East? Here are the facts about this tiny outpost in the Pacific, 5,000 miles from California but only 40 miles from the Japanese controlled island of Rota.

FULL VALUE for DEFENSE DOLLARS

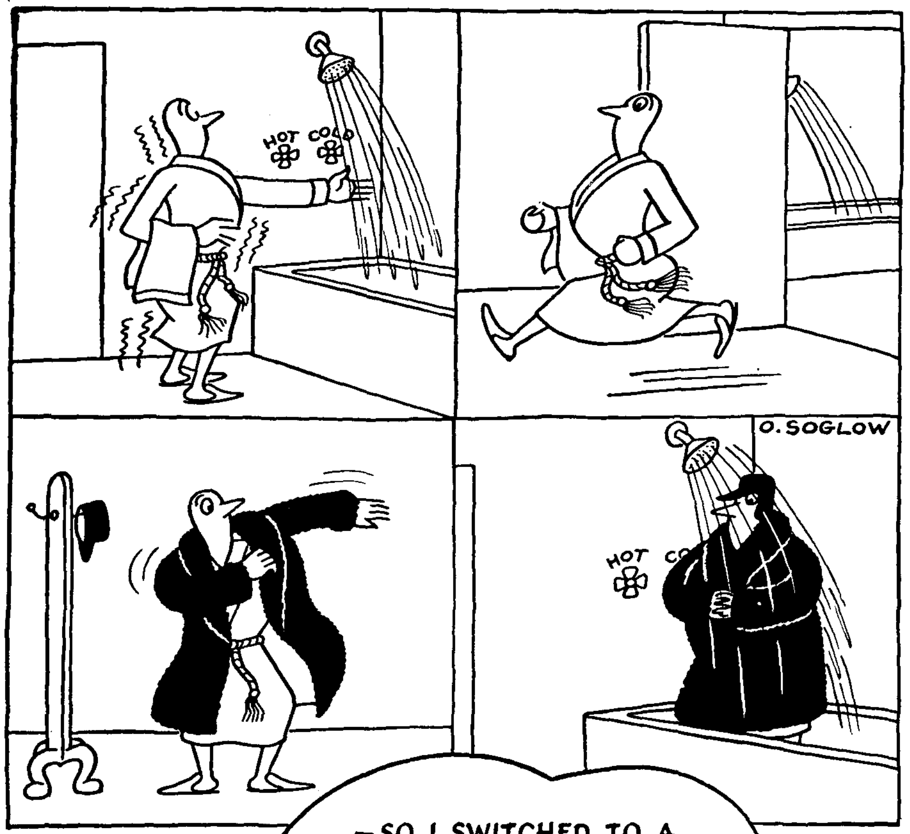
When aroused citizens decide to do something about taxes, they usually force politicians to trim their sails, Battleships or boondoggle? Airplanes or post offices? In "Pocketbook Rebellion" S. F. Porter presents the amazing facts behind a spreading tax revolt. How businessmen and housewives are using ballot, publicity and eternal vigilance to cut out non-essentials and get full value for every dollar spent.

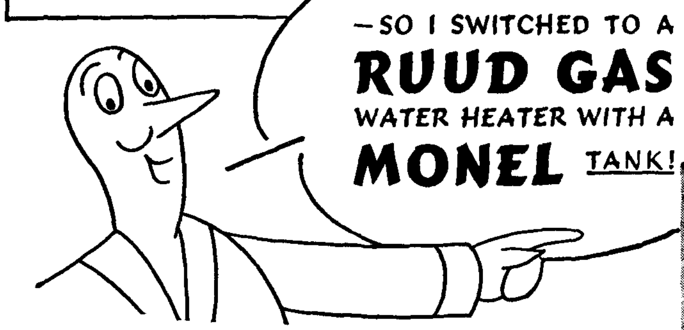
A FORTY-FEATURE SHOW
For only 25 cents

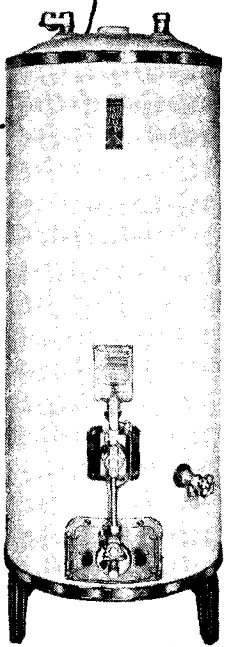
You pay for only one magazine when you buy the big October American but you get many magazines in one. A leading fiction magazine, a magazine of fact and help that enables you to know America as few can, a magazine of entertainment for the entire family. It's a grand show every month and a grand bargain. Join the millions who have discovered how much fun 25 cents can buy. (30 cents in Canada.)

now on sale

OCTOBER 25¢
the American
MAGAZINE







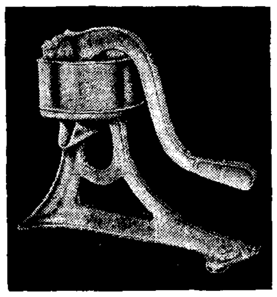
Nobody but Mr. Soglow would suggest wearing an overcoat when your shower is too cold. Our suggestion is more practical. For plenty of hot water — hot enough to hop into on the chilliest morning—get a Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater with a Monel Tank.

Your shower will not only be hot but CLEAN. For the tank of a Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater is solid Monel, the miracle metal that can't rust and "dirty up" the water. That tank is Monel through and through—not plated, coated or clad. That's why it's *guaranteed for 20 years* against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion.

Why delay? Today—see your gas company, plumber or dealer in bottled or tank gas, and see how easy it is to start Monel-protected Ruud Hot Water flowing from your faucets. And remember — Ruud Automatic Water Heaters burn gas, the modern economy fuel.

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANT
This
Juicer?



THIS polished aluminum juice extractor will not rust or corrode. Light and powerful, it strains the last drop of juice. Saves time and fruit!

IT'S YOURS for selling only two 1-year COLLIER'S subscriptions at $2.00 each to persons living outside your home. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Simply pin subscribers' names and addresses to this ad. Then, mail with check or money order for $4.00 to—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-38
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

CORN SUFFERERS
should know these facts...

What causes corns— How to get rid of them

Corns are caused by pressure and friction, become a hard plug (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B). But now it's easy to remove corns. Blue-Jay pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special medication (D) acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out (stubborn cases may require a second treatment). Then simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it relieves pain and removes the corn. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. C-20, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

The Hanging of Hassan Hangat

Continued from page 10

a word. . . . Doc, I can't help thinking there must be something we missed or never found out. You know, Hassan had had a lot of trouble with that old ruffian uncle of his, the Penglima Hitam. They'd had a string of lawsuits, and Hassan always lost."

"What's that to do with the case?"

"Well, a man under a false accusation by his enemies would naturally speak up for himself, wouldn't he? All the witnesses against Hassan were members of his uncle's family; and he never gainsaid one of them. Sat there all through the trial and heard the most damning testimony with no more change on his face than an old boot! . . . You call 'em a fighting race. Then, by gad, why should this fellow simply chuck in his hand and quit?"

"That's entirely Malay, too," observed the doctor. "It's their national trait—like a death adder: never so dangerous as when he's flattened out. That's when a Malay runs *amok*. Good thing Hassan never got the chance—innocent or guilty! . . . But see here, my lad, you mustn't let this gravel you. You did your duty, and your judgment was perfectly right, just and lawful, of course."

"IS IT soft of me to confess I've been rather praying? Imagine: to pray for a man's guilt! Or is it merely laughable?" asked Forsyte, creakily.

"Steady!" warned Doty. "Time's up; they're coming down the corridor. A stiff two fingers for you, my boy, and I'll join you. Come along!"

They went, together, into the execution courtyard where now began and proceeded the formal routine—quite as Malik had foreseen it—of the hanging of Hassan Hangat.

First, from the corridor with military precision entered the group of three and halted beside the scaffold steps. There the hangman was already waiting. The hangman was a muddy-skinned Chinaman without known identity, who only appeared, like a gnome from the earth, on these special occasions. The two Sikhs took one pace rear, bringing their rifles to parade. Then Tuan Doty took the "piece of pipe in his ears" and worked his "magic." And it was singular—if there had been anyone to note—how the good doctor as he listened with his stethoscope nodded absent-mindedly and gave a professional flicker of approval at the face of Hassan Hangat; having found such an amazing tale of inner calm and control to match its utter impassivity. . . . Thereafter Tuan Forsyte stood forward with the warrant, as stamped and sanctioned by government. He read it aloud in English, and again in Malay; and he read it firmly and well. But he need have felt no concern for its effect on Hassan Hangat.

That wiry, weazened, dried-up simulacrum of a man, that man of no account, never flinched at the dread words; never gave a sign of fear or distress. When the hangman touched his sleeve and beckoned, he required no help, but quietly mounted the nine fateful treads and moved to his proper place on the trap as if he had been drilled to it.

Through the slits like clerestory windows in the high wall, last rays from the west lent a dull, infernal ruddiness. The wind complained with its burden of the impending monsoon and brought no relief.

Forsyte and Doty had remained below with the two Sikhs, the only official attesting witnesses. Dr. Doty held his watch in his hand with steadfast attention. Doc Doty had figured out the exact astronomical second for the setting of the sun at Tembinok today. As carefully as a point on a fever chart: as carefully as if it had meant something really important. Though, of course, all Doc Doty did mean really was to lift the strain from Forsyte—a man so plainly overtaxed by his duties.

On the platform, in the interval, the Chinese hangman was going about his own duty; and quite methodically.

The hangman had a strip of red cloth which he folded into a headband, or fillet, such as Roman emperors used to wear and the common people still do. This he slipped deftly over the eyes of Hassan Hangat. Next, from the gallows' beam he drew down the rope, already looped and knotted, and settled the noose of it around Hassan's neck. Lastly he was starting to tie Hassan's hands behind his back, when Hassan made a little interruption. . . .

Oh, just a slight delaying gesture; just a trifling movement inside his loose old silk jacket, with his palms and his fingers pressed together beneath his chin. Just a shrug of fleeting discomfort, it might have been. Or possibly one more and one final private petition.

Until—to conclude his mortal life—everything was in readiness for the hanging of Hassan Hangat.

The hangman stepped aside against the wall and took hold of the lever, a simple device to release the trigger to the trap. He looked down over the edge of the platform at Doc Doty. Doc Doty looked at his watch. While the closing daylight faded on Tembinok. . . .

Horror, a sense of horror in events has no form of words. As it happened in Tembinok jail, when the monstrous clap of the deathtrap shocked through all its walls and timbers. When within the same click of time the body of Hassan Hangat pitched into emptiness—seemed to check with a snap in midair—and went plunging as a limp, helpless bundle on the hard floor of the yard below.

What was said, what was felt in that stricken instant could have had no coherence, could have left no record for any man to repeat. What every man saw and knew terribly was that the rope had snapped.

Forsyte's cry he himself never remembered; nor did anyone ever remember it against him. The one thing that everyone would remember, the thing that braced them all like a clarion call, was the blast of stout old Doc Doty.

"Stead-*dee*, the company! *Action front!*" he roared. Straightway as if on a firing line he knelt by the victim, worked with swift skill and decision.

"Not dead. No, b' George. Man's not dead: nor like to be. *Quiet, please!* . . . no bones broken. Just knocked out, I'd say. Golly, yes—just got himself a bit of a knock. *Must be made of wire!* . . . Here, you two Sikh johnnies—where's that doolie?"

HE MEANT the stick-and-string stretcher, which had been provided for a grimmer purpose. With sharply rapped orders he had the two guards convey the late hangee upon it. "Carry him back to his cell. He'll do well enough. If you see Malik the warder, tell him I'll be there. . . .

"*You!*" He shook a menacing finger up at the clay-faced hangman. "You stay where you are—shabbee? Maskee. Till I get a chance to examine that rope. . . .

"And *you,*" he added, grabbing an arm of Captain Forsyte. "Straight along with me, m' boy. *Quick march!*"

So, and in so brief a space, the voice

and vigor of a single sturdy veteran prevailed: bringing command and sanity again for everybody in Tembinok jail . . . Everybody, that is to say, except Malik the warder.

He—obese and sweating, ignorant, but satisfied with having earned his pay and done his flag-wagging for the Penglima Hitam—came climbing down from the roof. It was dark now, or very nearly, except for a tiny oil dish he had left lighted in the death cell. He came, of course, to collect the rest of his "gift"; being by item: a bowl, a betel box and a torn copy of the Surah on God's Vengeance from the Koran. The whole worth possibly ten Singapore cents in the bazaar. Still, any squeeze was a squeeze to Malik; therefore he came swearing gently. . . .

Until, at the door of the cell, he encountered—full before him—the figure, the apparition, of Hassan Hangat.

"Great King!" said Malik, and fell flat. "How can I serve my lord?"

The thing, the demon—whatever it was—seemed very little changed from life. It was frail, and thin, and much like a mummy draped in a threadbare yellow old silken jacket. Malik would not have been surprised if it had sprouted a pair of horns; but the only apparent addition it had gained in the interval was a filleted band, binding the hair above the brows. It said nothing; at least, nothing that Malik could hear. For about then the gathered storm had burst: the gigantic storm wind of the equinox.

A WHIRL of fetid air swept the corridor: chased by a sudden chill and damp as tangible as smoke: the explosion of a deluge. Every ditch and gutter ran awash at once; and the jail itself thrummed and quivered like a beaten gourd. . . . Certainly, for a new member, Hassan Hangat had lost no time in raising hell!

And anyway and otherwise, Hassan Hangat had no need to speak. He merely regarded Malik from his hollow eye places with a spectral, a scornful gleam, and pointed with one bony finger. He pointed toward the bell gate, of which Malik always kept the key. Malik was in no condition to resist. He had only to obey. And Malik did obey; mostly on his belly. And when he managed to close the gate, the light blew out in awful night and left him flat on his face.

These were the pranks of the weather; the strangeness continuing over Tembinok as if some infernal intelligence must certainly be directing it. This was a fact quite apparent to the native mind as soon as the news came out, confirmed by the clangor of the alarm bell, summoning all true men to join the man hunt. A fact even more certain from the very lowliness of the creature concerned. What? A murderer miraculously reprieved—a prisoner mysteriously escaped: *ya Allah!* . . . And all this uproar on account of Hassan Hangat, a man of no account!

Then look you; whether he were really a *hantu* (spirit), or only *orang jahat* (a tough fellow), was no matter. In either case he would be an unchancey sort of fugitive to follow. No: here was a good time for all true men to stay at home and tend the fire, and let bewilderment take its course. Which left nothing much except Doc Doty's notes keeping touch with order and reality tonight.

AT 6:49 P. M., for instance, he carefully set down his clinical observations regarding the hangless hanging of Hassan Hangat.

At 7:04, after some persuasion on his part and some rather incoherent resistance from the patient, he was able to administer a certain sedative to Captain Forsyte—who, he diagnosed, had not slept for nearly three days.

At 7:10, Forsyte was sleeping.

At 7:15, taking a hurricane lantern and accompanied by the two Sikhs, Doc Doty returned to the execution courtyard, where he found the Chinese hangman still standing like a graven image. Him. he banished to whence-ever he was sprung; meanwhile confiscating and taking along for evidence the noose of the broken rope.

Next moment he arrived at the death cell, where naturally he expected to treat a half-hanged, half-strangled and moribund victim. No such a thing—as he told Forsyte, later. No such a thing did he find! Only the bulk of Malik the warder collapsed on the floor.

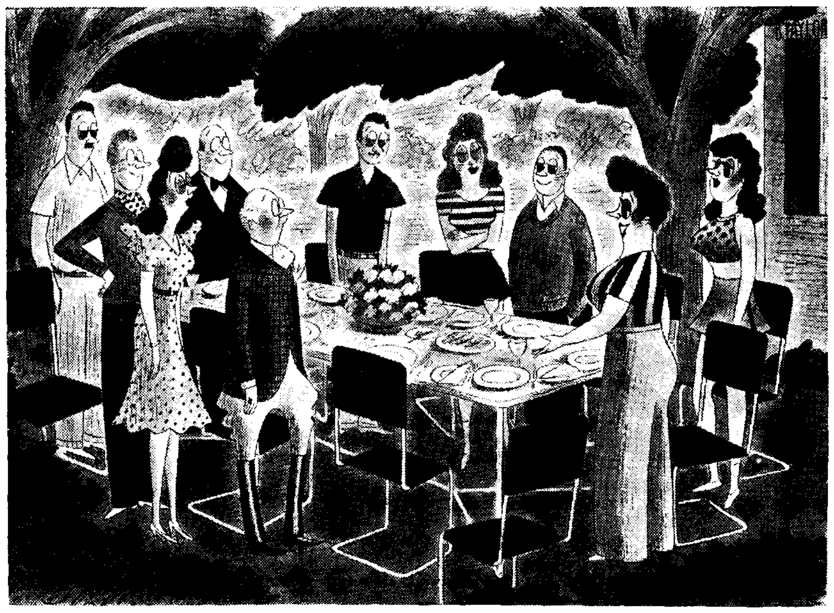
" . . . Imagine! Man was like a jelly bag. And I'd no least idea what ailed him, at first. Not until he gasped out how the ghost of Hassan Hangat had just passed that way—walking right through him, and over him, and out of the gate! That was when I gave the alarm."

"What time was that?" demanded Forsyte.

"It's right here on my fever chart. Let's see. Exactly seven-thirty P. M."

"And it's now ten-thirty!"

"I let you sleep," admitted Doty, coolly. "And it's done you a world of good," he added, noting with quiet satisfaction how Forsyte's haggard eyes had cleared, how firm was his fist on the desk. "You're in command again, of course. And there's nothing more to



"Major, I know you won't mind straddling the table leg"

RICHARD TAYLOR

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE INTERNATIONAL GIN
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA
UNITED STATES
it's won the whole wide world's acclaim for almost a hundred years!

ATHL
S FOOT
INFECTS

feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks between your toes WARN YOU

The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

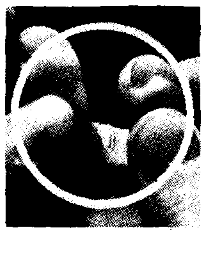
1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. ***It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.***

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Get a bottle today. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE: Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201U Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!



DURHAM BLADES

are tops in shaving!

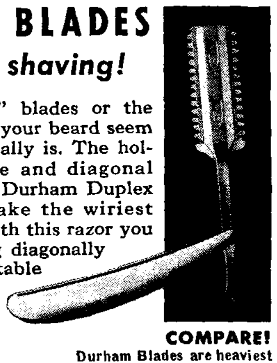
Perhaps "bargain" blades or the wrong razor make your beard seem tougher than it really is. The hollow-ground blade and diagonal shaving stroke of Durham Duplex Safety Razor make the wiriest beards behave. With this razor you can't help shaving diagonally—the most comfortable way. While Durham is different, you'll get the knack quickly.

SHAVE KIT $1.00
Compact soft roll case with Durham Razor, pkg. 5 blades, stropping device . . . Money back guarantee . . . At dealers or order direct.

COMPARE!
Durham Blades are heaviest made (15/1000th gauge) selected Swedish steel. Hollow-ground. Leather-stropped. Hair tested. Rigidly inspected. Cost more per blade (5 for 50c) but less per shave. More shaves in every blade.

DURHAM DUPLEX

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

report since I sent out the searching parties. I organized everybody in the fort: like so many bloodhounds, b' George! All our Sikhs. And even your precious recruits."

"My recruits!"

"Of course! Tembinok jail has an escaped prisoner. I called out the whole blooming force to chase him down. Though I don't *believe* any of 'em are so awf'ly keen about it tonight. . . . Who's going to catch a ghost in a tempest?"

"A ghost in a tempest." Forsyte nodded. "That's the situation, isn't it? But he's not, you know."

"Who, Hassan Hangat? No: he's not."

"No. He's an error. My error—with a broken rope to show there was something wrong, which I ought to have known and prevented. He's my responsibility, Doc." Forsyte stood up; a lean, bronzed specimen of young manhood without a quiver or a quaver about him. "And I'm going to go out and get him myself," he said.

It was Doty's turn to nod, with grim approval. "I hoped you'd take it that way. 'Smatter of fact, I knew you would. In view of which, m' gallant lad—take a look at this, will you?"

On the desk, under its light, he laid the open loop of the hangman's noose. "You see it?"

Forsyte blinked, uncomprehending.

"It never broke of itself," said Doty. "It was cut."

"*Cut!*"

"Not quite through. Just so the strands would snap."

"You're right!" said Forsyte; and the thing of itself was evident. "The Chink perhaps. What? D'you suppose he could have fixed it?"

"No. Nothing to do with the Chink; and you're doing great discredit to a very smart fellow not to think of it at once. And how he did it—very smart indeed!"

"Hassan! You mean the man himself! How could he? He wasn't armed!"

"Well, he's armed now."

"He hadn't even a knife."

"Well, he has something."

"But his hands were tied!"

"Ah-ha. But just before. 'Member that?"

"He was praying."

"Ah-ha. Inside his old silken jacket."

The two men looked at each other, and this time they both nodded, as they revisioned for themselves the unhanged hanging of Hassan Hangat. . . .

Then Forsyte quietly buckled on tunic and belt, and took a rainproof topi from a nail and the hurricane lantern from the desk.

"If it's true, I'll know where to find him," was all he said.

AND it was fearsome weather; and it continued the whole night long, while the floods descended, and the winds came and beat about that ancient fortress of Tembinok. Old Doc Doty did not seem to mind. Casually, he looked to the reloading of his old automatic pistol.

Accurately, he arranged the light so that he sat in deep shadow between the two doors he had to watch; and sat, and dozed. And smoked a little. And dreamed lightly a little, too.

Dreams of work and of service: dull, hard, jungly work done in sweat and blood; and service slow, unseen, scantily rewarded. Not done altogether unselfishly, either, or from any high benevolent social theory. But on the whole, pretty decently done; with a normal respect for common human rights and common human progress. These were not conscious concepts of his mind: merely the tradition for which he had been trained and for which he had given his life. That was why he was able to doze so easily; not bothered much or much doubting his judgment of men, or events—or devils, either—while he still kept ward and governance at Tembinok through the hours.

. . . And that was why he only roused drowsily when he heard Captain Forsyte's return.

"Hello," he said. "Did you get him?"

Forsyte was removing his drenched garments, and belt and topi. "Did I get who, which or what?"

"I'm asking. Did you get Hassan Hangat?"

"Doctor Doty," said Forsyte, severely, "if you are referring to a late condemned criminal of that name, I can show you by your own notes," he picked up Doty's pad from the desk, "by your own notation, on what you call your 'fever chart', that man was duly hanged at—let's see—hanged at exactly 6:49 yesterday P. M. He was lawfully executed; and since you cannot execute one man twice, by any law, the government report will be properly signed and forwarded, if you please."

Doc Doty grinned at the crisp, official tone.

"All right. I'll attend to it. But I repeat, to ask, to know: What did you find?"

"AS TO that," answered Forsyte seriously, "I found quite a bloodthirsty case of *amok* up yonder, just over the hill. You know, that vicious old scoundrel the Penglima Hitam—he's led a career of successful crime for many a year. Land grabbing, extortion: even murder. We knew about him, but never could prove anything. The whole countryside knew, too. But native fashion; no Malay would tell or testify. . . .

"Well—it seems that last night one of his family victims showed up unexpectedly. A nephew or a cousin or some relation he had horribly oppressed—whose wife he had actually murdered, I heard whispered. This man unknown came out of the storm like a demon. He fought with Hitam hand to hand. And Hitam died of stab wounds in the front."

Doty reflected. "That's entirely Malay. . . . No identification, of course. No evidence. No clue?"

"Only this." Out on the desk, for the doctor's inspection, he laid a singular object. A thing like a shard of ivory; delicately joined and cunningly carved; perhaps a foot and a half long; with a hooked handle.

Doty stared. "Why, it's a hairpin! It's one of those Ceramese hairpins made out of cassowary bone. . . . But a man couldn't fight with this. How could a man fight with it? It won't cut anything!"

"A man will fight with anything, when it's all he has," returned Forsyte, with assured authority. "And notice this thin steel wire, almost invisible, inlaid inside the hook. . . . That might cut something; like the round of a rope, for instance. . . . It's rather a curio. Would you like to have it, Doc?"

Doc Doty saw that the thing was stained deep red in its substance from point to hilt. "I think not," he decided. "Better give it to Malik the warder, for a squeeze. . . . Anything else?"

"Oh, yes—I meant to tell you!" cried Forsyte, bright-eyed. "I've all my recruits back. And a lot more, too! They're enlisting by bunches, down in the barracks. It seems the omens are good now—by their silly native superstition. All on account of a grand new corporal I found. *Orang Jahat,* they call him. That means 'a fighting fellow', y' know. . . . I'll be marching this afternoon with maybe forty or fifty men for the Singapore defense force!"

Doc Doty nodded with an eye at peace toward the upper clerestory windows, through which he could see the clearing sky. "I told you they were a fighting race! Any race would be, with boys like you to lead 'em. . . . Lead on, m' gallant lad!" He smiled; not grinning.

EVER TAKE A DARE

Just For The Fun of It?

When you were a kid, you'd take a dare from *most* anybody.

Remember the tough kid? And the time "Skinny" dared you to slip up and whang him one? Your heart was in your mouth, *but you did it!*

Here's *Cigarette* Mildness With Rich *Pipe* Flavor!

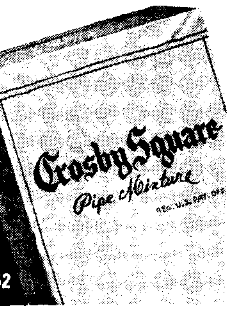
How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

AT YOUR DEALER 15¢

***"Take-a-Dare"* Offer**

Send us 6¢ in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 102 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

CHRISTIAN PEPER
Tobacco Co. Since 1852



Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 400,000 families have found the answer to these questions with the help of

Dr. Eliot's
Five-Foot Shelf
of Books
(The Harvard Classics)

Simply mail the coupon for the Free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which has brought new happiness to thousands who have sent for it. Also, for limited time only, we will send you "Men Behind the Classics" which contains dramatic biographies of men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. A fine piece of literature. Both of these booklets will be sent you free, postpaid and without obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLETS

P F Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York City

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics. 449 HCE

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address..................

Inside Willkie's Head

Continued from page 15

exiled because of his religion; another was persecuted because he believed in the principles of the French Revolution; and still another was jailed for insisting on the right of free speech. As their descendant I have fought from boyhood against all those restrictions, discriminations and tyrannies. And I am still fighting."

Fear, fret, intolerance, vindictiveness—in most minds these occupy some room, and in many minds they occupy most of the room. They are no part of the Willkie mental furniture.

He is classed a businessman, and there are those who say that this fact alone condemns him to failure in the White House. "No businessman ever made a great national leader," they say. "Baldwin of England, a businessman, was a failure; Chamberlain, the businessman, failed, and Businessman Blum steered France toward the rocks. Business and politics are different worlds."

A Series of Paradoxes

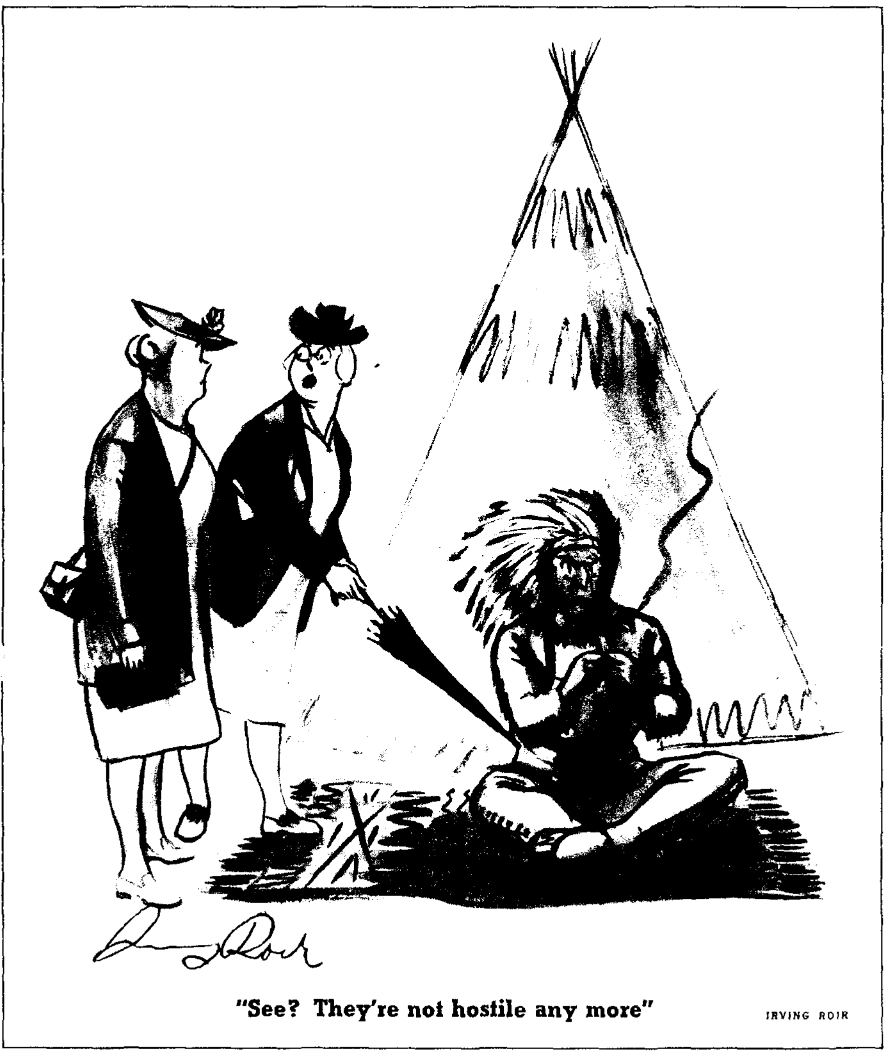
There may be something in that contention. The average corporation executive would be a failure as president or premier. He moves in well-oiled grooves, amid a relatively small group of associates; his outside contacts are not wide, and are generally limited to folks of his own type. In his office, when he makes a decision he has only to push a button and things fly. The President of the United States faces a very different executive problem. He has 96 senators, each in his own heart believing himself as good as the President and maybe a little bit better, and 435 members of Congress, free and unfettered representatives of the sovereign American people. These cannot be ordered. They must be led, persuaded, sold.

Willkie might have difficulty if he were *essentially* the big business executive. But here we come to a paradox, or a series of them. For seven years he has been president of a billion-dollar corporation, yet he does not conform to the role in appearance, or in actions or habits of thought. For eleven years he has lived in New York, yet at heart he has never left Indiana. His office is only a block away from Wall Street but Wall Street has never felt that he really belonged.

Let us examine for a moment into each of these oddities.

Birth in Indiana is something from which a man seems never to recover. George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, James Whitcomb Riley, Vice-President Marshall, and scores of others who might be named all achieved national reputations and friendships. But underneath they are or were Hoosiers, nothing else but Hoosiers, and shockingly proud of it. Willkie is of this clan. His heart is where his treasure is, and the treasure, the principal part of the family savings, are in the five "practical and typical hog farms" now so widely pictured. Over and over again in the hearings of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee on the Holding Companies Bill, he explained that he had his office in New York not because he wanted it there but because New York is the money market. "That is why we are there," he said; "that is where we have to go to get the money for the development of any big enterprises."

Politically, also, Indiana is a land peculiar to itself. Youngsters reared there get politics with their mothers' milk. Boys grow up talking politics and social reform, practicing speeches on one another and rehearsing political stratagem even in Sunday School. They just can't help it. The state has always been "piv-



"See? They're not hostile any more"

IRVING ROIR

I HAD Spring Fervor!

AND WAS MY FACE RED--WITH KISS-SMEARED LIPSTICK! BUT *KLEENEX* CLEANED ME UP IN A JIFFY... LEFT NO TATTLE-TALE TRACES.

(*from a letter by* R. F., Covington, Va.)

"Tell me Another" *says* KLEENEX* *and win* $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AH!

MAN-SIZED KLEENEX!

BOY, AM I GLAD TO FIND THAT KLEENEX COMES IN A *DOUBLE-SIZE*--EACH SHEET *TWICE* AS BIG AS REGULAR KLEENEX. AND IS IT SWELL FOR *BIG* JOBS!

(*from a letter by* J. G., San Diego, California)

BOY! DID I GET AN EYEFUL!

I GOT A CINDER IN MY EYE...BUT MY GAL POPPED UP WITH A NICE, SOFT KLEENEX AND HAD IT OUT IN A SECOND! NOW, THANKS TO KLEENEX, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT OF HER!

(*from a letter by* M. G., Halifax, N. S.)

SQUAW SQUAWKS

AN INDIAN SQUAW ASKED OUR GENERAL STORE CLERK FOR KLEENEX... WHEN HE TRIED TO SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER BRAND SHE SAID, "UGH, NO GOOD! WANTUM KLEENEX IN POP-UM-UP BOX!"

(*from a letter by* R. P., Chapleau, Ont.)

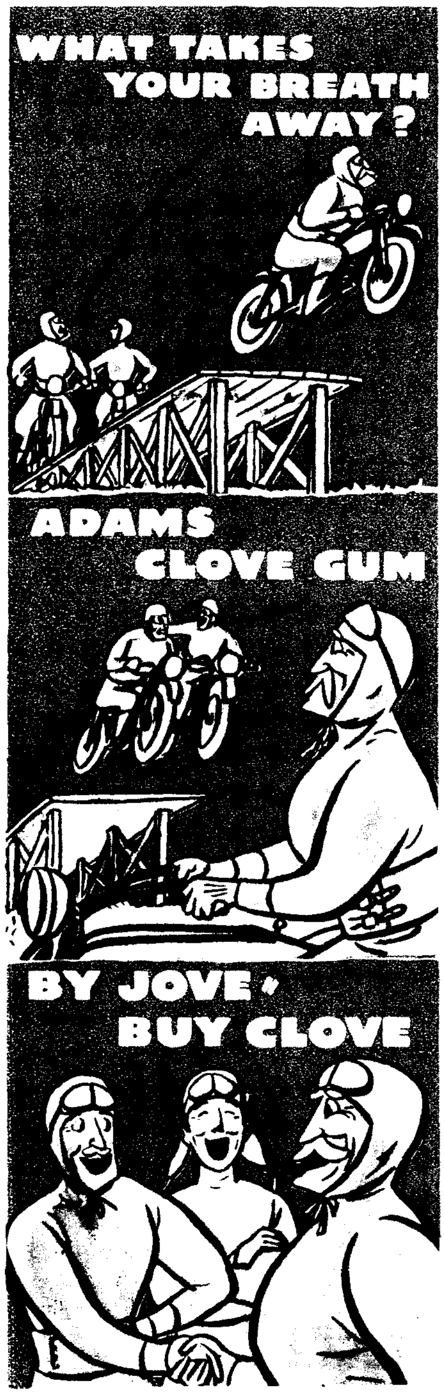
THEY CALLED ME "MOPPIN MAC"

THE WAY PERSPIRATION POURED OFF MY BALD PATE WAS ENOUGH TO DISCOURAGE THE FLOOD-CONTROL BOARD... UNTIL I DISCOVERED THAT KLEENEX FOLDED UNDER THE INSIDE BAND OF MY HAT WAS A SURE CURE FOR "DEWY-DOME".

(*from a letter by* B. F. V., Stamford, Conn.)

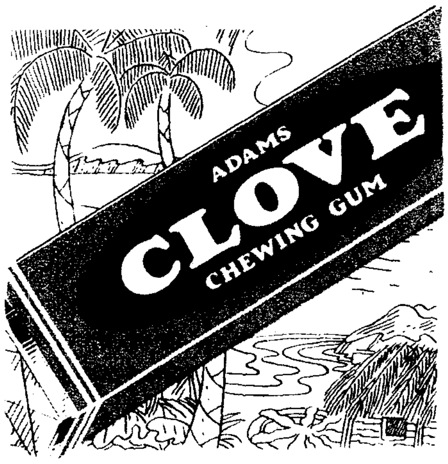
Adopt the Kleenex *Habit*

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



● It's a comfort to have a package of Adams Clove Gum in your pocket, ready to sweeten your breath on instant's notice before business conferences or social engagements. You couldn't ask a handier aid to pleasant breath.

And you never dreamed of more delicious, spicy flavor! It's unusual. Essence of tropic spice gardens, a keen delight to taste, and keenly refreshing. Notice how it freshens your mouth, even after smoking.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

otal." To think politically, which means in terms of people, is a normal part of every Hoosier's equipment. And, whether he elects literature or law or politics itself as his life activity, the training stands him in good stead.

There was a lot of Lincoln left in Elwood in the days of Willkie's youth. Boys believed that any lad had a right to hope for the presidency, and that the poorer they were the better the chance. The influence of William Jennings Bryan was strong. The "Great Commoner" packed them in at the Chautauqua and set youthful spirits on fire with the determination to correct social inequalities and make the game of life fairer. The pull of Wall Street had not yet begun to make itself felt. Boys had a sort of disdain for mere money success. Anyone could be a businessman. A real career was to be governor, or an eloquent pleader in the courts, or a university president.

Probably the most important influences in shaping the Willkie mind were his mother and father and Dr. William Lowe Bryan, president of Indiana University. The mother was a lawyer, the first woman to be admitted to the Indiana bar. The father, a crag of a man, was called "Hell Fire" Willkie by his pupils when he taught the Elwood school. He loved books and disputations. It is said that he called his children from their beds by shouting Shakespeare up the stairway; his sympathies were always on the side of the underdog. Some of the first cases Wendell helped his father prepare when they became partners were in defense of laboring men who found themselves in conflict with the owners of local tinplate mills.

Wendell Willkie Remembers

William Lowe Bryan was and is a hero and a saint. Talk with any man who passed through Indiana University in the days of the doctor's presidency and a brighter and a softer light flows into the old grad's eyes. He held up statesmanship, and social service, and a lively sense of *noblesse oblige* as the ideals worthy of an educated man.

When Wendell Willkie walked into his New York office in 1929 the first picture he hung on the empty walls was a photograph of his father; and when, eleven years later, he went back to Elwood to be formally notified of his nomination for the presidency of the United States he asked that the ceremonies be opened with prayer by President Emeritus William Lowe Bryan.

The friend who met Willkie at the train on his first arrival in New York has been his associate ever since. As the cab started away from the station Willkie looked out of the window and half to himself exclaimed: "My God, Herbert, there isn't a soul here I know." He added that in Akron, where his office had been more recently, he could not cross the street without knowing every man, woman and child. He knows plenty of people now in New York, but they are not all the kind of people that a big businessman is supposed to know. He turns up in queer places. At restaurants where intellectuals sit and argue all night, at talk parties in Greenwich Village, at lectures in Town Hall by unorthodox lecturers. New York tends to put a smooth, hard polish on its recruits from the provinces, but it has not polished Wendell. And while he likes money as well as the next man, he never has given it the place of power and worship in his mind to which Wall Street thinks it is royally entitled. Commonwealth and Southern paid him $75,000 a year. When offered three times that salary by another business, his answer was, "No, I'm doing an interesting job here and I'll go on with it."

But when someone said, "If you wouldn't leave for money, would you leave to become a college president?"

"Oh," said Wendell quickly, "that's another thing."

Wall Street could never understand that attitude. Indeed, it has never been able quite to make up its mind about Wendell. It criticized him as a utility president because he slashed the rates to the consumer (proving thereby that he could build up consumption and eventually show a better profit) and because he protested in the strategy meetings of the industry against any meddling with legislation, and demanded that first, last and all the time the stockholders and the public were entitled to the truth. The Great Insull in the only meeting the two ever had listened to his views impatiently and finally burst out, "Young man, when you are older you will know more."

The ideas for which he contended then are the professed creed of the industry now. But the men who once criticized him for being too much the reformer were the same men who later begged him to soft-pedal his attacks on the TVA. "You will get the New Deal sore," they said. "You will bring down reprisals on us all."

Wall Street could not awe him. At his first meeting with great bankers, called to fix the refunding price on an important issue of Commonwealth and Southern bonds, the stage was carefully set for the entrance of the young gentleman from Indiana. Around the table were gathered all the partners of two Wall Street houses, the old man at the head. Said the old man in solemn tones:

"Mr. Willkie, we have just been in telephone communication with Paris and London. The foreign situation is very critical. Hitler may move at any moment into Austria. There have been clashes between the Japanese and Russian troops in Manchukuo. The foreign-exchange market is badly unsettled."

Willkie listened gravely and then in a very small, mild voice inquired, "Mr. X, is there *anything at all* in the foreign situation that might possibly be *favorable* to our bond issue?"

The stuffed shirts deflated like pricked balloons.

No one can overawe him. Here are the opening words of his testimony before the august Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee when his company was fighting the death sentence:

THE CHAIRMAN: The committee will come to order. Mr. Willkie, will you qualify by telling who you are, and your position?

MR. WILLKIE: My name is Wendell L. Willkie. I live in New York City. I am president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. In order to g[illegible] the full advantages of diversity, I want to tell you that I was reared in Indiana and spent all of my business life, until a few years ago, in Ohio.

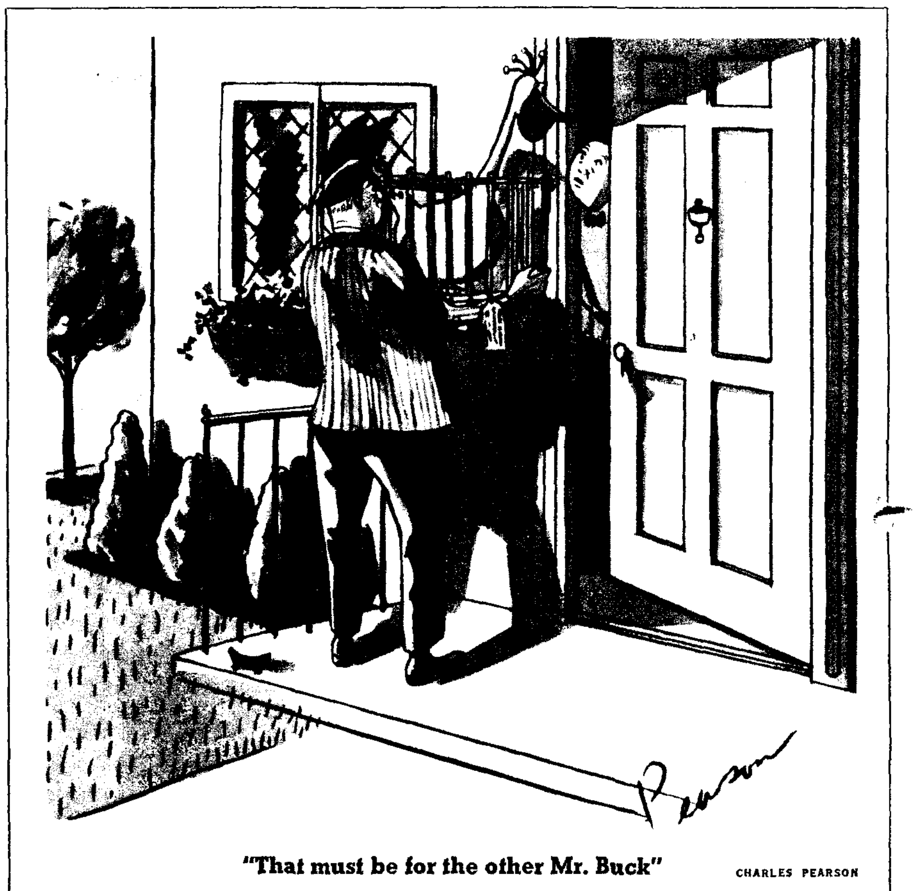
MR. PETTENGILL: To what state do you attribute most of your virtues?

MR. WILLKIE: You have perhaps heard of the boy who was asked on examination to name the prophets of the Bible, and he named them, and then the next question was: "Divide them between the major and the minor prophets," and the boy wrote, "Far be it from me to discriminate between such eminent gentlemen."

The Committee is Impressed

Other utility executives, before the committee, did not flavor their solemn testimony with the spice of humor. They came in one after the other, flanked by high-priced lawyers, and read long, prepared statements. Some of them thought that Willkie was not representing the industry with proper dignity, but I know—and any member of the House of Representatives, Republican or Democrat will tell you—that of all the businessmen who have ever appeared before congressional committees, Willkie created the most sympathetic atmosphere, was surest in his statistics and most adroit in rebuttal, and left behind him the best impression. A fact, by the way, that was not forgotten by such members of Congress as happened to be delegates to the Philadelphia convention.

What kind of a President will he make? Of the men who have been President in my lifetime he is most like Theodore Roosevelt—like him, and unlike him too. Unlike him in that T. R. loved sports and outdoor exercise. Willkie seems to be one of those big-bodied individuals who require only five to six



"That must be for the other Mr. Buck" CHARLES PEARSON

QUALITY WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1858
Esterbrook
RE-NEW-POINT
FOUNTAIN PEN
This is the point for me

WITH ESTERBROOK—

It's a pipe to pick the point that pleases you precisely

Get the thrill of perfect pen performance

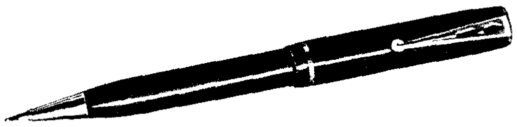
Choose your pen by the point!

WHEN it comes to judging fountain pens, your hand is an expert. If the pen point is correct for your writing style, your hand will recognize it instantly.

Your Choice of 18 Re-New-Point Designs. Hands are highly individual. Esterbrook has developed 18 different Re-New-Point designs in order to completely cover all writing requirements.

Esterbrook Gives You Exclusive Features. No other maker has had so many years of experience. No other pen maker has Duracrome, the ideal pen point metal that permits accuracy in point grading never before possible.

For Life-Long Writing Satisfaction
Even if accident should overtake your Esterbrook, you can buy a duplicate Re-New-Point at any dealer's. No repair delays. Simply screw the new Re-New-Point into the barrel yourself. Try an Esterbrook Fountain Pen today. Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, N. J., or The Brown Brothers, Limited, Toronto, Canada.



Esterbrook PUSH PENCIL

to match your Esterbrook Pen $1.00 *and up*

A push of the thumb feeds the lead. It is the only Push Pencil with the ***non-jamming*** continuous guide tube for lead ...and the tip that grips the end firmly at the writing point.

Complete FOUNTAIN PENS *Black or Colors*	$1.00 *and up*

Esterbrook Re-New-Points fit every writing style and purpose
DURACROME RE-NEW-POINTS 25c
Osmiridium-tipped 50c *and* 75c

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

Esterbrook FOUNTAIN PENS SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERS AND FOUNTAIN PEN DEALERS

For folks who love
sharp flavour

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

Warning!
When You Say "Webster's Dictionary"
You MEAN the MERRIAM-Webster

Accept Nothing Less Than
the "SUPREME Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY *Second Edition*
LOOK FOR THIS CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK
AND THE "NW" MONOGRAM ON THE COVER

THROUGH four generations Webster's Dictionary has earned and maintained first place among reference books. When you are confronted with any question of *fact*, whenever you need to *know*, you think of *Webster* as the utmost in authority, the judge of judges, the court of last appeal. *But that confidence is warranted only if you use the* MERRIAM-*Webster*.
Look for the Merriam-Webster trade-mark when you buy a dictionary. The *New* Second Edition of Webster's New International (unabridged) is 20 years newer, contains 122,000 more entries than any similar dictionary. Provides information in all branches of knowledge. The authority in courts, colleges, newspapers. Prepared by 207 experts. 600,000 entries; 3,350 pages. 12,000 terms illustrated. Ask your bookdealer, or write for free booklet.
G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 486, Springfield, Mass.

hours of sleep and no exercise at all. A friend invited him one week end to a swanky Long Island golf club.

"In the whole round he made just one notable shot," the friend confided to me. "At the eighteenth green he was in a trap. He put those big shoulders into a mighty swing with his niblick and the ball shot out about a hundred and eighty yards and broke a clubhouse window." Outdoor sports are no part of his menu.

You remember how T. R. filled the White House with all sorts and conditions of people—travelers, explorers, social workers, authors, musicians, labor leaders, bishops and prize fighters, as well as the regular run of politicians, lawyers and businessmen. Willkie has the same catholic taste in friendships, the same insatiable curiosity about minds. Like T. R., too, he has a truly phenomenal memory.

A friend of T. R.'s once remarked: "If he is ever a witness in a lawsuit and says 'I can't remember,' he will be lying. It is physically impossible for his mind to forget any name or fact, no matter how old or how trivial." Willkie's memory is like that.

Coming away from the play Victoria Regina, he began talking about English history and presently named every king and queen of England in order, with the correct dates.

Some Things to Cling to

Like T. R., he appears to take in a whole page at a glance, and like T. R. also, he reads everything, but especially English and American history, biography and economics. Here are three quotations from his speeches:

Herbert Spencer: "The real issue is whether the lives of citizens are more interfered with than they were; not the nature of the agency which interferes with them. . . . If men use their liberty to surrender their liberty, are they thereafter any less slaves?"

Benjamin Franklin: "They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Ortega y Gasset: "Liberalism is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right the majority concedes to minorities, and hence it is the noblest cry that ever resounded on this planet. It announces the determination to share existence with the enemy."

It's a good thing to have in the White House a man who knows history as Willkie knows it. Events do not slip up on him unawares. He is forewarned by the experience of earlier people in other lands. He knows how many things that sound good are no good, how often they have been tried and have failed before. The quotations cited are especially significant. Again and again in his speeches Willkie comes back to his major theme—that the liberation of the human spirit is the only goal worthy of a man's lifetime effort—for the guardianship of human liberty governments are instituted—and to it the selfish ambitions of men and enterprises must be subordinate.

Well, what else is in the Willkie mind? Candor in the highest degree.

I do not believe it is within the scope of possibility for Willkie to tell a lie, or duck a direct question, or seek to mislead with a half-truth or with double-meaning words. I saw him put to the test in Philadelphia.

Some of the most powerful men in politics begged him to modify his public position on the Reciprocal Trade Treaties and thereby make it easier for groups of delegates from one section of the country to support him. "Surely you don't ask me to trim," he exclaimed. Hastily they assured him that they had no such thought. But if he could just tone it down a bit, just say that he had been partially misunderstood. He was not resentful of their attitude. He appreciated their friendly interest.

"But I wouldn't be true to myself if I trimmed," he said. And he could not be budged.

It was no mere rhetoric when he wrote in his now famous "We, The People," "I will not accept any position that will deprive me of the privilege of standing for what I believe."

With this loyalty to his convictions is linked what is almost an obsession that he must and will under all circumstances be himself. A few days after his nomination he received newspapermen and photographers in his office at Commonwealth and Southern. The photographers, seeking a "different" pose, suggested that he take out his handkerchief and mop his brow.

"I can't fake things," he answered. "I'd like to accommodate you, and I am willing to do anything that would be natural for me to do. It would not be natural for me to mop my brow when it is cool."

It would not be "natural" for him, as a presidential candidate, to milk a cow or ride a mowing machine, or pitch hay, which were things he never did before he became a candidate. Nor to put on funny hats, nor kiss babies, nor jump through any of the well-known and well-worn photographic hoops. Nor in his firm conviction would it be natural or even honest for him to let other men write or help to write his speeches.

Four or five individuals (of whom I was not one) saw his speech of acceptance before it was delivered, and certain suggestions as to phraseology or emphasis were made. But no hand but his own has ever written a line of his speeches.

Before we can complete our picture we must, of course, ask: What are his faults? His shortcomings? Wherein is he weak?

As the public has already discovered, he is not nearly as effective when he reads over the radio as when he speaks without manuscript. There are two reasons for this. His long experience as a trial lawyer accustomed him to finding his inspiration and measuring his effects by watching the eyes of his listeners. Also the technique of handling a dead mike successfully calls for a degree of histrionic talent. Only a consummate actor can give to a "fireside chat" the ring of authenticity. Willkie does not act. He cannot play any part except the part of Wendell L. Willkie. That fact may handicap him if he continues to read his speeches; it may even drive him to the dangerous expedient of tossing aside his manuscript, as Al Smith did, and giving it to 'em straight.

Some people say he comments too freely, and that this outspokenness will get him into trouble. But I have watched him at press conferences. He does not hesitate to say, "I don't know," and when he does answer without seeming to think it is generally because he *has* thought. There are a lot of basic questions that he long ago decided and does not need or intend to reopen.

One great fault grows out of an attractive virtue, his liking for and interest in people. He makes himself accessible to too many people, and he lets them stay too long. This is not an incurable fault. He will have plenty of secretarial help in policing his schedule if he gets to Washington. And his first moves, unless I miss my guess, will be in the direction of decentralizing the authority and activity of the White House. He will pick able men in his Cabinet and follow the sound business principle of not doing anything himself that a subordinate or associate can do as well. These Cabinet members and advisers, incidentally, are likely to be on the sunny side rather than the shady side of middle life. His interest in young folks is notable. Always in business he has insisted that higher positions should be filled by promotion from inside the organization. "I want every young fellow who works for us to know that he has a chance to move up."

The Spiritual Side

Finally, I come to the question of Willkie's religious faith. Does he experience religious feeling? Does he believe in God? I put the questions to the man who has probably been closer than any other to him the past ten years. Positively, promptly came the reply:

"He is a man of deep religious convictions. As to any particular form of religion, I don't know. But he believes in God and all His workings, which is not as usual as it ought to be these days."

Willkie himself, speaking over the radio on February 18th of this year, on behalf of the Christian colleges, said:

"As a plain businessman, I have no special qualification for taking part in this Universal College Day of Prayer. I consented to do so only because of my deep conviction that this country is facing a spiritual depression as serious as the economic one. We shall not solve one depression without solving the other. Both of them today are based upon the same factor—namely, a loss of faith in the individual. . . . When Christianity was founded 2,000 years ago, it established a new and startling doctrine that every human life was of great value; that man was created in God's image, and that even the hairs of his head were numbered. . . . The Christian faith cannot be reconciled with the totalitarian state. Christianity, like democracy, believes that the individual is of first importance—that the individual is not the creation of government, but the government is the creation of the individual. . . . Christianity has no traffic with the philosophy of defeat. Christianity is the faith for men who are forever breaking trails to new achievements."

Words like these come from beyond reasoning. With Wendell Willkie it is not enough to look inside his head. What goes on there is conditioned by what is constantly in his heart. He is not afraid to have a heart.

Spare Wheel

Continued from page 22

They are the utility men, or "spare wheels," as the ballplayers call them.

We mentioned Cleveland and young Mr. Oscar Grimes, but in the Cleveland instance it's necessary to go even back of Mr. Grimes to a certain Mr. Bad News Hale, who's been spare-wheeling for the Indians for approximately ten years. Odell Hale, Chief Hale, or Bad News Hale, as you will, originally came up to Cleveland as a third-sacker, but in his decade of superservice to the Ohio Tribe he's played fine baseball at both shortstop and second. And when not in the game at short, second or third, he's been extremely valuable as an ace right-handed pinch hitter.

But Hale is getting along, and last year this young Mr. Grimes came up from Milwaukee, with a bright reputation as a third baseman, and a neat batting average of .307. With Ken Keltner close to the class of the league at third base, Manager Vitt needed another third-sacker about as seriously as he needed another neck. But second didn't look too well staffed. About all he had there was the eldering Bad News Hale, of whom, as of most spare wheels, it can almost be said "often a bridesmaid but never a bride," meaning they're always first-class replacements, but never quite up to steady varsity rating.

Name Your Position

Anyhow, Mr. Vitt decided to try to convert the rookie, Grimes, into a first-string second baseman. It didn't work. At least, not quickly enough. The young man couldn't get the hang of the pivot, the final trick in second-basing. This was in spring training, and the season began with Bad News Hale, who'd seen in half a dozen seasons any number of kids lunge at that second-base job and fall short, securely planked upon that particular hassock.

Grimes was on the bench—but not for long. Jimmy Webb, the Indian shortstop, was side-lined by injury shortly after the season got under way. Vitt, searching for a sub, took a chance on young Grimes. That was the end of Webb. Grimes' play was sensational. He not only moved Webb completely out of the job, but completely out of the town. Jimmy's been spare-wheeling this season for the Chicago White Sox. But, in due course, with Cleveland last year, Hal Trosky, the slugging first baseman, was likewise injured. In the meantime, Lou Boudreau, sensational young shortstop from Buffalo, had joined the club and was waiting for a chance to break in.

Vitt moved Grimes to first base and entrusted shortstop to Boudreau. Boudreau filled his assignment neatly, but Grimes was practically terrific at his new post of first base. Trosky returned in due time, and by that portion of the campaign Bad News Hale had dropped into one of those inexplicable slumps that plague all ballplayers. So Grimes moved down the base line to that spot and played a great second base for the rest of the year. That's the performance of a top-flight spare wheel.

You can sell or trade a star, because you can buy or swap for a star, but a fellow who can stand in acceptably for one star after another is something less lustrous, but just possibly more valuable.

Grimes was dogged for the first half of this season by bad breaks. A knee operation in the spring kept him out of competition, and in the meantime young Ray Mack proved sensational at second base. And just as Grimes was getting out and about on his leg, a hard drive, batted by Manager Vitt in practice, smashed him full in the face and fractured some bones. But those healed, too, and there he sits, fit and ready to step in at any infield position any time he is needed.

The Detroit story, with Croucher, is much of the same. He's a little older, being twenty-six, is a Texan by birth, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, bats and throws right-handed. He started his spare-wheeling demonstration with Beaumont in the Texas League, where he played second, third and shortstop, starring in every position. His favorite spot, however, was second, and it seemed futile for Detroit to bring him in from the farm, for Charley Gehringer, the long-time second baseman of the Tigers, was still in top form.

But shortstop had been a soft spot in the Tiger infield for several years, and it was decided to give the young man a fling at that position. This move ran kerplunk into disaster when he suffered a broken leg. But things may work out perfectly for both Detroit and Croucher yet. Dick Bartell filled the short-stopping post in good shape this season. Croucher's leg is reported sound and strong again, and the veteran, Gehringer, is slowing noticeably from an ailing back that may end his career. Croucher stands ready to step in there if Gehringer has to fall out. Or at short, or at third. He can handle them all.

And so it goes with practically every club, the lowly as well as the mighty. Big reasons why Cincinnati won the National League pennant last year were a couple of spare wheels, Eddie Joost and Lew Riggs. The public heard about Walters and Derringer, Lombardi, McCormick, Frey, Myers and Werber, and they all did their bits, but, here and there in the clutch when something went wrong in the infield, out from the bench trotted Joost, or Riggs, or both of them, and the machine kept rolling.

The Versatile Johnny Cooney

Perhaps the most remarkable of the lot is the aged Johnny Cooney of the Bees, who broke in twenty years ago as a pitcher. Because he still can play almost anywhere, well enough at least to hold the fort, he hung on on steady wages long after his pitching days were through. As an example of what these fellows must be prepared to do, a contribution of Cooney's in midseason at Boston will admirably suffice.

Brooklyn came to Boston for a Sunday double-header the first week in July barely ahead of Cincinnati in the National League leadership. The day was unusual for, among other things, more than 1,000 rabid Brooklyn rooters followed their team to Boston by special train, and the biggest Bees crowd of the season also came out to see the fun. The first game was airtight. Whit Wyatt was flinging a four-hitter at the Bostonians, but Manuel Salvo was shackling the Dodgers as they stepped up to the plate. In the fifth inning of the fast and scoreless ball game, Buddy Hassett and Dolph Camilli, the two rival first basemen, collided on a bunt Camilli had laid down and Hassett was trying to field. Both were injured and both were forced to leave the ball game.

Old Casey Stengel, the Bees manager, signaled Cooney to go in at first base for Hassett. Cooney, now listed as a player-coach, took over. The game was still scoreless in the bottom of the eighth. Miller led off for Boston and

Over Hal, the girls would rave,
Except—he always needs a shave!
Like RUN-DOWN HEELS this habit spoils
Poor Harold's chances with the goils.

Look at YOUR heels!

NATIONAL SHOE
"Check-Up"
DAYS
Sept. 9-14

Take the whole family's shoes to any good shoe-repairman — during National Shoe "Check-up" days—and get a free estimate on the cost of fixing them up like new! Save money!

IF you're tired of rubber heels that run over lopsided after only a few weeks' wear—do this: Go to any good shoe repair shop and have a pair of handsome *new* Goodyear Wingfoot Heels attached. They're made of live rubber so *tough* that they wear down evenly — so springy that you *feel the difference* with the very first soft-cushioned step! Get a pair today — only 50¢ at any good shoe repair shop.

• • •

Ladies: You can now buy thin *lifts for high heels.*

made by
GOODYEAR
the greatest name in rubber

Wingfoot—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

WALK-OVER JODHPUR

Salute to a swell idea!

● This husky got its flying start from aviators. First with uniforms, then as a town shoe. Swank with top-rank ease. Waterproofed Saxon calf. Cordovan color that takes a deep polish. Double sole. Walk-Over prices $7.50 to $12.50. Higher west. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

Walk-Over natural fit for easier walking

HE KNOWS
that safe tires and
Safe Brakes are
Both Vital

YOU can SEE a worn tire, but you can't see dangerously worn brake lining, unless a wheel is pulled. Every RAYBESTOS Service Man offers this safety inspection FREE. From laboratory and proving ground to your local service man, the RAYBESTOS organization and RAYBESTOS lining assure you safe, easier operating brakes.

Free For safety's sake, have a Raybestos Brake Service man pull a wheel every 2,500 miles and show you the actual condition of your brake lining. Takes only a few minutes and costs you nothing.

Raybestos
AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING
BRAKE LINING
"YOUR 2 BEST FRIENDS for HIGHWAY SAFETY"
BRAKE LINING, CLUTCH FACINGS, FAN BELTS, HOSE • FOR CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES

The Key to Success

"Books," said Dr. Eliot of Harvard, "are the most constant of friends, the wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary. A few minutes a day, devoted affectionately to good books, will make all the difference."

All the difference! The difference between the plodding clerk and the clear-thinking executive. The difference between the deadly bore and the *interesting talker.* The difference between success and failure—in business and social life.

DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(The Harvard Classics)
Send for Free Booklets

P. F. Collier & Son Corp.
250 Park Avenue New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics." 450 HCF

Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Address..............................

BRENTWOOD
America's Newest Sweater Wonder
FOR MEN
MIRAPACA
AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

ITCH STOPPED *in a Jiffy* -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

This Is Your Invitation
to get acquainted with our attractive money-making offer for taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. Write to:

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Marlin
HIGH SPEED
BLADES
TWENTY FOR 25¢

SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢
GUARANTEED BY THE
MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
FREE: Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 170 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

drew a base on balls. Berres, the catcher, sacrificed him to second. Salvo, the pitcher, grounded out but the play was so fast Miller couldn't advance. Then up walked the aged Cooney, who until this season was practically a regular, although into and out of every one of the outfields, and he slapped a ringing single to right, bringing the agile Miller home.

That was the ball game—1 to 0, despite a four-hit performance by Wyatt. The second was just as tight. The score was 2-1, Boston winning. The Dodgers moved on, knocked out of first place. Hassett is practically a star for the Bees, but Cooney's play that day was just as good, or maybe better. And he'd have done just as well in right field or at third base.

Some Spare Wheels Move Up

Do spare wheels always stay spare wheels? Don't some of them develop into regulars?

A thin minority of them who prove to be consistent sluggers find their way to steady posts so their clubs can use their hitting. Rudy York, for instance, is a spare wheel in reverse. The big Detroiter is a powerful slugger, and the Tigers had to have his hitting, but here it was practically an extended search to see where in the field he'd do the team the least harm. They tried the outfield. He was clumsy. They put him behind the plate. He was pretty bad. They finally solved it this season when Hank Greenberg volunteered to vacate first base for left field and let the big guy play there.

But mostly, men are spare wheels because they can't hit well enough to rate a regular post.

Sometimes they learn and the picture suddenly changes. One of the most remarkable instances of that is Lou Finney, the Red Sox outfielder, who's been one of the hitting sensations of the American League this season. Finney was a spare wheel with the Red Hose last year, and the final gate for him didn't seem too far away. A Buffalo, Alabama, boy, he joined the Athletics back in 1933, playing outfield and first base, which made him a spare wheel even then.

He didn't make any particular progress with the A's until 1936 when, still playing outfield and first base, he was in 152 games and hit .302. But he was strictly a chop hitter, using a choked bat and a quick swing, and the next year the outfielders merely moved up on him, and what had been hits in '36 were easy outs in '37. He didn't do much better in '38, and in May of '39 the A's asked waivers on him.

Believing he had spare-wheel value, and needing his sort, an outfielder who could likewise sub at first base, the Bosox, who had plenty of hitting strength anyhow, bought him for a little over the waiver price and brought him on to Boston. Although the A's had long since given up on his hitting, Finney, himself, had not. He knew something was wrong, but he couldn't figure what nor why.

Now, it so chances that Boston still has actively on its roster as a coach a venerable holdover from baseball's real antiquity, Hugh Duffy. Ask almost anybody who the greatest batter in the history of baseball was, and they'll answer Babe Ruth, some few, perhaps, holding out for Ty Cobb. But if the official records are the measure, the champion batter of all baseball history was this same Hugh Duffy, a man well over seventy whose career dates all the way back to Pop Anson, Al Spalding and Old Hoss Radburn.

Forty-six years ago, six years before the American League was born, the still amazingly active Duffy, as a member of the Boston Nationals, hit the practically unbelievable figure of .438 for the season—that was the full and complete baseball season of 1894. No ballplayer in either league, not even Babe Ruth, has ever even come close to that figure since.

That wasn't just a freak performance with him either. It was by far his tops, but the year before he hit .340, and from '93 to '98, inclusive, his official batting averages were: .378, .438, .35[illegible] .302, .341 and .319. For eleven consecutive seasons, he hit better than .300—all that, remember, with a ball that was mush compared to the present lively number.

And old Duff can still hit. His form is beautiful, and his remarks are well worth listening to. At least, one ballplayer thought so, and that ballplayer is Finney, who approached Duffy and said he'd appreciate any suggestions the veteran could make about improving his hitting.

First Duffy moved Finney's hands down to the end of the bat. He had him work on a quick snap of the wrists. He had him widen his stance a little, and then he told him to "snap his wrists at the ball no matter where it is." I don't know what that means, but Finney seemed to. He told him not to try to pull or push the ball to any field for a while, but to try to hit every pitch straight back through the box.

That's the way they started, and after Lou got the feel of things old Duff began to show him how to swing a little quicker to get a certain effect, or to delay his swing a little to reach the opposite direction. Finney, who came to Boston tagged as a hitless wonder, promptly became famous as one of the most dangerous pinch hitters in the American League.

This year, the spare wheel Finney got his chance when Dom DiMaggio, youngest of the DiMaggio tribe, bought by the Red Sox from the San Francisco Seals for $75,000 was injured in a practice game in Tampa during spring training. Spare Wheel Finney went in to sub. Spare Wheel Finney promptly lost his wheel to become the slugging sensation of the first half of the American League race, leading the league week after week, and finally dropping back but staying well above .350, an extra-notable figure.

Finney gives Duffy full credit. "If I'd met him five years ago," he says, "I'd be away up in the money."

Watch This Young Man

A spare wheel to watch for next year is a young man named Dick West. He's the property of Cincinnati and is currently with Indianapolis where he seems mostly to be serving as a catcher. But real baseball sharps say young West is probably the most remarkable proposition now in any club's flannels. He's the only player they know of, they say—player of major-league future, that means—who can pitch an acceptable game one day, then go behind the bat and catch a grand game the next. In addition, he can play first, any post in the outfield and is a wicked pinch hitter. They've been experimenting more [illegible] less frantically in the minors to see what he does best, but he's a cinch for a spare-wheeling career even if they can't find out. It may be that he's another Jimmy Foxx with an ability to do them all well, but to play one particular post superbly.

But, if you're looking for tips as the current teams go roaring down the final stretch, don't overlook the spare wheels. Maybe their tires don't touch the dirt very often, but how the rolling goes then just may make the vital difference. The lift that means the pennant may park mostly on the bench.

A Spitfire and a Boy

Continued from page 11

The boy's name is Art Donahue and because he is an American I hope the censor will relax his rule about the use of names. Laredo, Texas, might like to know what Art Donahue is doing. Right now there are about thirty Americans in the R.A.F.

Editor's note: A few days after Mr. Reynolds visited this squadron Art Donahue was shot down, suffering injuries that were, he said in a cable to his brother, "negligible."

A single Spitfire landed and taxied up to the tent. A pilot climbed out, came up and saluted the squadron leader.

"I was told to report to you, sir," he said.

"Righto; meet the boys and have some tea," the squadron leader said.

There was an awkward silence for a moment. Everyone was thinking of Isaacs but no one said anything about it. Now the squadron was a squadron again.

Outside, the mechanics were working on Donahue's Spitfire. They worked incredibly quickly. It would be ready in an hour, they said.

Young Douglas said rather shyly, "Would you like me to show you how a Spitfire works?"

They Make a Great Team

He was like a child wanting to show off a new toy. We walked over to his Spitfire and he told me to climb in. I did. Douglas began to explain things and his face was lighted with animation.

I sat there and handled the controls. The glass in the windshield is nearly three inches thick and it is bulletproof. At the top of the windshield there was a mirror for all the world like the mirror in your automobile.

"That's a big help," Douglas grinned. "Maybe you notice that none of us wear collars or ties. We spend half our time turning our necks to see what's in back of us and after a scramble we usually have stiff necks. The mirror tells us if an airplane is directly on our tail."

"What do you do then?"

"Pray," Douglas laughed. "Pray and get the hell away from him."

The stick on a Spitfire is a very small wheel about five inches across. There is a small button on the wheel. When you are flying you hold the wheel in your right hand. You hold the throttle with your left hand. When you sight an enemy airplane you try to get your back to the sun. Then you go after him. You keep peering through the sight. The sight appears to be nothing but a heavy, oblong piece of glass. But once you focus on it you see a red circle in the glass and two lines that cross. When the enemy plane is within the circle and when it is covered by the two crossed lines you merely press the button with your thumb.

"Don't do it though," Douglas said quickly, as he saw my hand go for the wheel. "The safety catch isn't on."

When you press the button eight guns bark. The guns are in the wings. Because they are flush with the wings you don't see the guns. Douglas said he liked to shoot at 200 yards. There are twenty-four little clocklike instruments on the dashboard of a Spitfire. Douglas explained them one by one. He really knew what they meant. He even explained a whole gadget which is strictly a "hush hush" instrument. Anything new and secret is labeled "Hush hush." In the R.A.F. the boys have orders to destroy secret gadgets in case of a forced landing in enemy territory. All I can say about this one is that it is a link with headquarters. "This wireless is pretty wonderful," Douglas said. "We can talk to one another and listen to one another. This morning for instance we didn't sight the Jerries until we were about ten miles over the channel. Then the squadron leader saw them and he yelled to us, 'Tallyho! Tallyho! there they are.' "

He laughed.

"We all got more or less separated when the scramble began. I was after a Heinkel when one of the lads called to me: 'You'd better look behind you; better look behind.' I did and saw a Me. coming at me. I did a sharp vertical climb and got away. Then I saw the lad who'd warned me and damned if there weren't two of them on his tail. I yelled back 'So had you; so had you.' "

"Did he look behind?" I asked.

"That was Isaacs," he said simply.

How to Bail Out

I started to get out of the cockpit. It is quite a job to get out of a Spitfire. I asked Douglas how it was possible to bail out.

"I found a swell trick to bail out," he laughed. "I was in real trouble three days ago. Luckily I was way up, but my ship was on fire. I couldn't get out of the darn' thing. So I unfastened my belt, turned the airplane over on its back and just fell out. That channel water is damned cold, too, let me tell you."

"Who picked you up?"

"One of those little motor torpedo boats. They can certainly step. They go about forty-five miles an hour. You know the squadron leader? He's a grand chap with a great sense of humor. He had the nerve to tell me I bailed out just to get a new uniform."

"That's doing it the hard way," I suggested.

We went back into the tent. It was almost ten. At ten this squadron would be through. Then they'd fly inland a few miles and have an eight-hour rest.

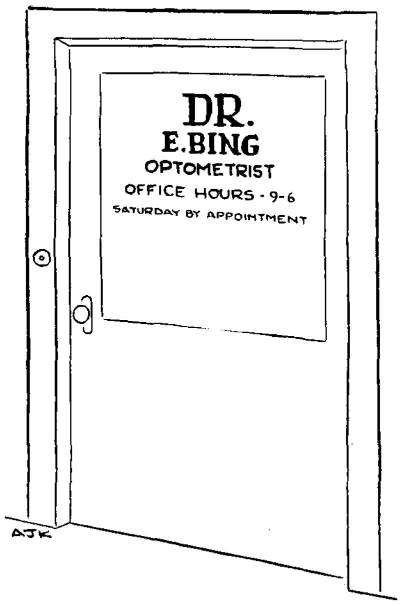
But at fifteen minutes to ten the phone rang once, twice, three times. The squadron leader said, "Yes, yes; that's all right; we don't mind. Twelve off Folkstone. Righto."

The motors roared into action. The pilots ran to their planes. I gave Douglas a boost onto the wing and then he climbed into the cockpit.

"Good luck, kid." I shouted.

"I might need it." he yelled back, grinning.

I guess he needed more luck than I had to give him. Fifteen minutes later the boy was dead.



YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS!
Bon Ami
Polishes as it cleans
For all Household Cleaning

IT'S ALSO

DANGEROUS

to drive behind a windshield clouded with dust, bugs, sticky stains and oily film!

STOP TAKING CHANCES. You'll find Bon Ami Cake removes every trace of dust, dirt and squashed bugs from your windshield. Leaves it *absolutely clean* and easy to see through.

NIGHT DRIVING SAFER! Bon Ami Cake leaves no oily film or "cleanser mist" on your windshield to catch dust and distort your vision at night when two-thirds of all fatal accidents occur.

. . . AND IT'S EASY WORK! Rub a *thin* coating of Bon Ami on the glass. Wipe off while still damp, no hard rubbing necessary — yet your windshield is *polished* crystal-clear.

For safety's sake make it a habit to clean your windshield regularly with

BON AMI CAKE

"hasn't scratched yet"

MORE MONEY

For Tailoring Salesmen!

Write for 27 reasons! Here's one: We **insure** every P. H. Davis custom-tailored garment to give absolute satisfaction. That makes permanent customers who lead to more customers. One Davis man traced over 400 customers to his first ten! Write for **other** reasons! **P. H. Davis Tailors, Dept. 2, Cincinnati, Ohio**

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream — It Needs No Brush — Not Greasy!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. Without the usual soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

Free—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-16, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

A PAYING BUSINESS

For Over 25 Years!

FOR MORE than twenty-five years, Russell Shirk of Indiana has been a successful subscription representative. His magazine earnings enable him to support his family, drive his own car and enjoy a yearly vacation. If you want to increase your income in the same way, try our plan for taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For free supplies, *write now.*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-39
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me full details of the profitable plan that Mr. Shirk is using.

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
Town. . . . .
State. . . . .

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

This is RUSSIA
◄ 2¾ MILES ►
This is U.S.A.

What Goes On Off Alaska?

FROM Shanghai, China, the noted correspondent, Hallett Abend, sends a story that in normal times would produce something of an earthquake in American public opinion.

The Shanghai story concerns the doings of Soviet Russia on the Siberian coast opposite Alaska and in various islands that lie off the coast.

The allegations are that in the last six years the Moscow government has booted some 80,000 "outsiders"—old Chinese and Korean peasants—from this area, and has replaced them with large numbers of young Reds who believe themselves fated to conquer the world for Communism.

About a dozen Soviet "bases of culture" have been strung through the region, according to the story, from Komandorskie Island off Kamchatka up to and including Big Diomede Island. Big Diomede is two and three-quarter miles across the Bering Strait from Little Diomede, which belongs to Alaska, which belongs to the United States.

"Base of culture" turns out to be the Soviets' quaint way of describing a place where there is a fort, a submarine base, an airfield, a set of coast guns, or maybe all those things co-ordinated. Foreigners are rigidly excluded from these "bases of culture" facing Alaska. But it seems that German army officers anxious to view the works do not come under the head of foreigners in the Russian view.

Nor is this more than half the story.

The other half is that Moscow-controlled newspapers in that part of Russia keep talking about "recovery of rich lands that once belonged to Russia, but do not belong to the U.S.S.R. because they were ineptly lost or corruptly sold later, when the dynasty became decadent."

Alaska was the only territory Czarist Russia ever sold. The deal was begun in President Buchanan's administration, lay dormant during the Civil War, and was completed Oct. 18, 1867, when Russia made formal transfer of the property to the United States at Sitka, Alaska, for the sum of $7,200,000.

A Vladivostok newspaper has said in so many words that the young Siberian colonists' job "first of all is to get their hands on Alaska, which so idiotically was sold to capitalist America by the Czarist government." All Russian newspapers say only what the Russian government tells them to say.

And that is the Shanghai picture in outline—about as melodramatic a picture as could be painted for this country at this time and well calculated to irritate Americans.

It calls to mind various facts. Especially the fact that Joseph Stalin apparently is afraid of Adolf Hitler. Also the fact that the Germans have long felt themselves capable of organizing Russia into a huge arsenal, workshop and catspaw for Germany.

Is it conceivable that Hitler has it in the back of his head for Germany to invade the Western Hemisphere some day, not via South America or the St. Lawrence River or Mexico or some base on Greenland, but via Alaska—and that he plans to have the Red army do most of the dying in this adventure and for the German organizers and exploiters to move in afterward if it succeeds?

It sounds fantastic. But a lot of things that would have sounded fantastic a year ago are accomplished facts now.

Alaska's sketchy defenses need looking after anyway; and if there is anything to this story, we need to look after them on a large scale and in a hurry. Having done that, we'll be in a position to fend off any piracies that may be threatening us in that part of the world. We'll even be in a position, if it seems expedient, to make a deal with Stalin for the defense of that part of the world against Japan.

Right now, we hope that no strong nation wants Alaska badly enough to come and try to take it.

P.A.L.'S PAPPY

NEW YORK CITY'S Police Athletic League is justly famous. It's run by New York cops. Its object is to divert slum kids' active imaginations from assorted gangsterisms into healthy channels, the main channel being athletics, and the main branch of athletics being boxing.

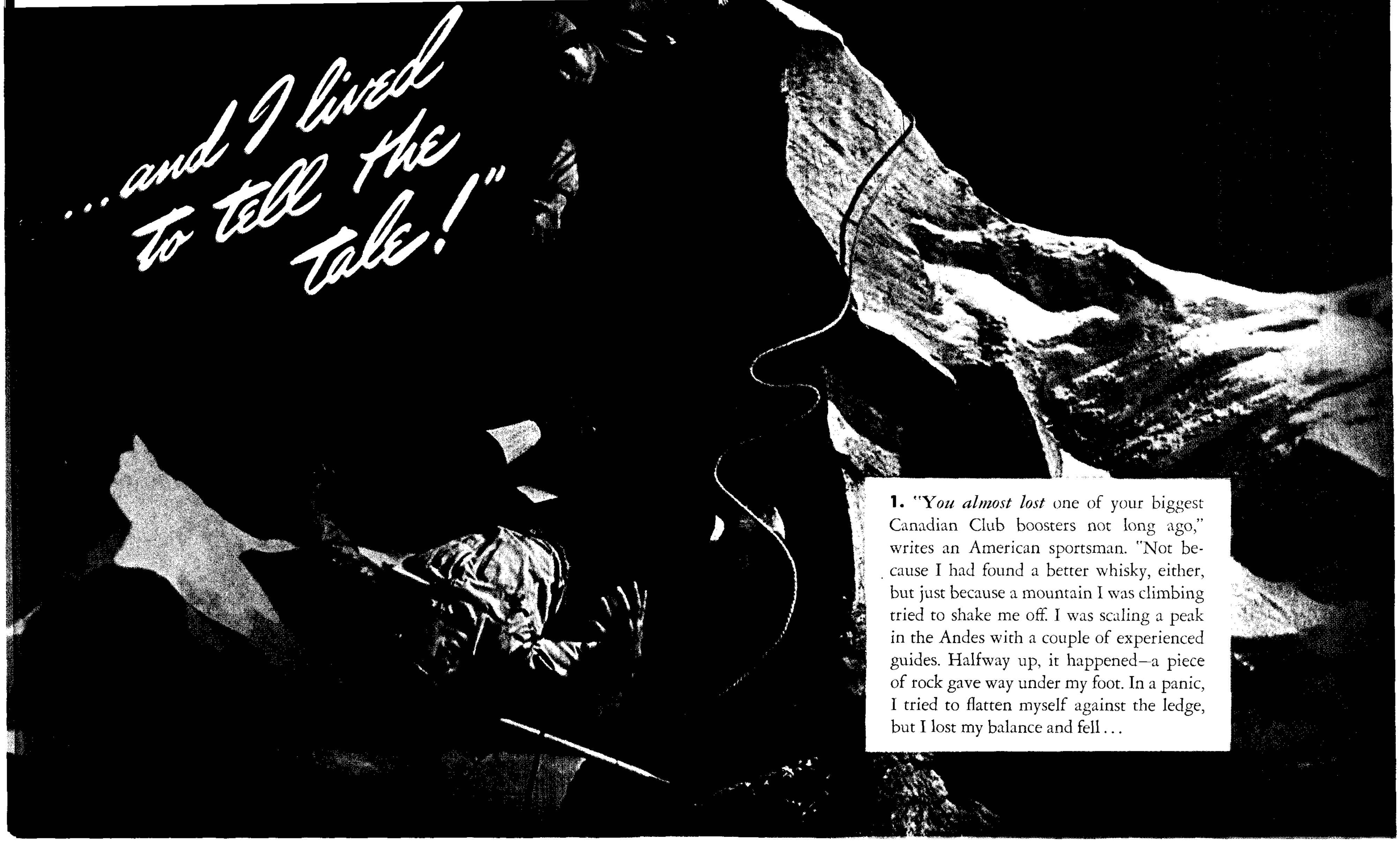
For all the schmaltz that is peddled around about the P.A.L. by movies and sob sisters, it does a great and constructive and growing job —chiefly because it eschews the schmaltz in dealing with its young customers and treats them like the men they fancy themselves to be. This has been going on since 1934.

It was news to us to learn the other day that the P.A.L. did not originate in New York City. The credit for the first of these organizations goes to the Tuckahoe, N. Y., police department, and to one Milton Gibbons in particular.

Ten years ago, the Children's Court judge of this small New York State town asked Mr. Gibbons to see what he could do with several problem kids who were a chronic pain in the judge's neck. Gibbons rigged up a small gym in the basement of his own home, chief equipment being boxing gloves.

Skipping the details, the story at this writing is that the Tuckahoe outfit has 200 members, and is considered one of the strongest amateur boxing organizations in the United States. On the basis of percentage, it has won more titles than any other athletic club in the Chicago Tribune-New York News Golden Gloves and Hearst newspapers' Diamond Belt amateur boxing tournaments. Incidentally, Tuckahoe's juvenile delinquency problem has almost hit vanishing point.

Milton Gibbons is a man whose work any town troubled with a surplus of juvenile energy and a shortage of outlets for that energy could well study.


". . . and I lived to tell the tale!"

1. "*You almost lost* one of your biggest Canadian Club boosters not long ago," writes an American sportsman. "Not because I had found a better whisky, either, but just because a mountain I was climbing tried to shake me off. I was scaling a peak in the Andes with a couple of experienced guides. Halfway up, it happened—a piece of rock gave way under my foot. In a panic, I tried to flatten myself against the ledge, but I lost my balance and fell . . .

2. "*Not to keep you* in suspense any longer, I didn't take the entire trip down . . . Mantorro, the guide, had taken a good half-hitch around my middle with the climbing rope and when I reached the end of that, I just dangled. You can imagine how I felt then—but you can't imagine how I felt later.

3. "*For when we got back* to the half-way hut, I found a bottle of Canadian Club! I remember someone else who enjoyed Canadian Club on a mountain peak—but I'm afraid his enjoyment wasn't a patch on the way I enjoyed that friendly flavor that day!"

MORAL—CHANGE TO CANADIAN CLUB!

More Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

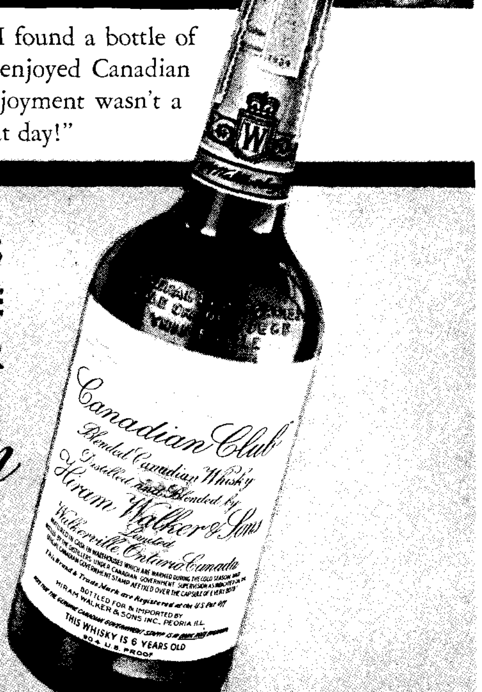
Why do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light as Scotch*," "*rich as rye*," "*satisfying as bourbon*." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

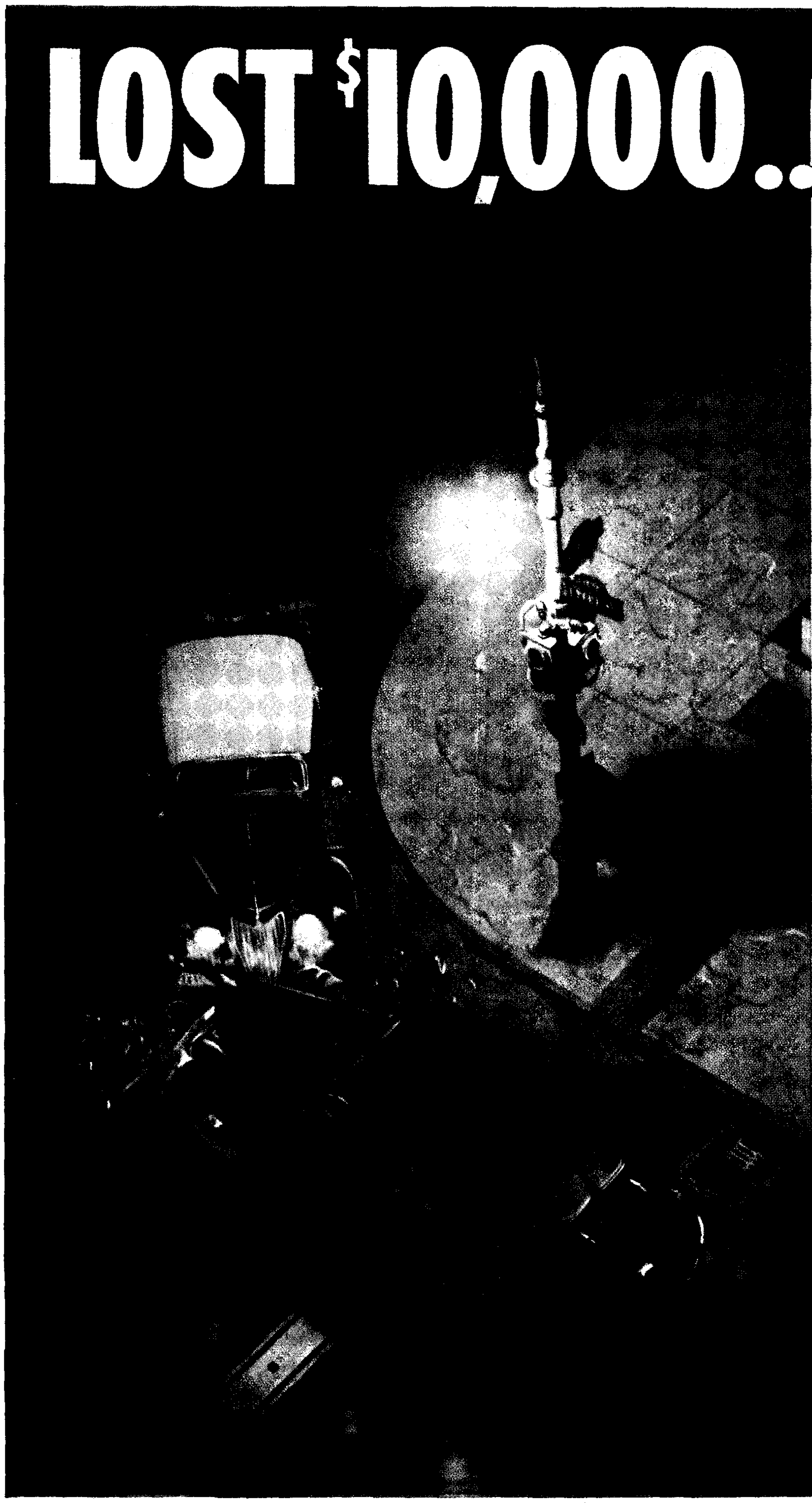
In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR
"Canadian
Club"

6 YEARS OLD


Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled Aged and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

LOST $10,000 . . . but for the alertness of a Liberty Mutual investigator



FROM such a minor collision no one could have foreseen a $10,000 damage suit. Since our policyholder was clearly liable, we promptly sent an adjuster to offer a fair settlement. But the driver of the other car refused to be interviewed. He was suffering from serious injuries, he said, and would settle for nothing less than $10,000.

At first our policyholder was worried, for the claim was for an amount in excess of the coverage provided in his policy. If the case went against him, his savings — even his home — might be taken from him. But his fears were soon quieted by the thoroughness, skill, and experience of the Liberty Mutual investigator.

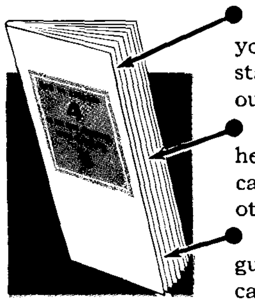
When the case came to trial, there was proof that the injuries had been so minor as not even to require medical attention; proof that not a single day's work had been lost. The jury brought in a verdict of $157. This judgment, as well as all court and trial costs, was paid in full by Liberty Mutual. Our policyholder's home and savings were safe.

PREFERRED SERVICE AT LOW NET COST

More than 185,000 car owners insured with Liberty Mutual are enjoying the benefits of our preferred claims service. For we were organized by and for insurance buyers. Naturally, we *want* to give you the benefit of highly skilled, friendly investigators and adjusters, from coast to coast . . . . we *want* to hold claims within the limits of your policy . . . . we *want* to keep you out of court and out of trouble . . . . we *want* to serve you by paying fair claims against you promptly . . . . we *want* to protect you by resisting dishonest or exaggerated claims to the limit. And we *want* to save you money, too, by allowing special rate credits in states where laws permit and returning cash dividends in *all* states. We *want* to do these things, and we *do* them, because the moment your name goes on a Liberty Mutual policy, your interests become ours, under our strictly mutual plan.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKLET

Before you buy or renew your car insurance, send for Liberty Mutual's new booklet. It is filled with facts every car owner should know. For example:



- Even though an accident is *not* your fault, under what two circumstances can a damage suit be dangerous? See pages 2 and 3.
- What does Liberty Mutual do to help policyholders avoid accidents caused by the reckless driving of others? See page 12.
- What four serious losses must you guard against when you drive your car? See pages 4 and 5.

Send the coupon for this new booklet today. We will include without cost or obligation an estimate of the money you may save with Liberty Mutual.

LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY

85 offices COAST-TO-COAST *service*
Home Office : Boston

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. C-9-21-40
175 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet: "How to Protect 4 of the Most Important Things in Your Life."

*Name*____________________

*Business Address*____________________

*City and State*____________________

Town where car is kept____________________

Make of car________________ Year______